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MODERN SHORT-STORIES

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND WITH BIOGRAPHIES AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES

BY

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PREFACE

In the compiling of this volume, two purposes have been kept in mind. First, the aim of the editor has been to provide, for the general reader and for college students in particular, a group of modern short-stories of intrinsic value, to be studied for their content and for their significance in relation to modern art. In other words, the book is intended to supply material for an academic or literary study of the short-story. Secondly, and perhaps more directly, the volume is planned to furnish examples for analysis by classes in short-story writing. In the broad sense, it is a collection of models that may be used as a basis for college courses in narration.

A word may be said as to the general character of the selections. No one who reads widely in the field of the short-story can fail to note the preponderance of serious, not to say tragic, tales; on the whole, in the short-story as in the novel, the masterpieces are concerned with the darker aspects of life. For this reason it is more difficult than would at first appear to select from the stories at command a suitable number that are not over-serious or gloomy. The editor of the present volume has been at some pains to include a reasonable

proportion of stories that while dignified and substantial, are still optimistic in tone.

The table of contents will show the names of authors from those nations that have excelled in the short-story in its modern form: the American, the Russian, the French, the English, and the Scandinavian. Suggestions for additional study provide material for an ample survey of the European short-story, as well as the English and American; in no cases do the reading-lists include foreign stories that cannot easily be found in translation. As far as possible, the editor has chosen examples representative of varied national methods. While it is for obvious reasons impossible to furnish examples of every kind of short-story, an attempt has been made to vary the character of the selections and illustrate many of the established types.

Some care has also been taken in the choosing of plots that lend themselves to analysis; the formal or even symmetrical structure of stories like *The Cask of Amontillado, Dr. Heidegger's Experiment, The Christmas Guest,* and *The Monkey's Paw* is easy to discern and to comprehend. A good illustration of the value of "straight-away narration" is shown in Jack London's *To Build a Fire;* the opposite extreme of episodic condensation is exhibited in *The Father.* A number of stories reveal an admirable combination of narration, conversation, and swift psychologic analysis. The possibilities of dialect are brought out in *The Return of a Private, The Hiding of Black Bill,* and *Rhymer the Second.* The varied uses of setting may be pointed

out in the course of the volume,—as indeed it is hoped may be the case with all the more telling devices for making a short-story interesting and impressive.

In the *Introduction,* the editor frankly confesses, no attempt has been made to add anything new to the mass of commentary on the short-story. What has been done here is merely to put into available shape the commonly accepted theories of the short-story, and to present in condensed form the history of this modern type of fiction. In the biographies, the editor has tried to give what seemed to her significant concerning the lives and the work of the authors under discussion, and to note, on occasion, their relation to other writers. In the main, minute analysis of technique has been avoided, so that teachers and students may be left free to work out conclusions after their own manner. The references are intended to save the teachers' time in looking up material in Poole's *Index* and elsewhere, and to aid those students who are asked to supplement the work of the class by individual reports. The reading-lists are inserted for the convenience of those teachers and students who wish to make a more complete study of the short-story than the necessarily restricted text will permit.

The editor of *Modern Short-Stories* believes that she has been peculiarly fortunate in the readiness with which authors and publishers have responded to her requests for printing privileges. She takes pleasure in expressing her thanks to those whose generosity has made this book possible. She wishes also to record her

indebtedness to Dr. Gerhard R. Lomer, of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University, for his advice and assistance in the choice of material; and to Professor Julius E. Olson, of the University of Wisconsin, for his translation of Björnson's *The Father*.

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INTRODUCTION

I

THE SHORT-STORY AS A SUBJECT OF STUDY

There was a time, not very long ago, when the short-story was regarded as an inferior form of literary art. It was pleasant and entertaining, to be sure, but scarcely worthy a master's hand. The critic, content to give it a passing word, saw no necessity of awarding it the careful study and the definite reduction to principle that other forms of fiction merited. Of late, however, the short-story has come into its own. One has only to run through a literary index or the catalogue of any good library, to see what a mass of commentary has been produced relating to this distinctly modern type of narrative. Mr. Brander Matthews, in his *The Philosophy of the Short-story*, published in 1885* was one of the first to recognize the dignity of the short-story and to formulate the principles which underlie its material and structure. Now the painstaking labors of Mr. Canby, Mr. Esenwein, Miss Albright, Mr. Pitkin, and others, have organized the subject and

* Reprinted by the Longmans Green Company in 1901.

expounded both theory and practice, so that there remains, it would seem, but little more to be said.

The result of all this thorough-going discussion is that the critical estimate of the short-story as a form of art has steadily risen. No one will hesitate to grant that the skill displayed in the perfecting of a brief, compressed narrative like *The Necklace* or *Without Benefit of Clergy* is as veritably the mark of genius as the power to picture life within the more generous confines of the novel. Thus it is that more and more attention is being given in all schools and colleges to the study of the short-story, and that a knowledge of the great short-stories of the world is looked upon as one of the elements of a general culture.

The obvious way to know the great short-stories is to read them. Desultory reading is valuable inasmuch as it provides a wide if somewhat unstable basis of judgment. But directed study is of much more worth. It is one thing to read a story like *The Substitute (Le Remplaçant)*, by Coppée, merely for the tale itself and its emotional content,—neither of which is, of course, to be despised; it is quite another matter to read the same story with an understanding of its technique, and with the ability to place the author in time and literary rank. The student of the short-story should supplement his general reading by a thorough consideration of organized theory; and he should vivify and consummate his knowledge of technique by the scrupulous analysis of a number of masterpieces. Nor should he stop here. Any

classic is rendered doubly profitable as the substance of education if some information concerning the author and his relation to the literature of his own country accompanies its perusal. A short-story classic given full justice in a college course in narration contributes no small amount to the student's literary acquirements.

As a form of composition to be essayed by the student-writer, the short-story offers the most stimulating possibilities. An attempt to organize a plot, and to eliminate all extraneous material with a view to producing the unity of impression which modern theory demands, is an exercise which cannot prove other than illuminating to one who wishes a first-hand knowledge of this type of narrative. The result may indeed be disheartening, or at least not conducive to vanity; but the discernment and discrimination that one gains in the process are a just compensation for the time and energy expended. All that appears quite obvious and simple in the work of a skilled writer becomes little less than confusion to the unskilled. The problem of bringing an orderly series of impressions out of the mass of events, characters, and emotions at hand is not less diverting than instructive. A continued effort to write short-stories awakens one, as almost nothing else will, to the dramatic significance of much in one's environment that would otherwise be misunderstood or ignored. It helps, too, in defining one's attitude toward life: it is self-revelatory as well as self-educative. And when the effort becomes successful to the extent that one's

tales actually find their way to print, the reward is tangible and satisfying, whether it be measured in money or in the consciousness of achievement.

II

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE SHORT-STORY

The distinguishing features of the short-story are its brevity and its concentration. In length, it usually runs from fifteen hundred words to six or eight thousand. Shorter or longer, it is likely to pass over into the sketch or anecdote on the one hand, or the novelette on the other. Notable examples may be cited of true short-stories that fall outside the limits mentioned, but these are exceptions merely; the fact remains that too great compression and undue prolixity are alike to be avoided.

The matter of concentration is paramount. It is, indeed, customary to distinguish between the short (or merely brief) story and the genuine short-story (with a hyphen) which exhibits the unity of impression that is the characteristic of the genus. The modern short-story aims at producing a single effect, gained by a rigid exclusion of all that is irrelevant, or only unnecessary, and the emphasis of ideas that are essential. The conscientious author must withstand the temptation to digress. He must consistently restrain himself with "But that is another story", and hold strictly to the matter in hand.

The beginning of a short-story is of vital import-

ance, since it often decides whether the reader is willing to go on to the end. The old-fashioned method of starting a story with a long description or a protracted discussion of some philosophical question has its evident disadvantages. It is likely to repel the modern reader, who demands immediate stimulation. Conversation as an introduction piques the curiosity in the desired way, but is likely to be obscure if the place and the persons involved are not indicated at once. Pure narration is admirable, unless it becomes vague for the want of information concerning the *who* and the *where* of the story. All things considered, the plan of opening a story with a bit of description and following this quickly by conversation and narration seems to have proved satisfactory to the largest number of those who have written short-story masterpieces. The cheaper story of to-day depends somewhat upon the *bizarre* quality of its dialogue to catch the eye of the reader; there is, too, a type of story imitating Kipling, and after him O. Henry, in that it makes use of a sententious phrase by way of introduction, followed by a brief epigrammatic commentary. This sort of opening has degenerated into a would-be cleverness very distasteful to the fastidious reader. The more dignified method—that of a leisurely directness—has demonstrated its value, and the best writers are continuing to employ it.*

*The greatest writers have sometimes been less than successful with their introductions. Note Scott's *Wandering Willie's Tale*, which is irritatingly slow in getting started; and Dostoievski's *The Thief*, which is misleading at the first. A number of other examples might be given.

The way in which a story is told determines to some extent the success of its construction and the handling of the plot. The use of simple, straightforward narration is nearly always appropriate and dignified. Allied to this method, and more serviceable for purposes of condensation, is the use of detached incidents, each a brief concentrated bit of narration with its own suspense and climax; each incident in turn contributes to the effect produced by the grand climax and the dénouement. Björnson employs this device with the utmost dexterity in *The Father,* and Maupassant uses it frequently, nowhere with more success than in *The Necklace.* A story may be related by means of conversation, which, however, can seldom be used alone. In *The Dolly Dialogues* Anthony Hope has eliminated as nearly as possible all but the actual conversation of the characters; the story is told—but it is not, in most cases, either long or complicated. Letters, journals, and diaries have now and again been used to give the external form to short-stories, but they are rather awkward and unsafe. They are inclined to limit the range of background and conversation, they necessitate the use of irrelevant material, and they are likely to give an effect of egotism or morbidity. Nevertheless, they are well adapted for tales of an introspective and personal nature, a fact that is shown in Maupassant's *The Horla,* and Turgenev's *The Diary of a Superfluous Man.* A combination of pure narration or detached incidents with conversation is likely to produce

the best effect in almost all cases, irrespective of the nature of the plot.

"Plot in fiction is the climactic sequence of events in relation to the characters," says Mr. Esenwein in his excellent discussion of short-story writing. Miss Albright puts it: "Plot is the management of the continuous line of action underlying the whole progress of the story. It concerns the sequence of events." This definition, though no doubt sound enough in its implications, fails to emphasize the fact that the sequence of events must lead up to a climax and a dénouement. A mere ordering of a series of events does not constitute a plot; the progress of the action must be toward some definite end. The story must "come out" in some way or other, not merely stop. There must, in other words, be a complication and a resolution if there is to be a short-story plot. The development of a plot usually follows this scheme: Introduction of situation and characters; progress of the complication (this is the story proper, and permits an indefinite amount of expansion or compression, at least within the limits indicated above); climax or crisis,—the point of highest tension; dénouement, or the solution of the problem proposed in the tale—the untangling of the complication; conclusion, which "closes up" the story, sometimes restoring emotional equilibrium after a period of excitement (conclusion and dénouement often combine, as in *The Necklace*, but not infrequently they are quite distinct, as in *Master and Man,* by Tolstoi).

Closely allied with plot is the construction of a

story. It is in this feature that the modern writer has excelled. There were, in other words, good plots before there was good construction. It took many years of blundering to disclose the trick of combining condensation with movement so that construction should be logical, compact, and climactic. The man who discovered that trick was Edgar Allan Poe.* For good construction the first essential is direct approach; then comes the elimination of unnecessary material; transitions must be smooth and rapid; the progress of the action must be steady, leading on to a conclusion which nothing delays except some legitimate device for securing suspense. Movement can be accelerated by a close association of incidents and a quick disposal of the passage of time. From the beginning the dénouement should be held definitely in mind as the goal of the action. Important characters should be introduced early and claim the lion's share of attention throughout. A lively style contributes to the feeling of movement in a story.

Suspense is a necessary accompaniment of movement. Arousing the reader's interest and then playing with it for a brief space produces a pleasurably tantalizing effect. The secret is to avoid going beyond the limit within which suspense is pleasant. A common device for gaining suspense is to introduce a conversation by the chief personages in the story. Another is the interpolation of a highly significant, amusing, or dramatic incident. Still another, which has found favor of late years, is the analysis of sen-

* See a comment on this point, page 11.

sation, feeling, or motive in the characters taking part in the action. Bits of description often serve to develop suspense, and are especially valuable when combined with conversation and analysis. In *The Cask of Amontillado* Poe has exemplified nearly every device for gaining suspense; without it, his tale would have had too swift a progress toward its horrible dénouement, the mind of the reader would have been left unprepared, and much of the thrilling effect would have been lost.

Climax, a connecting link with plot, is another characteristic of good construction. Climax must not be confused with dénouement, although the two often fall close together: their superposition is accidental, not imperative. A climax, as has been previously said, is a point of intense interest or stimulation in a story; naturally, the highest point of interest is likely to come near the "resolution." Climax is produced partly by the negative device of a quiet and leisurely beginning, and a gradual approach to the most striking situations. Hastening the movement and heightening the emotional pitch give added force to a climax.

The elements of good construction, then, are condensation, movement, suspense, and climax, each of which the skillful writer has definite methods of attaining.

The setting is "the background against which the events of the story are projected." It makes clear the time and place in which the action occurs. The setting may be, and usually is, subordinated to the events; it localizes the incidents and persons that fur-

nish the substance of the story. Such a treatment of setting may be called scenic. It consists principally of interpolated passages of description having the quality of realistic detail; it is never intrusive, and makes merely for the visualizing of the activities and characters involved. Scenic setting is illustrated in *The Father,* by Björnson, and *The Substitute,* by Coppée. There is another use of setting that may be called structural or dramatic. Here it is so closely associated with plot that it is a necessary element, or gives rise to the situation involved, as in *Mrs. Knollys,* by Stimson, or *To Build a Fire,* by London. A third use of setting is that which is shown in stories of local color, in which the background is highly elaborated for its own sake, in order that it may reveal the modes of life in some special region. There are various ways of bringing out local color. The most obvious, and the way open to the least skillful, is description. However, the ingenious writer will not stop with this. He will emphasize occupation, perhaps, as is done in Connolly's sea tales, or Von Saar's *The Stonebreakers;* or he will introduce local characters, or local customs, prejudices, and superstitions, as in Fernald's *Chinatown Stories,* and Lafcadio Hearn's *Youma.* Then there is the device of dialect—to be used with caution, since the dialect story has fallen more or less into disrepute through indiscriminate and unintelligent use. In spite of the disfavor with which editors regard it, dialect is a legitimate means of producing local color, and should be courageously employed if a story seems to demand it.

The dangers in the treatment of setting are several. An over-elaboration of background is usually distracting and irritating. Then, too, there is the temptation to "fine writing," and the shifting of attention from characters to setting at inopportune moments. Taking the setting too seriously has led some authors into a symbolism that is both unnatural and inartistic. Such treatment of the background is extremely dangerous, since it tends almost inevitably toward the melodramatic, and escapes that error only in the hands of the most skillful writers.

The exhibition of character is one of the chief purposes in the short-story, especially in this day, when so much of the best fiction has a psychological or a sociological aspect. One way, the least valuable, perhaps, of suggesting personality is the careful selection of names. The old stupid device of indicating persons in a story by means of initials, dashes, or asterisks has happily been abandoned. Names may be made significant without being symbolic; it takes no great discernment to see that a character named Howard McLane * is quite a different man from one named Bill Wragg.† Commonplace or fantastic names may be used for humorous purposes, but even in the serious story a well-chosen name has a value not to be ignored. Mr. Garland probably had a reason for giving the colorless appellation of Ed. Smith to the chief character in *The Return of a Private;* but surely Mr.

* *Up the Coolly,* by Hamlin Garland.
† *Rhymer the Second,* by Arthur Morrison.

Jacobs might have done better than to give the old man in *The Monkey's Paw* the name of Mr. White.

Description is naturally employed in any attempt at characterization, since it is difficult to arrive at a concept of the inner life without a vivid idea of the outer man. Mere description, however, is likely to be ineffectual and dull. In order to escape becoming repugnant, it usually needs to be combined with other elements. Conversation is, of course, one of the best devices for bringing out character. It should usually be brief and broken, since long speeches tend to make a story appear monotonous and didactic. Dialogue should be carefully adapted to the individual personages in the story; tricks of speech may be cleverly employed for this purpose, though there is always the danger of overdoing them and producing caricature unawares. Bookishness and stilted speech should above all things be avoided, though pure and noble English need not be denied to any character who is worthy of it. Slang, profanity, and coarseness are, it is needless to say, legitimate devices for depicting character; but some authors forget that a very little of that sort of thing makes a much stronger effect on a printed page than in actual conversation.

Action is probably the best means of presenting character; the author who can make his personages live and move and perform their parts before the reader is coming nearest to real life, in which we judge people more by their actions than by their looks or speech. Action is almost inevitably combined with conversation, yet there are cases in which action

united with description and analysis has produced very powerful effects, as in *To Build a Fire* and *Markheim.*

The remaining method of presenting character is that of direct analysis. Other things being equal, this is a poor method, since it lacks variety, and the verisimilitude of action and conversation. Nevertheless, it has proved successful in the hands of Mr. Henry James, Mrs. Wharton, and other well-known writers. In this ultra-modern type of story one may trace the effects of the psychological research which has distinguished this latter age.

The great short-stories, like the great novels, have not only told tales and depicted characters, but they have possessed an ethical import inestimably increasing their worth,—have contributed something to the reader's knowledge of life. This virtue defies dissection. It is achieved so subtly, by means of style and diction, by turns of phrase or even by words withheld, by general treatment or scattered passages of particular moment, that it can scarcely be reduced to theory. Yet it is after all the vital power in any story, and the writer who cannot make it felt is lacking in the first elements of genius: Which all comes back to saying that short-story writers are born, not made by ever so minute a study of technique.

III

THE SHORT-STORY IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

The short-story is distinctly a product of the nineteenth century. Those short narratives which appeared in the eighteenth century were so influenced by the didacticism of the period that they could seldom be said to exist for their own sakes, but rather for the sake of the moral they could point. There is a surprising amount of narration in the *Spectator*, but it is almost invariably the mere accompaniment of the essay, and thoroughly permeated with the didactic spirit. As yet there was no ideal of a complete unified narrative which, in small compass, should create its own impression and tell its own tale for no other reason than that the tale was worth telling.

With the rise of romanticism, the story for its own sake came into being and rapidly gained in popularity, although its form was scarcely such as to warrant the approbation it received. In matter it was much indebted to the work of the German romantic school. The stories of Hoffmann were directly and indirectly responsible for many of the ghost-stories and tales of midnight adventure in haunted palaces that filled the English magazines of the early nineteenth century. The previous age of sentiment, as recorded in the novels of Richardson and Sterne, contributed its share to the hordes of swooning maidens and impeccable heroes to be found in the short-stories of the time

Irving, the first writer of really good short-stories in either England or America, made use of the same romantic material that his predecessors and contemporaries employed; but his discerning sense of humor and his fine reserve transformed the story that he found into something inexpressibly superior. Yet, in spite of the leisurely completeness of his best tales, Irving had no definite conception of the short-story; although his influence was great in the matter of the introduction of humor and the use of a picturesque setting, it was in the matter of construction comparatively small. One has only to read here and there for a few hours in the British and American magazines of the first quarter of the nineteenth century to see how straggling, amorphous, and ineffectual were the short narratives produced in such abundance and so eagerly read. One of the very best of these early tales is William Austin's *Peter Rugg* (1824): the germ of the story is excellent, and the incidents are presented with vividness and power; but the tale is ill-organized in its first form, and doubly incoherent in the later form, in which it has a long appendix added to the original account of Peter Rugg's punishment for his presumption.

It was, at last, in the hands of Poe that the short-story became a consciously artistic unit, based upon a plan of its own, and amenable to laws as dignified as those governing other forms of art. It is a truism to say that the short-story *per se* began when Poe, in 1835, completed his *Berenice*—revolting as it is—with its compact and inevitable construction and its relent-

less progress toward the dénouement. Poe's succeeding stories are all, or nearly all, perfectly consistent in their method. He deliberately sought the totality of effect that characterizes the short-story of the present age. He uses indeed the very term *totality* in his remarkable analysis of the short-story incorporated in his criticism of Hawthorne (1842). The skillful author, he says, in the course of this comment, "Having conceived with deliberate care a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, . . . then invents such incidents—then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect . . . In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design." Thus he works out the principle of the short-story, which, though it may have occasionally been empirically exemplified before his time,* had never been formulated and expressed.

The influence of Poe was immense. Fitz-James O'Brien took his construction—and most of it was good—from Poe. So did Bret Harte. By his time, the theory of the short-story was fairly well understood, and blunders of construction became the exception and not the rule in the work of able writers.

Poe and Hawthorne were romanticists, but in the next generation the romantic influence had somewhat exhausted itself. The humanitarian spirit was beginning to be felt in all forms of fiction. Individualism, and sundry doctrines of equality and fraternity, re-

* For instance, *Matco Falcone,* by Mérimée, was written in 1829.

vealed the existence of unsuspected masses of new material, sociological in its significance but of the highest literary value. The application of principles generally recognized as sound to the new and inspiring material could not fail to bring striking results. It was not only in America but even more emphatically in Europe that this alliance of forces made itself felt. In France, Gautier had—apparently—learned from Poe the art exhibited in *La Morte Amoureuse* and other romantic stories. The same art* was readily adapted to altered conditions. The great wave of realism that swept over Europe in the latter half of the nineteenth century was scarcely likely to leave the short-story untouched. The Russians, beginning with Gogol, in *The Cloak,* wrote bitterly of the down-trodden and oppressed: Dostoievski, Turgenev, Tolstoi, and, later, Garshin, Gorki, and Tchekhov, have produced a series of powerful realistic tales prevailingly admirable in technique. The influence of these writers on the development of European and American realism has been very great. It was extremely strong in France, although that country had her own impulses toward the same modes of thought. The French short-story in the course of time achieved a perfection that, while deliberate and unfailingly conscious, has been a delight to modern readers and an inspiration to most modern writers. The custom of printing short-stories in the best newspapers, in the dearth of fiction magazines, gave an incentive to those authors

* Baudelaire's French translations of Poe's stories made the new method of construction well known in Europe.

who were willing to expend their best energies upon this favorite form of narrative. Much of the finest work of Daudet and Maupassant appeared day by day in *Le Figaro*, *Le Matin*, and other Parisian newspapers. As the French in the days of Poe received instruction and stimulation from America, they in a later season reciprocated by a vital influence upon American story-tellers. It would be difficult to say how much the recent short-story in this country owes to Maupassant.

England has not until recently made any very great progress with the short-story. The English writers have preferred the ampler scope of the novel, or have, as a rule, contented themselves with a mediocre type of short-story, not by any means comparable to the general quality of the same form of fiction in either France or the United States. Kipling's stories, however, are among the best that have been written anywhere, and Stevenson's, though fewer in number, deserve praise almost as high. Undoubtedly both Kipling and Stevenson learned something from the French story writers; Kipling, indeed seems to be greatly indebted to Maupassant for a number of his methods. Of late years, Barrie, Jacobs, Morrison, Zangwill, Quiller-Couch ("Q"), and Thomas Hardy have distinguished themselves in the field of the short-story.

In America, the vogue of the short-story has constantly increased since the days of O'Brien and Bret Harte. Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country*, though not strong in construction, was a

notable piece of early work, and has remained popular as much for its merit as for its theme. Mr. Henry James began, in the late sixties, to contribute well-constructed stories to the magazines. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, as early as 1860, was writing tales for *Harper's*. With the possible exception of *Père Antoine's Date-palm*, they were not so good as his later stories, but they gave him the training that produced *A Struggle for Life*, *Quite So*, and *Marjorie Daw*. It is not difficult to see in Aldrich the influence of the French writers, especially Daudet. The success of *The Jumping Frog* offered Mark Twain opportunities which he did not make the most of in the short-story. In the seventies, George W. Cable gained a reputation with some of the first of the local color studies, — his *Old Creole Days* and *Strange True Stories of Louisiana*. Sarah Orne Jewett began to write in 1877, and for thirty years continued to print her quiet and finished "tales of New England," the best of which have a charm and atmosphere that put them among the choicest of the period. Frank R. Stockton will be long remembered for his ingenious stories, which, though not great, are yet entertaining and skillfully done. The list of more recent writers of short-stories would be long indeed, containing such well-known names as Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, H. C. Bunner, Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Harding Davis, Thomas A. Janvier, Alice Brown, Margaret Deland, Owen Wister, and Hamlin Garland. Of late, Mr. Jack London has made himself widely known for his fearlessly straightforward stories; and William Sid-

ney Porter (O. Henry) has deeply impressed the reading public.

The American short-story of the present day is notably excellent in unity and construction. Hundreds of authors are producing month after month, short-stories that, whatever their faults may be, seldom fail in securing the totality of impression which has for eighty years been acknowledged as the *sine qua non* in this form of art. There are bad stories without number, yet it cannot be said that any but the weakest and most hopeless writers are deficient in consciousness of literary form. Whether the present intense interest in the drama will tend to a decrease in the production of short-stories in America, it is difficult to say; but it is not unlikely that for a good many years yet the United States will enjoy its pre-eminence in a type of fiction that by inception and cultivation it has made indisputably its own.

Modern Short Stories

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

By Edgar Allan Poe

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but, when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in

wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adapted to suit the time and opportunity—to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian *millionaires*. In painting and gemmary Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack —but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skillful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him: "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met! How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me——"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi——"

"I have no engagement;—come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with niter."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And, as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a *roquelaire* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew,

to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and, giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe?" said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white webwork which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned toward me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Niter?" he asked, at length.

"Niter," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi——"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily; but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Médoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forgot your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Médoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of

the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The niter!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough——"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But, first, another draught of the Médoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason!"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaire*.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of

the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi——"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A mo-

ment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the niter. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might

hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and, holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reëchoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh

about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he;—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"For the love of God, Montresor!"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud:

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again:

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

Edgar Allan Poe

It is perhaps unnecessary to dwell upon the history of Edgar Allan Poe, since the details of his unfortunate life are well known. It may not be inappropriate, however, to consider some of the facts of his

literary career in connection with his short-stories. In 1833, when he was in pressing need, and uncertain as to his choice of a profession, he won a prize of a hundred dollars in a short-story contest conducted by the *Saturday Visiter* (*sic*), a literary weekly of Baltimore. Poe sent in six stories, called *Tales of the Folio Club*, in imitation of Hoffmann's *Tales of the Serapion's Brotherhood*.* The prize was taken by *A Manuscript Found in a Bottle*, a tale of terrible adventure, of a type not at all uncommon at the time. Its exalted style and vivid imagery are what render it superior to the ordinary wild tales of the period.

During the next year or so, Poe wrote *Berenice*, *Morella*, *Hans Pfaall*, and *The Assignation*. Of these *Berenice* is the most significant. It reveals a logical progress and a firm construction which were real departures from the loose and rambling methods of Poe's predecessors. The centralization of motive, the emphasis on climax, and the sureness and inevitableness of movement produce the totality of effect which is now held to characterize the best modern short-stories. *Berenice*, in fact, shows the arrival of the modern American short-story in the form which has for eighty years been so successfully developed. To realize what its (somewhat over-conscious) care in structure meant to the American short-story, one has only to compare *Berenice* with Austin's *Peter Rugg*, or with some other of the best magazine tales of the

*E. T. A. Hoffmann (1776-1822), German musician and writer; one of the strongest influences in the romanticism of the early nineteenth century.

day. Poe knew exactly what he was doing; he had thought out the theory of the short-story so clearly that he could say decisively, "The purpose of the short narrative should be a certain unique or single effect"—totality, as we call it now. *Berenice* was printed in 1835. It is worth noting that Gautier's *La Morte Amoureuse*, startlingly like Poe's work in spirit and method, appeared in 1836. Since that time the influence of Poe in France has been very great.

Poe continued for many years to contribute his painstaking stories to the annuals and magazines, receiving pitifully small rewards. Most of his tales are sufficiently familiar to the general reader. It is worth while, however, to note the probable influence of Hoffmann and other German romanticists upon the work of Poe. Romanticism was in the air, of course; but a more direct influence is possible. Hoffmann's *Phantasiestücke* are paralleled in Poe's *Phantasy Pieces;* Hoffmann's *Serapionsbrüder*, as has already been noted, may be the model for Poe's *Folio Club*. Hoffmann's *The Entail* and *The Elixir of the Devil* are similar to Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *William Wilson*. A full discussion of Poe's relation to Hoffmann can be found in Palmer Cobb's pamphlet, *The Influence of E. T. A. Hoffmann on the Tales of Edgar Allan Poe.*

The Cask of Amontillado is given here because it is an almost perfect specimen of Poe's conscious art. It well repays a minute study of its technique, which is sufficiently unconcealed to admit of examination.

The student should read one of Hoffmann's ro-

mantic stories, such as *The Entail,* or *The Sandman;* also one of Gautier's stories, morbid though they are; and, for comparison of method, Austin's *Peter Rugg.*

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THE RETURN OF A PRIVATE*

By Hamlin Garland

The nearer the train drew toward La Crosse, the soberer the little group of "vets" became. On the long way from New Orleans they had beguiled tedium with jokes and friendly chaff; or with planning with elaborate detail what they were going to do now, after the war. A long journey, slowly, irregularly, yet persistently pushing northward. When they entered on Wisconsin territory they gave a cheer, and another when they reached Madison, but after that they sank into a dumb expectancy. Comrades dropped off at one or two points beyond, until there were only four or five left who were bound for La Crosse County.

Three of them were gaunt and brown, the fourth was gaunt and pale, with signs of fever and ague upon him. One had a great scar down his temple, one limped, and they all had unnaturally large, bright eyes, showing emaciation. There were no bands greeting them at the station, no banks of gayly dressed ladies waving handkerchiefs and shouting "Bravo!" as they came in on the caboose of a freight train into the

* From *Main Travelled Roads;* copyright, 1891, by the Arena Publishing Company; copyright, 1893, 1895, by Hamlin Garland. Used by permission of author and publishers.

towns that had cheered and blared at them on their way to war. As they looked out or stepped upon the platform for a moment, while the train stood at the station, the loafers looked at them indifferently. Their blue coats, dusty and grimy, were too familiar now to excite notice, much less a friendly word. They were the last of the army to return, and the loafers were surfeited with such sights.

The train jogged forward so slowly that it seemed likely to be midnight before they should reach La Crosse. The little squad grumbled and swore, but it was no use; the train would not hurry, and, as a matter of fact, it was nearly two o'clock when the engine whistled "down brakes."

All of the group were farmers, living in districts several miles out of the town, and all were poor.

"Now, boys," said Private Smith, he of the fever and ague, "we are landed in La Crosse in the night. We've got to stay somewhere till mornin'. Now I ain't got no two dollars to waste on a hotel. I've got a wife and children, so I'm goin' to roost on a bench and take the cost of a bed out of my hide."

"Same here," put in one of the other men. "Hide'll grow on again, dollars'll come hard. It's goin' to be mighty hot skirmishin' to find a dollar these days."

"Don't think they'll be a deputation of citizens waitin' to 'scort us to a hotel, eh?" said another. His sarcasm was too obvious to require an answer.

Smith went on, "Then at daybreak we'll start for home—at least, I will."

"Well, I'll be dummed if I'll take two dollars out

o' *my* hide," one of the younger men said. "I'm goin' to a hotel, ef I don't never lay up a cent."

"That'll do f'r you," said Smith; "but if you had a wife an' three young uns dependin' on yeh—"

"Which I ain't, thank the Lord! and don't intend havin' while the court knows itself."

The station was deserted, chill, and dark, as they came into it at exactly a quarter to two in the morning. Lit by the oil lamps that flared a dull red light over the dingy benches, the waiting-room was not an inviting place. The younger man went off to look up a hotel, while the rest remained and prepared to camp down on the floor and benches. Smith was attended to tenderly by the other men, who spread their blankets on the bench for him, and, by robbing themselves, made quite a comfortable bed, though the narrowness of the bench made his sleeping precarious.

It was chill, though August, and the two men, sitting with bowed heads, grew stiff with cold and weariness, and were forced to rise now and again and walk about to warm their stiffened limbs. It did not occur to them, probably, to contrast their coming home with their going forth, or with the coming home of the generals, colonels, or even captains—but to Private Smith, at any rate, there came a sickness at heart almost deadly as he lay there on his hard bed and went over his situation.

In the deep of the night, lying on a board in the town where he had enlisted three years ago, all elation and enthusiasm gone out of him, he faced the fact that with the joy of home-coming was already min-

gled the bitter juice of care. He saw himself sick, worn out, taking up the work on his half-cleared farm, the inevitable mortgage standing ready with open jaw to swallow half his earnings. He had given three years of his life for a mere pittance of pay, and now!—

Morning dawned at last, slowly, with a pale yellow dome of light rising silently above the bluffs, which stand, like some huge storm-devastated castle, just east of the city. Out to the left the great river swept on its massive yet silent way to the south. Bluejays called across the water from hillside to hillside through the clear, beautiful air, and hawks began to skim the tops of the hills. The older men were astir early, but Private Smith had fallen at last into a sleep, and they went out without waking him. He lay on his knapsack, his gaunt face turned toward the ceiling, his hands clasped on his breast, with a curious pathetic effect of weakness and appeal.

An engine switching near woke him at last, and he slowly sat up and stared about. He looked out of the window and saw that the sun was lightening the hills across the river. He rose and brushed his hair as well as he could, folded his blankets up, and went out to find his companions. They stood gazing silently at the river and at the hills.

"Looks natcher'l, don't it?" they said, as he came out.

"That's what it does," he replied. "An' it looks good. D' yeh see that peak?" He pointed at a beautiful symmetrical peak, rising like a slightly truncated

cone, so high that it seemed the very highest of them all. It was touched by the morning sun and it glowed like a beacon, and a light scarf of gray morning fog was rolling up its shadowed side.

"My farm's just beyond that. Now, if I can only ketch a ride, we'll be home by dinner-time."

"I'm talkin' about breakfast," said one of the others.

"I guess it's one more meal o' hardtack f'r me," said Smith.

They foraged around, and finally found a restaurant with a sleepy old German behind the counter, and procured some coffee, which they drank to wash down their hardtack.

"Time'll come," said Smith, holding up a piece by the corner, "when this'll be a curiosity."

"I hope to God it will! I bet I've chawed hardtack enough to shingle every house in the coolly. I've chawed it when my lampers was down, and when they wasn't. I've took it dry, soaked, and mashed. I've had it wormy, musty, sour, and blue-mouldy. I've had it in little bits and big bits; 'fore coffee an' after coffee. I'm ready f'r a change. I'd like t' git holt jest about now o' some of the hot biscuits my wife c'n make when she lays herself out f'r company."

"Well, if you set there gabblin,' you'll never *see* yer wife."

"Come on," said Private Smith. "Wait a moment, boys; less take suthin'. It's on me." He led them to the rusty tin dipper which hung on a nail beside the wooden water-pail, and they grinned and drank. Then shouldering their blankets and muskets, which they

were "takin' home to the boys," they struck out on their last march.

"They called that coffee Jayvy," grumbled one of them, "but it never went by the road where government Jayvy resides. I reckon I know coffee from peas."

They kept together on the road along the turnpike, and up the winding road by the river, which they followed for some miles. The river was very lovely, curving down along its sandy beds, pausing now and then under broad basswood trees, or running in dark, swift, silent currents under tangles of wild grapevines, and drooping alders, and haw trees. At one of these lovely spots the three vets sat down on the thick green sward to rest, "on Smith's account." The leaves of the trees were as fresh and green as in June, the jays called cheery greetings to them, and kingfishers darted to and fro with swooping, noiseless flight.

"I tell yeh, boys, this knocks the swamps of Louee-siana into kingdom come."

"You bet. All they c'n raise down there is snakes, niggers, and p'rticler hell."

"An' fightin' men," put in the older man.

"An' fightin' men. If I had a good hook an' line I'd sneak a pick'rel out o' that pond. Say, remember that time I shot that alligator—"

"I guess we'd better be crawlin' along," interrupted Smith, rising and shouldering his knapsack, with considerable effort, which he tried to hide.

"Say, Smith, lemme give you a lift on that."

"I guess I c'n manage," said Smith, grimly.

"Course. But, yo' see, I may not have a chance right off to pay yeh back for the times you've carried my gun and hull caboodle. Say, now, gimme that gun, anyway."

"All right, if yeh feel like it, Jim," Smith replied, and they trudged along doggedly in the sun, which was getting higher and hotter each half-mile.

"Ain't it queer there ain't no teams comin' along," said Smith, after a long silence.

"Well, no, seein's it's Sunday."

"By jinks, that's a fact. It *is* Sunday. I'll git home in time f'r dinner, sure!" he exulted. "She don't hev dinner usially till about *one* on Sundays." And he fell into a muse, in which he smiled.

"Well, I'll git home jest about six o'clock, jest about when the boys are milkin' the cows," said old Jim Canby. "I'll step into the barn, an' then I'll say: 'He*ah!* why ain't this milkin' done before this time o' day?' An' then won't they yell!" he added, slapping his thigh in great glee.

Smith went on. "I'll jest go up the path. Old Rover'll come down the road to meet me. He won't bark; he'll know me, an' he'll come down waggin' his tail an' showin' his teeth. That's his way of laughin'. An' so I'll walk up to the kitchen door, an' I'll say, '*Dinner* f'r a hungry man!' An' then she'll jump up, an'—"

He couldn't go on. His voice choked at the thought of it. Saunders, the third man, hardly uttered a word, but walked silently behind the others. He had lost his wife the first year he was in the army. She died of

pneumonia, caught in the autumn rains while working in the fields on his place.

They plodded along till at last they came to a parting of the ways. To the right the road continued up the main valley; to the left it went over the big ridge.

"Well, boys," began Smith, as they grounded their muskets and looked away up the valley, "here's where we shake hands. We've marched together a good many miles, an' now I s'pose we're done."

"Yes, I don't think we'll do any more of it f'r a while. I don't want to, I know."

"I hope I'll see yeh once in a while, boys, to talk over old times."

"Of course," said Saunders, whose voice trembled a little, too. "It ain't *exactly* like dyin'." They all found it hard to look at each other.

"But we'd ought'r go home with you," said Canby. "You'll never climb that ridge with all them things on yer back."

"Oh, I'm all right! Don't worry about me. Every step takes me nearer home, yeh see. Well, good-by, boys."

They shook hands. "Good-by. Good luck!"

"Same to you. Lemme know how you find things at home."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

He turned once before they passed out of sight, and waved his cap, and they did the same, and all yelled. Then all marched away with their long, steady, loping, veteran step. The solitary climber in blue walked on

for a time, with his mind filled with the kindness of his comrades, and musing upon the many wonderful days they had had together in camp and field.

He thought of his chum, Billy Tripp. Poor Billy! A "minie" ball fell into his breast one day, fell wailing like a cat, and tore a great ragged hole in his heart. He looked forward to a sad scene with Billy's mother and sweetheart. They would want to know all about it. He tried to recall all that Billy had said, and the particulars of it, but there was little to remember, just that wild wailing sound high in the air, a dull slap, a short, quick, expulsive groan, and the boy lay with his face in the dirt in the ploughed field they were marching across.

That was all. But all the scenes he had since been through had not dimmed the horror, the terror of that moment, when his boy comrade fell, with only a breath between a laugh and a death-groan. Poor handsome Billy! Worth millions of dollars was his young life.

These somber recollections gave way at length to more cheerful feelings as he began to approach his home coolly. The fields and houses grew familiar, and in one or two he was greeted by people seated in the doorways. But he was in no mood to talk, and pushed on steadily, though he stopped and accepted a drink of milk once at the well-side of a neighbor.

The sun was burning hot on that slope, and his step grew slower, in spite of his iron resolution. He sat down several times to rest. Slowly he crawled up the rough, reddish-brown road, which wound along the hillside, under great trees, through dense groves of

jack oaks, with tree-tops far below him on his left hand, and the hills far above him on his right. He crawled along like some minute, wingless variety of fly.

He ate some hardtack, sauced with wild berries, when he reached the summit of the ridge, and sat there for some time, looking down into his home coolly.

Somber, pathetic figure! His wide, round, gray eyes gazing down into the beautiful valley, seeing and not seeing, the splendid cloud-shadows sweeping over the western hills and across the green and yellow wheat far below. His head drooped forward on his palm, his shoulders took on a tired stoop, his cheek-bones showed painfully. An observer might have said, "He is looking down upon his own grave."

II

Sunday comes in a western wheat harvest with such sweet and sudden relaxation to man and beast that it would be holy for that reason, if for no other, and Sundays are usually fair in harvest-time. As one goes out into the field in the hot morning sunshine, with no sound abroad save the crickets and the indescribably pleasant silken rustling of the ripened grain, the reaper and the very sheaves in the stubble seem to be resting, dreaming.

Around the house, in the shade of the trees, the men sit, smoking, dozing, or reading the papers, while

the women, never resting, move about at the housework. The men eat on Sundays about the same as on other days, and breakfast is no sooner over and out of the way than dinner begins.

But at the Smith farm there were no men dozing or reading. Mrs. Smith was alone with her three children, Mary, nine, Tommy, six, and little Ted, just past four. Her farm, rented to a neighbor, lay at the head of a coolly or narrow gully, made at some far-off post-glacial period by the vast and angry floods of water which gullied these tremendous furrows in the level prairie—furrows so deep that undisturbed portions of the original level rose like hills on either side, rose to quite considerable mountains.

The chickens wakened her as usual that Sabbath morning from dreams of her absent husband, from whom she had not heard for weeks. The shadows drifted over the hills, down the slopes, across the wheat, and up the opposite wall in leisurely way, as if, being Sunday, they could take it easy also. The fowls clustered about the housewife as she went out into the yard. Fuzzy little chickens swarmed out from the coops, where their clucking and perpetually disgruntled mothers tramped about, petulantly thrusting their heads through the spaces between the slats.

A cow called in a deep, musical bass, and a calf answered from a little pen near by, and a pig scurried guiltily out of the cabbages. Seeing all this, seeing the pig in the cabbages, the tangle of grass in the garden, the broken fence which she had mended again and again—the little woman, hardly more than a girl,

sat down and cried. The bright Sabbath morning was only a mockery without him!

A few years ago they had bought this farm, paying part, mortgaging the rest in the usual way. Edward Smith was a man of terrible energy. He worked "nights and Sundays," as the saying goes, to clear the farm of its brush and of its insatiate mortgage! In the midst of his Herculean struggle came the call for volunteers, and with the grim and unselfish devotion to his country which made the Eagle Brigade able to "whip its weight in wild-cats," he threw down his scythe and grub-axe, turned his cattle loose, and became a blue-coated cog in a vast machine for killing men, and not thistles. While the millionaire sent his money to England for safe-keeping, this man, with his girl-wife and three babies, left them on a mortgaged farm, and went away to fight for an idea. It was foolish, but it was sublime for all that.

That was three years before, and the young wife, sitting on the well-curb on this bright Sabbath harvest morning, was righteously rebellious. It seemed to her that she had borne her share of the country's sorrow. Two brothers had been killed, the renter in whose hands her husband had left the farm had proved a villain; one year the farm had been without crops, and now the over-ripe grain was waiting the tardy hand of the neighbor who had rented it, and who was cutting his own grain first.

About six weeks before, she had received a letter saying, "We'll be discharged in a little while." But no other word had come from him. She had seen

by the papers that his army was being discharged, and from day to day other soldiers slowly percolated in blue streams back into the State and county, but still *her* hero did not return.

Each week she had told the children that he was coming, and she had watched the road so long that watching had become unconscious; and as she stood at the well, or by the kitchen door, her eyes were fixed unthinkingly on the road that wound down the coolly.

Nothing wears on the human soul like waiting. If the stranded mariner, searching the sun-bright seas, could once give up hope of a ship, that horrible grinding on his brain would cease. It was this waiting, hoping, on the edge of despair, that gave Emma Smith no rest.

Neighbors said, with kind intentions: "He's sick, maybe, an' can't start north just yet. He'll come along one o' these days."

"Why don't he write?" was her question, which silenced them all. This Sunday morning it seemed to her as if she could not stand it longer. The house seemed intolerably lonely. So she dressed the little ones in their best calico dresses and home-made jackets, and, closing up the house, set off down the coolly to old Mother Gray's.

"Old Widder Gray" lived at the "mouth of the coolly." She was a widow woman with a large family of stalwart boys and laughing girls. She was the visible incarnation of hospitality and optimistic poverty. With western open-heartedness she fed every mouth that asked food of her, and worked herself

to death as cheerfully as her girls danced in the neighborhood harvest dances.

She waddled down the path to meet Mrs. Smith with a broad smile on her face.

"Oh, you little dears! Come right to your granny. Gimme a kiss! Come right in, Mis' Smith. How are yeh, anyway? Nice mornin', ain't it? Come in an' set down. Everything's in a clutter, but that won't scare you any."

She led the way into the best room, a sunny, square room, carpeted with a faded and patched rag carpet, and papered with white-and-green-striped wallpaper, where a few faded effigies of dead members of the family hung in variously sized oval walnut frames. The house resounded with singing, laughter, whistling, tramping of heavy boots, and riotous scufflings. Half-grown boys came to the door and crooked their fingers at the children, who ran out, and were soon heard in the midst of the fun.

"Don't s'pose you've heard from Ed?" Mrs. Smith shook her head. "He'll turn up some day, when you ain't lookin' for 'm." The good old soul had said that so many times that poor Mrs. Smith derived no comfort from it any longer.

"Liz heard from Al the other day. He's comin' some day this week. Anyhow, they expect him."

"Did he say anything of—"

"No, he didn't," Mrs. Gray admitted. "But then it was only a short letter, anyhow. Al ain't much for writin', anyhow.—But come out and see my new cheese. I tell yeh, I don't believe I ever had better

luck in my life. If Ed should come, I want you should take him up a piece of this cheese."

It was beyond human nature to resist the influence of that noisy, hearty, loving household, and in the midst of the singing and laughing the wife forgot her anxiety, for the time at least, and laughed and sang with the rest.

About eleven o'clock a wagon-load more drove up to the door, and Bill Gray, the widow's oldest son, and his whole family, from Sand Lake Coolly, piled out amid a good-natured uproar. Every one talked at once, except Bill, who sat in the wagon with his wrists on his knees, a straw in his mouth, and an amused twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Ain't heard nothin' o' Ed, I s'pose?" he asked in a kind of bellow. Mrs. Smith shook her head. Bill, with a delicacy very striking in such a great giant, rolled his quid in his mouth, and said:

"Didn't know but you had. I hear two or three of the Sand Lake boys are comin'. Left New Orleenes some time this week. Didn't write nothin' about Ed, but no news is good news in such cases, mother always says."

"Well, go put out yer team," said Mrs. Gray, "an' go 'n bring me in some taters, an', Sim, you go see if you c'n find some corn. Sadie, you put on the water to bile. Come now, hustle yer boots, all o' yeh. If I feed this yer crowd, we've got to have some raw materials. If y' think I'm goin' to feed yeh on pie—you're jest mightily mistaken."

The children went off into the fields, the girls put

dinner on to boil, and then went to change their dresses and fix their hair. "Somebody might come," they said.

"Land sakes, *I hope* not! I don't know where in time I'd set 'em, 'less they'd eat at the second table," Mrs. Gray laughed, in pretended dismay.

The two older boys, who had served their time in the army, lay out on the grass before the house, and whittled and talked desultorily about the war and the crops, and planned buying a threshing-machine. The older girls and Mrs. Smith helped enlarge the table and put on the dishes, talking all the time in that cheery, incoherent, and meaningful way a group of such women have,—a conversation to be taken for its spirit rather than for its letter, though Mrs. Gray at last got the ear of them all and dissertated at length on girls.

"Girls in love ain't no use in the whole blessed week," she said. "Sundays they're a-lookin' down the road, expectin' he'll *come*. Sunday afternoons they can't think o' nothin' else, 'cause he's *here*. Monday mornin's they're sleepy and kind o' dreamy and slimpsy, and good f'r nothin' on Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday they git absent-minded, an' begin to look off toward Sunday agin, an' mope aroun' and let the dishwater git cold, right under their noses. Friday they break dishes, an' go off in the best room an' snivel, an' look out o' the winder. Saturdays they have queer spurts o' workin' like all p'ssessed, an' spurts o' frizzin' their hair. An' Sunday they begin it all over agin."

The girls giggled and blushed, all through this tirade from their mother, their broad faces and powerful frames anything but suggestive of lackadaisical sentiment. But Mrs. Smith said:

"Now, Mrs. Gray, I hadn't ought to stay to dinner. You've got—"

"Now you set right down! If any of them girls' beaux comes, they'll have to take what's left, that's all. They ain't s'posed to have much appetite, nohow. No, you're goin' to stay if they starve, an' they ain't no danger o' that."

At one o'clock the long table was piled with boiled potatoes, cords of boiled corn on the cob, squash and pumpkin pies, hot biscuits, sweet pickles, bread and butter, and honey. Then one of the girls took down a conch-shell from a nail, and, going to the door, blew a long, fine, free blast, that showed there was no weakness of lungs in her ample chest.

Then the children came out of the forest of corn, out of the creek, out of the loft of the barn, and out of the garden.

"They come to their feed f'r all the world jest like the pigs when y' holler 'poo-ee!' See 'em scoot!" laughed Mrs. Gray, every wrinkle on her face shining with delight.

The men shut up their jack-knives, and surrounded the horse-trough to souse their faces in the cold, hard water, and in a few moments the table was filled with a merry crowd, and a row of wistful-eyed youngsters circled the kitchen wall, where they stood first on one leg and then on the other, in impatient hunger.

"Now pitch in, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Gray, presiding over the table. "You know these men critters. They'll eat every grain of it, if yeh give 'em a chance. I swan, they're made o' India-rubber, their stomachs is, I know it."

"Haf to eat to work," said Bill, gnawing a cob with a swift, circular motion that rivaled a corn-sheller in results.

"More like workin' to eat," put in one of the girls, with a giggle. "More eat 'n work with you."

"*You* needn't say anything, Net. Any one that'll eat seven ears—"

"I didn't, no such thing. You piled your cobs on my plate."

"That'll do to tell Ed Varney. It won't go down here where we know yeh."

"Good land! Eat all yeh want! They's plenty more in the fiel's, but I can't afford to give you young uns tea. The tea is for us women-folks, and 'specially f'r Mis' Smith an' Bill's wife. We're a-goin' to tell fortunes by it."

One by one the men filled up and shoved back, and one by one the children slipped into their places, and by two o'clock the women alone remained around the débris-covered table, sipping their tea and telling fortunes.

As they got well down to the grounds in the cup, they shook them with a circular motion in the hand, and then turned them bottom-side-up quickly in the saucer, then twirled them three or four times one way, and three or four times the other, during a breathless

pause. Then Mrs. Gray lifted the cup, and, gazing into it with profound gravity, pronounced the impending fate.

It must be admitted that, to a critical observer, she had abundant preparation for hitting close to the mark, as when she told the girls that "somebody was comin'." "It's a man," she went on gravely. "He is cross-eyed—"

"Oh, you hush!" cried Nettie.

"He has red hair, and is death on b'iled corn and hot biscuit."

The others shrieked with delight.

"But he's goin' to get the mitten, that red-headed feller is, for I see another feller comin' up behind him."

"Oh, lemme see, lemme see!" cried Nettie.

"Keep off," said the priestess, with a lofty gesture. "His hair is black. He don't eat so much, and he works more."

The girls exploded in a shriek of laughter, and pounded their sister on the back.

At last came Mrs. Smith's turn, and she was trembling with excitement as Mrs. Gray again composed her jolly face to what she considered a proper solemnity of expression.

"Somebody is comin' to *you*," she said, after a long pause. "He's got a musket on his back. He's a soldier. He's almost here. See?"

She pointed at two little tea-stems, which really formed a faint suggestion of a man with a musket on his back. He had climbed nearly to the edge of the

cup. Mrs. Smith grew pale with excitement. She trembled so she could hardly hold the cup in her hand as she gazed into it.

"It's Ed," cried the old woman. "He's on the way home. Heavens an' earth. There he is now!" She turned and waved her hand out toward the road. They rushed to the door to look where she pointed.

A man in a blue coat, with a musket on his back, was toiling slowly up the hill on the sun-bright, dusty road, toiling slowly, with bent head half hidden by a heavy knapsack. So tired he seemed that walking was indeed a process of falling. So eager to get home he would not stop, would not look aside, but plodded on, amid the cries of the locusts, the welcome of the crickets, and the rustle of the yellow wheat. Getting back to God's country, and his wife and babies!

Laughing, crying, trying to call him and the children at the same time, the little wife, almost hysterical, snatched her hat and ran out into the yard. But the soldier had disappeared over the hill into the hollow beyond, and, by the time she had found the children, he was too far away for her voice to reach him. And, besides, she was not sure it was her husband, for he had not turned his head at their shouts. This seemed so strange. Why didn't he stop to rest at his old neighbor's house? Tortured by hope and doubt, she hurried up the coolly as fast as she could push the baby wagon, the blue-coated figure just ahead pushing steadily, silently forward up the coolly.

When the excited, panting little group came in sight of the gate they saw the blue-coated figure standing,

leaning upon the rough rail fence, his chin on his palms, gazing at the empty house. His knapsack, canteen, blankets, and musket lay upon the dusty grass at his feet.

He was like a man lost in a dream. His wide, hungry eyes devoured the scene. The rough lawn, the little unpainted house, the field of clear yellow wheat behind it, down across which streamed the sun, now almost ready to touch the high hill to the west, the crickets crying merrily, a cat on the fence near by, dreaming, unmindful of the stranger in blue—

How peaceful it all was. O God! How far removed from all camps, hospitals, battle lines. A little cabin in a Wisconsin coolly, but it was majestic in its peace. How did he ever leave it for those years of tramping, thirsting, killing?

Trembling, weak with emotion, her eyes on the silent figure, Mrs. Smith hurried up to the fence. Her feet made no noise in the dust and grass, and they were close upon him before he knew of them. The oldest boy ran a little ahead. He will never forget that figure, that face. It will always remain as something epic, that return of the private. He fixed his eyes on the pale face covered with a ragged beard.

"Who *are* you, sir?" asked the wife, or, rather, started to ask, for he turned, stood a moment, and then cried:

"Emma!"

"Edward!"

The children stood in a curious row to see their mother kiss this bearded, strange man, the elder girl

sobbing sympathetically with her mother. Illness had left the soldier partly deaf, and this added to the strangeness of his manner.

But the youngest child stood away, even after the girl had recognized her father and kissed him. The man turned then to the baby, and said in a curiously unpaternal tone:

"Come here, my little man; don't you know me?" But the baby backed away under the fence and stood peering at him critically.

"My little man!" What meaning in those words! This baby seemed like some other woman's child, and not the infant he had left in his wife's arms. The war had come between him and his baby—he was only a strange man to him, with big eyes; a soldier, with mother hanging to his arm, and talking in a loud voice.

"And this is Tom," the private said, drawing the oldest boy to him. "*He'll* come and see me. *He* knows his poor old pap when he comes home from the war."

The mother heard the pain and reproach in his voice and hastened to apologize.

"You've changed so, Ed. He can't know yeh. This is papa, Teddy; come and kiss him—Tom and Mary do. Come, won't you?" But Teddy still peered through the fence with solemn eyes, well out of reach. He resembled a half-wild kitten that hesitates, studying the tones of one's voice.

"I'll fix him," said the soldier, and sat down to undo his knapsack, out of which he drew three enormous

and very red apples. After giving one to each of the older children, he said:

"*Now* I guess he'll come. Eh, my little man? Now come see your pap."

Teddy crept slowly under the fence, assisted by the overzealous Tommy, and a moment later was kicking and squalling in his father's arms. Then they entered the house, into the sitting-room poor, bare, art-forsaken little room, too, with its rag carpet, its square clock, and its two or three chromos and pictures from *Harper's Weekly* pinned about.

"Emma, I'm all tired out," said Private Smith, as he flung himself down on the carpet as he used to do, while his wife brought a pillow to put under his head, and the children stood about munching their apples.

"Tommy, you run and get me a pan of chips, and Mary, you get the tea-kettle on, and I'll go and make some biscuit."

And the soldier talked. Question after question he poured forth about the crops, the cattle, the renter, the neighbors. He slipped his heavy government brogan shoes off his poor, tired, blistered feet, and lay out with utter, sweet relaxation. He was a free man again, no longer a soldier under command. At supper he stopped once, listened and smiled. "That's old Spot. I know her voice. I s'pose that's her calf out there in the pen. I can't milk her to-night, though. I'm too tired. But, I tell you, I'd like a drink o' her milk. What's become of old Rove?"

"He died last winter. Poisoned, I guess." There was a moment of sadness for them all. It was some

time before the husband spoke again, in a voice that trembled a little.

"Poor old feller! He'd 'a' known me half a mile away. I expected him to come down the hill to meet me. It 'ud 'a' been more like comin' home if I could 'a' seen him comin' down the road an' waggin' his tail, an' laughin' that way he has. I tell yeh, it kind o' took hold o' me to see the blinds down an' the house shut up."

"But, yeh see, we—we expected you'd write again 'fore you started. And then we thought we'd see you if you *did* come," she hastened to explain.

"Well, I ain't worth a cent on writin'. Besides, it's just as well yeh didn't know when I was comin'. I tell you, it sounds good to hear them chickens out there, an' turkeys, an' the crickets. Do you know they don't have just the same kind o' crickets down South? Who's Sam hired t' help cut yer grain?"

"The Ramsey boys."

"Looks like a good crop; but I'm afraid I won't do much gettin' it cut. This cussed fever an' ague has got me down pretty low. I don't know when I'll get rid of it. I'll bet I've took twenty-five pounds of quinine if I've taken a bit. Gimme another biscuit. I tell yeh, they taste good, Emma. I ain't had anything like it— Say, if you'd 'a' hear'd me braggin' to th' boys about your butter 'n' biscuits I'll bet your ears 'ud 'a' burnt."

The private's wife colored with pleasure. "Oh, you're always a-braggin' about your things. Everybody makes good butter."

"Yes; old lady Snyder, for instance."

"Oh, well, she ain't to be mentioned. She's Dutch."

"Or old Mis' Snively. One more cup o' tea, Mary. That's my girl! I'm feeling better already. I just b'lieve the matter with me is, I'm *starved*."

This was a delicious hour, one long to be remembered. They were like lovers again. But their tenderness, like that of a typical American family, found utterance in tones, rather than in words. He was praising her when praising her biscuit, and she knew it. They grew soberer when he showed where he had been struck, one ball burning the back of his hand, one cutting away a lock of hair from his temple, and one passing through the calf of his leg. The wife shuddered to think how near she had come to being a soldier's widow. Her waiting no longer seemed hard. This sweet, glorious hour effaced it all.

Then they rose, and all went out into the garden and down to the barn. He stood beside her while she milked old Spot. They began to plan fields and crops for next year.

His farm was weedy and encumbered, a rascally renter had run away with his machinery (departing between two days), his children needed clothing, the years were coming upon him, he was sick and emaciated, but his heroic soul did not quail. With the same courage with which he had faced his southern march he entered upon a still more hazardous future.

Oh, that mystic hour! The pale man with big eyes standing there by the well, with his young wife by his side. The vast moon swinging above the eastern

peaks, the cattle winding down the pasture slopes with jangling bells, the crickets singing, the stars blooming out sweet and far and serene; the katydids rhythmically calling, the little turkeys crying querulously, as they settled to roost in the poplar tree near the open gate. The voices at the well drop lower, the little ones nestle in their father's arms at last, and Teddy falls asleep there.

The common soldier of the American volunteer army had returned. His war with the South was over, and his fight, his daily running fight with nature and against the injustice of his fellow-men, was begun again.

Hamlin Garland

Hamlin Garland was born at West Salem, Wisconsin, in 1860. The hard and happy life of a boy on a farm in the Middle West he has vigorously pictured in that autobiographical volume *Boy Life on the Prairie*. The country schools of Wisconsin and Iowa gave him his early education; for some time, too, he studied at the Cedar Valley Seminary, in Iowa. Most of his time until his young manhood was spent in working on his father's farm. In 1883 he joined the landseekers who were rushing to Dakota. He did not stay long on the plains, but soon went to Boston, where he taught English literature in public and private schools. He interested himself in schemes for social reform, and in the researches of the Psychical Societies. In 1885 he began to write verse and fiction.

His first book, *Main Travelled Roads*, published in 1890, contained some of the best work that Mr. Garland has ever done. "Robust and terribly serious," Mr. Howells calls it, and his adjectives are excellently chosen. The book is grim with that bare and sordid veracity that reminds one of the unshrinking Russian realists who have depicted the misery of the serfs. It is full, too, of pity and passion, felt rather than expressed, since one of the strongest qualities of the book is its reserve. Mr. Howells says: "The type caught in Mr. Garland's book is not pretty; it is ugly and often ridiculous; but it is heart-breaking in its rude despair . . . . He has the fine courage to leave a fact with the reader, ungarnished and unvarnished, which is almost the rarest trait in an Anglo-Saxon writer."

Later books by Garland are *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, *Prairie Folks*, *Ulysses Grant*—a biography—*Other Main Travelled Roads*, *Hesper*, *The Long Trail*, *Money Magic*, *The Spoil of Office*, *The Trail of the Gold-seeker*, *The Shadow World*, and *The Tyranny of the Dark*. Although his first successes were won in writing of the Middle West, Mr. Garland has not confined his literary interests to that district. He has had much to say of the far West, and the Northwest regions; and of late he has ventured somewhat into the more distant realms of the supernatural.

The Return of a Private shows Mr. Garland at his best, in the simple, rugged story of the common man.

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A Preacher's Love Story.
An Alien in the Pines.

MATEO FALCONE.*

By Prosper Mérimée

Just outside of Porto-Vecchio, as one turns northwest toward the center of the island, the ground rises very rapidly, and, after three hours' walk by tortuous paths, blocked by large boulders of rocks, and sometimes cut by ravines, the traveler finds himself on the edge of a very broad *mâquis*, or open plateau. These plateaus are the home of the Corsican shepherds, and the resort of those who have come in conflict with the law. The Corsican peasant sets fire to a certain stretch of forest to spare himself the trouble of manuring his lands: so much the worse if the flames spread further than is needed. Whatever happens, he is sure to have a good harvest by sowing upon this ground, fertilized by the ashes of the trees which grew on it. When the corn is gathered, the straw is left because it is too much trouble to gather. The roots, which remain in the earth without being consumed, sprout, in the following spring, into very thick shoots, which, in a few years, reach to a height of seven or eight feet. It is this kind of underwood which is called *mâquis*. It is composed of different kinds of trees and shrubs mixed up and entangled as in a wild state of nature. Only

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with hatchet in hand can a man open a way through it, and there are *mâquis* so dense and so thick that not even the wild sheep can penetrate them.

If you have killed a man, go into the *mâquis* of Porto-Vecchio with a good gun and powder and shot, and you will live there in safety. Do not forget to take a brown cloak, furnished with a hood, which will serve as a coverlet and mattress. The shepherds will give you milk, cheese, chestnuts, and you will have nothing to fear from the hand of the law, nor from the relatives of the dead, except when you go down into town to renew your stock of ammunition.

When I was in Corsica in 18—, the house of Mateo Falcone was half a league from this *mâquis*. He was a comparatively rich man for that country, living handsomely, that is to say, without doing anything, from the produce of his herds, which the shepherds, a sort of nomadic people, led to pasture here and there over the mountains. When I saw him, two years after the event that I am about to tell, he seemed about fifty years of age at the most. Imagine a small but robust man, with jet-black, curly hair, an aquiline nose, thin lips, large piercing eyes, and a deeply tanned complexion. His skill in shooting passed for extraordinary, even in his country, where there are so many crack shots. For example, Mateo would never fire on a sheep with swanshot, but, at one hundred and twenty paces, he would strike it with a bullet in its head or shoulders, as he chose. He could use his gun at night as easily as by day, and I was told the following examples of his adroitness, which will seem almost in-

credible to those who have not traveled in Corsica: A lighted candle was placed behind a transparent piece of paper, as large as a plate, at eighty paces off. He put himself into position, then the candle was extinguished, and in a minute's time, in complete darkness, he shot and pierced the paper three times out of four.

With this conspicuous talent Mateo Falcone had earned a great reputation. He was said to be a loyal friend, but a dangerous enemy; in other respects he was obliging and gave alms, and he lived at peace with everybody in the district of Porto-Vecchio. But it is told of him that when at Corte, where he had found his wife, he had very quickly freed himself of a rival reputed to be as formidable in love as in war; at any rate, people attributed to Mateo a certain gunshot which surprised his rival while in the act of shaving before a small mirror hung in his window. After the affair had been hushed up, Mateo married. His wife Giuseppa at first presented him with three daughters, which enraged him, but finally a son came whom he named Fortunato; he was the hope of the family, the inheritor of its name. The girls were well married; their father could reckon in case of need upon the poniards and rifles of his sons-in-law. The son was only ten years old, but he had already shown signs of a promising disposition.

One autumn day Mateo and his wife set out early to visit one of their flocks in a clearing of the *mâquis*. Little Fortunato wanted to go with them, but the clearing was too far off; besides, it was necessary that some one should stay and mind the house; so his father

refused. We shall soon see that he had occasion to repent his decision.

He had been gone several hours, and little Fortunato was quietly lying out in the sunshine, looking at the blue mountains, and thinking that on the following Sunday he would be going to town to have dinner with his uncle, the corporal,* when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by the firing of a gun. He got up and turned toward that side of the plain from which the sound had proceeded. Other shots followed, fired at irregular intervals, and each time they came nearer and nearer until he saw a man on the path which led from the plain to Mateo's house. He wore a pointed cap like a mountaineer, he was bearded, and clothed in rags, and he dragged himself along with difficulty, leaning on his gun. He had just received a gunshot in the thigh.

This man was a *bandit* (Corsican for one who is proscribed) who, having set out at night to get some powder from the town, had fallen on the way into an ambush of Corsican soldiers.† After a vigorous de-

* Corporals were formerly the chief officers of the Corsican communes after they had rebelled against the feudal lords. To-day the name is still given sometimes to a man who, by his property, his connections, and his clients, exercises influence, and a kind of effective magistracy over a *pieve*, or canton. By an ancient custom Corsicans divide themselves into five castes: gentlemen (of whom some are of higher, *magnifiques*, some of lower, *signori*, estate), corporals, citizens, plebeians, and foreigners.

† *Voltigeurs:* a body raised of late years by the Government, which acts in conjunction with the gendarmes in the maintenance of order. The uniform of the *voltigeurs* was brown, with a yellow collar.

fense he had succeeded in escaping, but they gave chase hotly, firing at him from rock to rock. He was only a little in advance of the soldiers, and his wound made it out of the question to reach the *maquis* before being overtaken.

He came up to Fortunato and said:

"Are you the son of Mateo Falcone?"

"Yes."

"I am Gianetto Sanpiero. I am pursued by the yellow-collars. Hide me, for I cannot go any further."

"But what will my father say if I hide you without his permission?"

"He will say that you did right."

"How do you know?"

"Hide me quickly; they are coming."

"Wait till my father returns."

"Good Lord! how can I wait? They will be here in five minutes. Come, hide me, or I will kill you."

Fortunato answered with the utmost coolness:

"Your gun is unloaded, and there are no more cartridges in your *carchera.*"*

"I have my stiletto."

"But could you run as fast as I can?"

With a bound he put himself out of reach.

"You are no son of Mateo Falcone! Will you let me be taken in front of his house?"

The child seemed moved.

* A leather belt which served the joint purposes of a cartridge box and pocket for dispatches and orders.

"What will you give me if I hide you?" he said, drawing nearer.

The bandit felt in the leather pocket that hung from his side and took out a five-franc piece, which he had put aside, no doubt, for powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight of the piece of silver, and, seizing hold of it, he said to Gianetto:

"Don't be afraid."

He quickly made a large hole in a haystack which stood close by the house; Gianetto crouched down in it, and the child covered him up so as to leave a little breathing space, and yet in such a way as to make it impossible for anyone to suspect that the hay concealed a man. He acted, further, with the ingenious cunning of the savage. He fetched a cat and her kittens and put them on top of the haystack to make believe that it had not been touched for a long time. Then he carefully covered over with dust the blood stains which he had noticed on the path near the house, and, this done, he lay down again in the sun with the utmost *sang-froid.*

Some minutes later six men in brown uniforms with yellow collars, commanded by an adjutant, stood before Mateo's door. This adjutant was a distant relative of the Falcones. (It is said that further degrees of relationship are recognized in Corsica than anywhere else.) His name was Tidora Gamba; he was an energetic man, greatly feared by the banditti, and had already hunted out many of them.

"Good day, youngster," he said, coming up to For-

tunato. "How you have grown! Did you see a man pass just now?"

"Oh, I am not yet so tall as you, cousin," the child replied, with a foolish look.

"You soon will be. But tell me, have you not seen a man pass by?"

"Have I seen a man pass by?"

"Yes, a man with a pointed black velvet cap and a waistcoat embroidered in red and yellow."

"A man with a pointed cap and a waistcoat embroidered in scarlet and yellow?"

"Yes; answer sharply, and don't repeat my questions."

"The priest passed our door this morning on his horse Piero. He asked me how papa was, and I replied——"

"You are making game of me, you rascal. Tell me, at once, which way Gianetto went, for it is he we are after; I am certain he took this path."

"How do you know that?"

"How do I know that? I know you have seen him."

"How can one see passers-by when one is asleep?"

"You were not asleep, you little demon; the gunshots would wake you."

"You think, then, cousin, that your guns make noise enough? My father's rifle makes much more noise."

"May the devil take you, you young scamp. I am absolutely certain you have seen Gianetto. Perhaps you have hidden him. Here, you fellows, go into the house, and see if our man is not there. He could only

walk on one foot, and he has too much common sense, the villain, to have tried to reach the *màquis* limping. Besides, the traces of blood stop here."

"Whatever will papa say?" Fortunato asked, with a chuckle. "What will he say when he finds out that his house has been searched during his absence?"

"Do you know that I can make you change your tune, you scamp?" cried the adjutant Gamba, seizing him by the ear. "Perhaps you will speak when you have had a thrashing with the flat of a sword."

Fortunato kept on laughing derisively.

"My father is Mateo Falcone," he said significantly.

"Do you know, you young scamp, that I can take you away to Corte or to Bastia? I shall put you in a dungeon, on a bed of straw, with your feet in irons, and I shall guillotine you if you do not tell me where Gianetto Sanpier is."

The child burst out laughing at this ridiculous menace.

"My father is Mateo Falcone," he repeated.

"Adjutant, do not let us embroil ourselves with Mateo," one of the soldiers whispered.

Gamba was evidently embarrassed. He talked in a low voice with his soldiers, who had already been all over the house. The process was not very long, for a Corsican hut consists only of a single square room. The furniture comprises a table, benches, boxes, utensils for cooking and hunting. All this time little Fortunato caressed his cat, and seemed, maliciously, to enjoy the confusion of his cousin and the soldiers.

One soldier came up to the haycock. He looked at

the cat and carelessly stirred the hay with his bayonet, shrugging his shoulders as though he thought the precaution ridiculous. Nothing moved, and the face of the child did not betray the least agitation.

The adjutant and his band were in despair; they looked solemnly out over the plain, half inclined to turn the way they had come; but their chief, convinced that threats would produce no effect upon the son of Falcone, thought he would make one last effort by trying the effect of favors and presents.

"My boy," he said, "you are a wide-awake young dog, I can see. You will get on. But you play a dangerous game with me; and, if I did not want to give pain to my cousin Mateo, devil take it! I would carry you off with me."

"Bah!"

"But when my cousin returns I shall tell him all about it, and he will give you the whip till he draws blood for having told me lies."

"How do you know that?"

"You will see. But, look here, be a good lad, and I will give you something."

"You had better go and look for Gianetto in the *màquis*, cousin, for if you stay any longer it will take a cleverer fellow than you to catch him."

The adjutant drew a watch out of his pocket, a silver watch worth quite ten crowns. He watched how little Fortunato's eyes sparkled as he looked at it, and he held out the watch at the end of its steel chain.

"You rogue," he said, "you would like to have such a watch as this hung round your neck, and to go and

walk up and down the streets of Porto-Vecchio as proud as a peacock; people would ask you the time, and you would reply, 'Look at my watch!' "

"When I am grown up, my uncle the corporal will give me a watch."

"Yes; but your uncle's son has one already—not such a fine one as this, however—for he is younger than you."

The boy sighed.

"Well, would you like this watch, kiddy?"

Fortunato ogled the watch out of the corner of his eyes, as a cat does when a whole chicken is given to it. It dares not pounce upon the prey, because it is afraid a joke is being played on it, but it turns its eyes away now and then, to avoid succumbing to the temptation, licking its lips all the time as though to say to its master, "What a cruel joke you are playing on me!"

The adjutant Gamba, however, seemed really willing to give the watch. Fortunato did not hold out his hand; but he said to him with a bitter smile:

"Why do you make fun of me?"

"I swear I am not joking. Only tell me where Gianetto is, and this watch is yours."

Fortunato smiled incredulously, and fixed his black eyes on those of the adjutant. He tried to find in them the faith he would fain have in his words.

"May I lose my epaulets," cried the adjutant, "if I do not give you the watch upon that condition! I call my men to witness, and then I cannot retract."

As he spoke, he held the watch nearer and nearer until it almost touched the child's pale cheeks. His

face plainly expressed the conflict going on in his mind between covetousness and the claims of hospitality. His bare breast heaved violently, almost to suffocation. All the time the watch dangled and twisted and even hit the tip of his nose. By degrees he raised his right hand toward the watch, his finger ends touched it; and its whole weight rested on his palm, although the adjutant still held the end of the chain loosely. . . . The watch face was blue. . . . The case was newly polished. . . . It seemed blazing in the sun like fire. . . . The temptation was too strong.

Fortunato raised his left hand at the same time, and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the haycock against which he was leaning. The adjutant understood him immediately, and let go the end of the chain. Fortunato felt himself sole possessor of the watch. He jumped up with the agility of a deer, and stood ten paces distant from the haycock, which the soldiers at once began to upset.

It was not long before they saw the hay move, and a bleeding man came out, poniard in hand; when, however, he tried to rise to his feet, his stiffening wound prevented him from standing. He fell down. The adjutant threw himself upon him and snatched away his dagger. He was speedily and strongly bound, in spite of his resistance.

Gianetto was bound and laid on the ground like a bundle of fagots. He turned his head toward Fortunato, who had come up to him.

"Son of——," he said to him, more in contempt than in anger.

The boy threw to him the silver piece that he had received from him, feeling conscious that he no longer deserved it; but the outlaw took no notice of the action. He merely said in a low voice to the adjutant:

"My dear Gamba, I cannot walk; you will be obliged to carry me to the town."

"You could run as fast as a kid just now," his captor retorted brutally. "But don't be anxious; I am glad enough to have caught you; I would carry you for a league on my own back and not feel tired. All the same, my friend, we will make a litter for you out of the branches and your cloak. The farm at Crespoli will provide us with horses."

"All right," said the prisoner; "I hope you will put a little straw on your litter to make it easier for me."

While the soldiers were busy, some making a rough stretcher out of chestnut boughs, and others dressing Gianetto's wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly appeared in a turning of the path from the *mâquis*. The wife came in, bending laboriously under the weight of a huge stack of chestnuts; while her husband jaunted up, carrying his gun in one hand, and a second gun slung in his shoulder belt. It is considered undignified for a man to carry any other burden than his weapons.

When he saw the soldiers, Mateo's first thought was that they had come to arrest him. But he had no ground for this fear; he had never quarreled with the law. On the contrary, he bore a good reputation. He was, as the saying is, particularly well thought of. But he was a Corsican, and mountain bred, and there are

but few Corsican mountaineers who, if they search their memories sufficiently, cannot recall some little peccadillo, some gunshot, or dagger thrust, or such-like bagatelle. Mateo's conscience was clearer than most, for it was fully ten years since he had pointed his gun at any man; yet at the same time he was cautious, and he prepared to make a brave defense if need be.

"Wife, put down your sack," he said, "and keep yourself in readiness."

She obeyed immediately. He gave her the gun which was slung over his shoulder, since it was likely to be the one that would inconvenience him the most. He held the other gun in readiness and proceeded leisurely toward the house by the side of the trees which bordered the path, ready to throw himself behind the largest trunk for cover, and to fire at the least sign of hostility. His wife walked close behind him, holding her reloaded gun and her cartridges. It was the duty of a good housewife, in case of a conflict, to reload her husband's arms.

On his side, the adjutant was very uneasy at the sight of Mateo advancing thus upon them with measured steps, his gun pointed and finger on trigger.

"If it happens that Gianetto is related to Mateo," thought he, "or he is his friend, and he means to protect him, two of his bullets will be put into two of us as sure as a letter goes to the post, and he will aim at me in spite of our kinship! . . ."

In this perplexity, he put on a bold face and went forward alone toward Mateo to tell him what had

happened, greeting him like an old acquaintance. But the brief interval which separated him from Mateo seemed to him of terribly long duration.

"Hullo! Ah! my old comrade," he called out. "How are you, old fellow? I am your cousin Gamba."

Mateo did not say a word, but stood still; and while the other was speaking, he softly raised the muzzle of his rifle in such a manner that by the time the adjutant came up to him it was pointing skyward.

"Good day, brother,"* said the adjutant, holding out his hand. "It is a very long time since I saw you."

"Good day, brother."

"I just called in when passing, to say 'good day' to you and cousin Pepa. We have done a long tramp to-day; but we must not complain of fatigue, for we have taken a fine catch. We have got hold of Gianetto Sanpiero."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Giuseppa. "He stole one of our milch goats last week."

Gamba rejoiced at these words.

"Poor devil!" said Mateo, "he was hungry."

"The fellow fought like a lion," continued the adjutant, slightly nettled. "He killed one of the men, and, not content to stop there, he broke Corporal Chardon's arm; but this is not of much consequence, for Chardon is only a Frenchman. . . . Then he hid himself so cleverly that the devil could not have found him. If it had not been for my little cousin Fortunato, I should never have discovered him."

"Fortunato?" cried Mateo.

* The ordinary greeting of Corsicans.

"Fortunato?" repeated Giuseppa.

"Yes; Gianetto was concealed in your haycock there, but my little cousin showed me his trick. I will speak of him to his uncle the corporal, who will send him a nice present as a reward. And both his name and yours will be in the report which I shall send to the superintendent."

"Curse you!" cried Mateo under his breath.

By this time they had rejoined the company. Gianetto was already laid on his litter, and they were ready to set out. When he saw Mateo in Gamba's company he smiled a strange smile; then, turning toward the door of the house, he spat on the threshold.

"It is the house of a traitor!" he exclaimed.

No man but one willing to die would have dared to utter the word "traitor" in connection with Falcone. A quick stroke from a dagger, without need for a second, would have immediately wiped out the insult. But Mateo made no other movement beyond putting his hand to his head like a dazed man.

Fortunato went into the house when he saw his father come up. He reappeared shortly, carrying a jug of milk, which he offered with downcast eyes to Gianetto.

"Keep off me!" roared the outlaw.

Then, turning to one of the soldiers, he said:

"Comrade, give me a drink of water."

The soldier placed the flask in his hands, and the bandit drank the water given him by a man with whom he had but now exchanged gunshots. He then asked

that his hands might be tied crossed over his breast instead of behind his back.

"I prefer," he said, "to lie down comfortably."

They granted him his request. Then, at a sign from the adjutant, they set out, first bidding adieu to Mateo, who answered never a word, and descended at a quick pace toward the plain.

Well-nigh ten minutes elapsed before Mateo opened his mouth. The child looked uneasily first at his mother, then at his father, who leant on his gun, looking at him with an expression of concentrated anger.

"Well, you have made a pretty beginning," said Mateo at last in a voice, calm, but terrifying to those who knew the man.

"Father," the boy cried out, with tears in his eyes—ready to fall at his knees.

"Out of my sight!" shouted Mateo.

The child stopped motionless a few steps off from his father and began to sob.

Giuseppa came near him. She had just seen the end of the watch chain hanging from out his shirt.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked severely.

"My cousin the adjutant."

Falcone seized the watch and threw it against a stone with such force that it broke into a thousand pieces.

"Woman," he said, "is this my child?"

Giuseppa's brown cheeks flamed brick-red.

"What are you saying, Mateo? Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, very well. This child is the first traitor of his race."

Fortunato's sobs and hiccoughs redoubled, and Falcone kept his lynx eyes steadily fixed on him. At length he struck the ground with the butt end of his gun; then he flung it across his shoulder, retook the way to the *mâquis*, and ordered Fortunato to follow him. The child obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Mateo, and seized him by the arm.

"He is your son," she said in a trembling voice, fixing her black eyes on those of her husband, as though to read all that was passing in his mind.

"Let go," replied Mateo; "I am his father."

Giuseppa kissed her son, and went back crying into the hut. She threw herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin, and prayed fervently. When Falcone had walked about two hundred yards along the path, he stopped at a little ravine and went down into it. He sounded the ground with the butt end of his gun, and found it soft and easy to dig. The spot seemed suitable to his purpose.

"Fortunato, go near to that large rock."

The boy did as he was told, then knelt down.

"Father, father, do not kill me!"

"Say your prayers!" repeated Mateo in a terrible voice.

The child repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, stammering and sobbing. The father said "Amen!" in a firm voice at the close of each prayer.

"Are those all the prayers you know?"

"I know also the Ave Maria and Litany, that my aunt taught me, father."

"It is long, but never mind."

The child finished the Litany in a faint voice.

"Have you finished?"

"Oh, father, father, forgive me! forgive me! I will never do it again. I will beg my cousin the corporal with all my might to pardon Gianetto!"

He went on imploring. Mateo loaded his rifle and took aim.

"May God forgive you!" he said.

The boy made a frantic effort to get up and clasp his father's knees, but he had no time. Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell stone dead.

Without throwing a single glance at the body, Mateo went back to his house to fetch a spade with which to bury his son. He had only returned a little way along the path when he met Giuseppa, who had run out, alarmed by the sound of the firing.

"What have you done?" she cried.

"Justice!"

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine; I am going to bury him. He died a Christian. I shall have a mass sung for him. Let some one tell my son-in-law Tiodoro Bianchi to come and live with us."

Prosper Mérimée

Prosper Mérimée, the distinguished French novelist, historian, dramatist, and critic, was born in 1803.

Through some fault in his training, he was led, very early in life, to assume an indifference and cynicism which made him a rather difficult person in social relations and a writer of hard and bitter fiction. Nevertheless, he was really a man of sensitive feeling and a devoted friend. Mérimée studied law, but never practiced it; he held various public positions, and his reports of his civil and professional researches were read widely and much admired. He wrote a number of excellent historical works, and essays of an historical or critical nature. His translations of the works of Poushkin, the Russian story-writer, were so spirited that they seemed almost like the translator's own productions. Certain of Mérimée's plays have held continued favor, and his *Lettres à une inconnue* are popular in England and America as well as in France. It is small wonder that so distinguished a man should find acceptance at the court of Napoleon III, or that the influence of the Empress Eugénie should have been exercised to make him a Senator. In 1844 he was elected a member of the Academy. *Columba*, Mérimée's most successful novel (1840), is a story of Corsica. *Carmen* (1847) was used as the basis of Bizet's opera of that name. Though Mérimée chose foreign scenes for his fiction, he knew how to give them an air of vigorous reality and was fond of producing striking effects with local and historical color. His tragic and terrible subjects he handled with notable reserve. Most of his short-stories have become classics, and justly, for they are written with wonderful conciseness and polish. Nevertheless, they are hard, iron-

ical, and cynical. *Mateo Falcone* shows Mérimée's delight in a foreign setting, and his skill in producing vivid effects. The relentless progress of the story, and the impersonal coolness in the transcription of the tragedy, are both strongly characteristic of the author.

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The Insurgent.....Ludovic Halévy.

THE HIDING OF BLACK BILL*

By O. Henry

A lank, strong, red-faced man with a Wellington beak and small, fiery eyes tempered by flaxen lashes, sat on the station platform at Los Pinos swinging his legs to and fro. At his side sat another man, fat, melancholy, and seedy, who seemed to be his friend. They had the appearance of men to whom life had appeared as a reversible coat—seamy on both sides.

"Ain't seen you in about four year, Ham," said the seedy man. "Which way you been traveling?"

"Texas," said the red-faced man. "It was too cold in Alaska for me. And I found it warm in Texas. I'll tell you about one hot spell I went through there.

"One morning I steps off the International at a water-tank and lets it go on without me. 'Twas a ranch country, and fuller of spite-houses than New York City. Only out there they build 'em twenty miles away so you can't smell what they've got for dinner, instead of running 'em up two inches from their neighbors' windows.

"There wasn't any roads in sight, so I footed it 'cross country. The grass was shoe-top deep, and the

*From *Options*, by permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company.

mesquite timber looked just like a peach orchard. It was so much like a gentleman's private estate that every minute you expected a kennelful of bulldogs to run out and bite you. But I must have walked twenty miles before I came in sight of a ranch-house. It was a little one, about as big as an elevated railroad station.

"There was a little man in a white shirt and brown overalls and a pink handkerchief around his neck rolling cigarettes under a tree in front of the door.

" 'Greetings,' says I. 'Any refreshment, welcome, emoluments, or even work for a comparative stranger?'

" 'Oh, come in,' says he, in a refined tone. 'Sit down on that stool, please. I didn't hear your horse coming.'

" 'He isn't near enough yet,' says I. 'I walked. I don't want to be a burden, but I wonder if you have three or four gallons of water handy.'

" 'You do look pretty dusty,' says he; 'but our bathing arrangements——'

" 'It's a drink I want,' says I. 'Never mind the dust that's on the outside.'

"He gets me a dipper of water out of a red jar hanging up, and then goes on:

" 'Do you want work?'

" 'For a time,' says I. 'This is a rather quiet section of the country, isn't it?'

" 'It is,' says he. 'Sometimes—so I have been told—one sees no human being pass for weeks at a time. I've been here only a month. I bought the ranch from an old settler who wanted to move farther west.'

" 'It suits me,' says I. 'Quiet and retirement are good for a man sometimes. And I need a job. I can tend bar, salt mines, lecture, float stock, do a little middleweight slugging, and play the piano.'

" 'Can you herd sheep?' asks the little ranchman.

" 'Do you mean *have* I heard sheep?' says I.

" 'Can you herd 'em—take charge of a flock of 'em?' says he.

' 'Oh,' says I, 'now I understand. You mean chase 'em around and bark at 'em like collie dogs. Well, I might,' says I. 'I've never exactly done any sheep-herding, but I've often seen 'em from car windows masticating daisies, and they don't look dangerous.'

" 'I'm short a herder,' says the ranchman. 'You never can depend on Mexicans. I've only got two flocks. You may take out my bunch of muttons—there are only eight hundred of 'em—in the morning, if you like. The pay is twelve dollars a month and your rations furnished. You camp in a tent on the prairie with your sheep. You do your own cooking, but wood and water are brought to your camp. It's an easy job.'

" 'I'm on,' says I. 'I'll take the job even if I have to garland my brow and hold on to a crook and wear a loose-effect and play on a pipe like the shepherds do in pictures.'

"So the next morning the little ranchman helps me drive the flock of muttons from the corral to about two miles out and let 'em graze on a little hillside on the prairie. He gives me a lot of instructions about not letting bunches of them stray off from the herd,

and driving 'em down to a water-hole to drink at noon.

"'I'll bring out your tent and camping outfit and rations in the buckboard before night,' says he.

"'Fine,' says I. 'And don't forget the rations. Nor the camping outfit. And be sure to bring the tent. Your name's Zollicoffer, ain't it?"

"'My name,' says he, 'is Henry Ogden.'

"'All right, Mr. Ogden,' says I. 'Mine is Mr. Percival Saint Clair.'

"I herded sheep for five days on the Rancho Chiquito; and then the wool entered my soul. That getting next to Nature certainly got next to me. I was lonesomer than Crusoe's goat. I've seen a lot of persons more entertaining as companions than those sheep were. I'd drive 'em to the corral and pen 'em every evening, and then cook my corn-bread and mutton and coffee, and lie down in a tent the size of a tablecloth, and listen to the coyotes and whippoorwills singing around the camp.

"The fifth evening, after I had corralled my costly but uncongenial muttons, I walked over to the ranch-house and stepped in the door.

"'Mr. Ogden,' says I, 'you and me have got to get sociable. Sheep are all very well to dot the landscape and furnish eight-dollar cotton suitings for men, but for table-talk and fireside companions they rank along with five-o'clock teazers. If you've got a deck of cards, or a parcheesi outfit, or a game of authors, get 'em out, and let's get on a mental basis. I've got to do something in an intellectual line, if it's only to knock somebody's brains out.'

"This Henry Ogden was a peculiar kind of ranchman. He wore finger-rings and a big gold watch and careful neckties. And his face was calm, and his nose-spectacles was kept very shiny. I saw once, in Muscogee, an outlaw hung for murdering six men, who was a dead ringer for him. But I knew a preacher in Arkansas that you would have taken to be his brother. I didn't care much for him either way; what I wanted was some fellowship and communion with holy saints or lost sinners—anything sheepless would do.

" 'Well, Saint Clair,' says he, laying down the book he was reading, 'I guess it must be pretty lonesome for you at first. And I don't deny that it's monotonous for me. Are you sure you corralled your sheep so they won't stray out?'

" 'They're shut up as tight as the jury of a millionaire murderer,' says I. 'And I'll be back with them long before they'll need their trained nurse.'

"So Ogden digs up a deck of cards, and we play casino. After five days and nights of my sheep-camp it was like a toot on Broadway. When I caught big casino I felt as excited as if I had made a million in Trinity. And when H. O. loosened up a little and told the story about the lady in the Pullman car I laughed for five minutes.

"That showed what a comparative thing life is. A man may see so much that he'd be bored to turn his head to look at a $3,000,000 fire or Joe Weber or the Adriatic Sea. But let him herd sheep for a spell, and you'll see him splitting his ribs laughing at 'Curfew

Shall Not Ring To-night,' or really enjoying himself playing cards with ladies.

"By-and-by Ogden gets out a decanter of Bourbon, and then there is a total eclipse of sheep.

" 'Do you remember reading in the papers, about a month ago,' says he, 'about a train hold-up on the M. K. & T.? The express agent was shot through the shoulder, and about $15,000 in currency taken. And it's said that only one man did the job.'

" 'Seems to me I do,' says I. 'But such things happen so often they don't linger long in the human Texas mind. Did they overtake, overhaul, seize, or lay hands upon the despoiler?'

" 'He escaped,' says Ogden. 'And I was just reading in a paper to-day that the officers have tracked him down into this part of the country. It seems the bills the robber got were all the first issue of currency to the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. And so they've followed the trail where they've been spent, and it leads this way.'

"Ogden pours out some more Bourbon, and shoves me the bottle.

" 'I imagine,' says I, after ingurgitating another modicum of the royal booze, 'that it wouldn't be at all a disingenuous idea for a train robber to run down into this part of the country to hide for a spell. A sheep-ranch, now,' says I, 'would be the finest kind of a place. Who'd ever expect to find such a desperate character among these song-birds and muttons and wild flowers? And, by the way,' says I, kind of looking H. Ogden over, 'was there any description men-

tioned of this single-handed terror? Was his lineaments or height and thickness or teeth fillings or style of habiliments set forth in print?'

"'Why, no,' says Ogden; 'they say nobody got a good sight of him because he wore a mask. But they know it was a train-robber called Black Bill, because he always works alone and because he dropped a handkerchief in the express-car that had his name on it.'

"'All right,' says I. 'I approve of Black Bill's retreat to the sheep-ranges. I guess they won't find him.'

"'There's one thousand dollars reward for his capture,' says Ogden.

"'I don't need that kind of money,' says I, looking Mr. Sheepman straight in the eye. 'The twelve dollars a month you pay me is enough. I need a rest, and I can save up until I get enough to pay my fare to Texarkana, where my widowed mother lives. If Black Bill,' I goes on, looking significantly at Ogden, 'was to have come down this way—say, a month ago—and bought a little sheep-ranch and——'

"'Stop,' says Ogden, getting out of his chair and looking pretty vicious. 'Do you mean to insinuate——'

"'Nothing,' says I; 'no insinuations. I'm stating a hypodermical case. I say, if Black Bill had come down here and bought a sheep-ranch and hired me to Little-Boy-Blue 'em and treated me square and friendly, as you've done, he'd never have anything to fear from me. A man is a man, regardless of any complications he may have with sheep or railroad trains. Now you know where I stand.'

"Ogden looks black as camp-coffee for nine seconds, and then he laughs, amused.

" 'You'll do, Saint Clair,' says he. 'If I *was* Black Bill I wouldn't be afraid to trust you. Let's have a game or two of seven-up to-night. That is, if you don't mind playing with a train-robber.'

" 'I've told you,' says I, 'my oral sentiments, and there's no strings to 'em.'

"While I was shuffling after the first hand, I asks Ogden, as if the idea was a kind of a casualty, where he was from.

" 'Oh,' says he, 'from the Mississippi Valley.'

" 'That's a nice little place,' says I. 'I've often stopped over there. But didn't you find the sheets a little damp and the food poor? Now, I hail,' says I, 'from the Pacific Slope. Ever put up there?'

" 'Too draughty,' says Ogden. 'But if you're ever in the Middle West just mention my name, and you'll get foot-warmers and dripped coffee.'

" 'Well,' says I, 'I wasn't exactly fishing for your private telephone number and the middle name of your aunt that carried off the Cumberland Presbyterian minister. It don't matter. I just want you to know you are safe in the hands of your shepherd. Now, don't play hearts on spades, and don't get nervous.'

" 'Still harping,' says Ogden, laughing again. 'Don't you suppose that if I was Black Bill and thought you suspected me, I'd put a Winchester bullet into you and stop my nervousness, if I had any?'

" 'Not any,' says I. 'A man who's got the nerve to hold up a train single-handed wouldn't do a trick like

that. I've knocked about enough to know that them are the kind of men who put a value on a friend. Not that I can claim being a friend of yours, Mr. Ogden,' says I, 'being only your sheep-herder; but under more expeditious circumstances we might have been.'

"'Forget the sheep temporarily, I beg,' says Ogden, 'and cut for deal.'

"About four days afterward, while my muttons was nooning on the water-hole and I deep in the interstices of making a pot of coffee, up rides softly on the grass a mysterious person in the garb of the being he wished to represent. He was dressed somewhere between a Kansas City detective, Buffalo Bill, and the town dog-catcher of Baton Rouge. His chin and eye wasn't molded on fighting lines, so I knew he was only a scout.

"'Herdin' sheep?' he asks me.

"'Well,' says I, 'to a man of your evident gumptional endowments, I wouldn't have the nerve to state that I am engaged in decorating old bronzes or oiling bicycle sprockets.'

"'You don't talk or look like a sheep-herder to me,' says he.

"'But you talk like what you look like to me,' says I.

"And then he asks me who I was working for, and I shows him Rancho Chiquito, two miles away, in the shadow of a low hill, and he tells me he's a deputy sheriff.

"'There's a train-robber called Black Bill supposed to be somewhere in these parts,' says the scout. 'He's

been traced as far as San Antonio, and maybe farther. Have you seen or heard of any strangers around here during the past month?'

"'I have not,' says I, 'except a report of one over at the Mexican quarters of Loomis' ranch, on the Frio.'

"'What do you know about him?' asks the deputy.

"'He's three days old,' says I.

"'What kind of a looking man is the man you work for?' he asks. 'Does old George Ramey own this place yet? He's run sheep here for the last ten years, but never had no success.'

"'The old man has sold out and gone West,' I tells him. 'Another sheep-fancier bought him out about a month ago.'

"'What kind of a looking man is he?' asks the deputy again.

"'Oh,' says I, 'a big, fat kind of a Dutchman with long whiskers and blue specs. I don't think he knows a sheep from a ground-squirrel. I guess old George soaked him pretty well on the deal,' says I.

"After indulging himself in a lot more noncommunicative information and two-thirds of my dinner, the deputy rides away.

"That night I mentions the matter to Ogden.

"'They're drawing the tendrils of the octopus around Black Bill,' says I. And then I told him about the deputy sheriff, and how I'd described him to the deputy, and what the deputy said about the matter.

"'Oh, well,' says Ogden, 'let's don't borrow any of Black Bill's troubles. We've a few of our own. Get

the Bourbon out of the cupboard and we'll drink to his health—unless,'—says he, with his little cackling laugh, 'you're prejudiced against train-robbers.'

"'I'll drink,' says I, 'to any man who's a friend to a friend. And I believe that Black Bill,' I goes on, 'would be that. So here's to Black Bill, and may he have good luck.'

"And both of us drank.

"About two weeks later comes shearing-time. The sheep had to be driven up to the ranch, and a lot of frowzy-headed Mexicans would snip the fur off of them with back-action scissors. So the afternoon before the barbers were to come I hustled my underdone muttons over the hill, across the dell, down by the winding brook, and up to the ranch-house, where I penned 'em in a corral and bade 'em my nightly adieus.

"I went from there to the ranch-house. I find H. Ogden, Esquire, lying asleep on his little cot bed. I guess he had been overcome by anti-insomnia or diswakefulness or some of the diseases peculiar to the sheep business. His mouth and vest were open, and he breathed like a second-hand bicycle pump. I looked at him and gave vent to just a few musings. 'Imperial Cæsar,' says I, 'asleep in such a way, might shut his mouth and keep the wind away.'

"A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. What good is all his brain, muscle, backing, nerve, influence, and family connections? He's at the mercy of his enemies, and more so of his friends. And he's about as beautiful as a cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12.30 A. M.

dreaming of the plains of Arabia. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it's better for all hands for her to be that way.

"Well, I took a drink of Bourbon and one for Ogden, and started in to be comfortable while he was taking his nap. He had some books on his table on indigenous subjects, such as Japan and drainage and physical culture—and some tobacco, which seemed more to the point.

"After I'd smoked a few, and listened to the sartorial breathing of H. O., I happened to look out the window toward the shearing-pens, where there was a kind of a road coming up from a kind of a road across a kind of a creek farther away.

"I saw five men riding up to the house. All of 'em carried guns across their saddles, and among 'em was the deputy that had talked to me at my camp.

"They rode up careful, in open formation, with their guns ready. I set apart with my eye the one I opinionated to be the boss muckraker of this law-and-order cavalry.

" 'Good evening, gents,' says I. 'Won't you 'light, and tie your horses?'

"The boss rides up close, and swings his gun over till the opening in it seems to cover my whole front elevation.

" 'Don't you move your hands none,' says he, 'till you and me indulge in a adequate amount of necessary conversation.'

" 'I will not,' says I. 'I am no deaf-mute, and there-

fore will not have to disobey your injunctions in replying.'

"'We are on the lookout,' says he, 'for Black Bill, the man that held up the Katy for $15,000 in May. We are searching the ranches and everybody on 'em. What is your name, and what do you do on this ranch?'

"'Captain,' says I, 'Percival Saint Clair is my occupation, and my name is sheep-herder. I've got my flock of veals—no, muttons—penned here to-night. The shearers are coming to-morrow to give them a hair-cut—with baa-a-rum, I suppose.'

"'Where's the boss of this ranch?' the captain of the gang asks me.

"'Wait just a minute, cap'n,' says I. 'Wasn't there a kind of a reward offered for the capture of this desperate character you have referred to in your preamble?'

"'There's a thousand dollars reward offered,' says the captain, 'but it's for his capture and conviction. There don't seem to be no provision made for an informer.'

"'It looks like it might rain in a day or so,' says I, in a tired way, looking up at the cerulean blue sky.

"'If you know anything about the locality, disposition, or secretiveness of this here Black Bill,' says he, in a severe dialect, 'you are amiable to the law in not reporting it.'

"'I heard a fence-rider say,' says I, in a desultory kind of voice, 'that a Mexican told a cowboy named Jake over at Pidgin's store on the Nueces that he heard

that Black Bill had been seen in Matamoras by a sheepman's cousin two weeks ago.'

"'Tell you what I'll do, Tight Mouth,' says the captain, after looking me over for bargains. 'If you put us on so we can scoop Black Bill, I'll pay you a hundred dollars out of my own—out of our own—pockets. That's liberal,' says he. 'You ain't entitled to anything. Now, what do you say?'

"'Cash down now?' I asks.

"The captain has a sort of discussion with his helpmates, and they all produce the contents of their pockets for analysis. Out of the general results they figured up $102.30 in cash and $31 worth of plug tobacco.

"'Come near, capitan meeo,' says I, 'and listen.' He so did.

"'I am mighty poor and low down in the world,' says I. 'I am working for twelve dollars a month trying to keep a lot of animals together whose only thought seems to be to get asunder. Although,' says I, 'I regard myself as some better than the State of South Dakota, it's a come-down to a man who has heretofore regarded sheep only in the form of chops. I'm pretty far reduced in the world on account of foiled ambitions and rum and a kind of cocktail they make along the P. R. R. all the way from Scranton to Cincinnati—dry gin, French vermouth, one squeeze of a lime, and a good dash of orange bitters. If you're ever up that way, don't fail to let one try you. And, again,' says I, 'I have never yet went back on a friend.

I've stayed by 'em when they had plenty, and when adversity's overtaken me I've never forsook 'em.

"'But,' I goes on, 'this is not exactly the case of a friend. Twelve dollars a month is only bowing-acquaintance money. And I do not consider brown beans and cornbread the food of friendship. I am a poor man,' says I, 'and I have a widowed mother in Texarkana. You will find Black Bill,' says I, 'lying asleep in this house on a cot in the room to your right. He's the man you want, as I know from his words and conversation. He was in a way a friend,' I explains, 'and if I was the man I once was the entire product of the mines of Gondola would not have tempted me to betray him. But,' says I, 'every week half of the beans was wormy, and not nigh enough wood in camp.

"'Better go in careful, gentlemen,' says I. 'He seems impatient at times, and when you think of his late professional pursuits one would look for abrupt actions if he was come upon sudden.'

"So the whole posse unmounts and ties their horses, and unlimbers their ammunition and equipments, and tiptoes into the house. And I follows, like Delilah when she set the Philip Steins on to Samson.

"The leader of the posse shakes Ogden and wakes him up. And then he jumps up, and two more of the reward-hunters grab him. Ogden was mighty tough with all his slimness, and he gives 'em as neat a single-footed tussle against odds as I ever see.

"'What does this mean?' he says, after they had him down.

" 'You're scooped in, Mr. Black Bill,' says the captain. 'That's all.'

" 'It's an outrage,' says H. Ogden, madder yet.

" 'It was,' says the peace-and-good-will man. 'The Katy wasn't bothering you, and there's a law against monkeying with express packages.'

"And he sits on H. Ogden's stomach and goes through his pockets symptomatically and careful.

" 'I'll make you perspire for this,' says Ogden, perspiring some himself. 'I can prove who I am.'

" 'So can I,' says the captain, as he draws from H. Ogden's inside coat-pocket a handful of new bills of the Second National Bank of Espinosa City. 'Your regular engraved Tuesdays-and-Fridays visiting card wouldn't have a louder voice in proclaiming your indemnity than this here currency. You can get up now and prepare to go with us and expatriate your sins.'

"H. Ogden gets up and fixes his necktie. He says no more after they have taken the money off of him.

" 'A well-greased idea,' says the sheriff captain, admiring, 'to slip off down here and buy a little sheep ranch where the hand of man is seldom heard. It was the slickest hide-out I ever see,' says the captain.

"So one of the men goes to the shearing-pen and hunts up the other herder, a Mexican they call John Sallies, and he saddles Ogden's horse, and the sheriffs all ride up close around him with their guns in hand, ready to take their prisoner to town.

"Before starting, Ogden puts the ranch in John Sallies' hands and gives him orders about the shearing and where to graze the sheep, just as if he intended

to be back in a few days. And a couple of hours afterward one Percival Saint Clair, an ex-sheep-herder of the Rancho Chiquito, might have been seen, with a hundred and nine dollars—wages and blood-money—in his pocket, riding south on another horse belonging to said ranch."

The red-faced man paused and listened. The whistle of a coming freight train sounded far away among the low hills.

The fat, seedy man at his side sniffed, and shook his frowzy head slowly and disparagingly.

"What is it, Snipy?" asked the other. "Got the blues again?"

"No, I ain't," said the seedy one, sniffing again. "But I don't like your talk. You and me have been friends, off and on, for fifteen year; and I never yet knew or heard of you giving anybody up to the law—not no one. And here was a man whose saleratus you had et and at whose table you had played games of cards—if casino can be so called. And yet you inform him to the law and take money for it. It never was like you, I say."

"This H. Ogden," resumed the red-faced man, "through a lawyer, proved himself free by alibis and other legal terminalities, as I so heard afterward. He never suffered no harm. He did me favors, and I hated to hand him over."

"How about the bills they found in his pocket?" asked the seedy man.

"I put 'em there," said the red-faced man, "while he was asleep, when I saw the posse riding up. I was

Black Bill. Look out, Snipy, here she comes! We'll board her on the bumpers when she takes water at the tank."

O. Henry

The real name of O. Henry was William Sidney Porter. He was born about 1866 in North Carolina, but while he was still very young his parents removed to Texas, where he lived for several years on a ranch. His first journalistic work was done for the Houston *Post*. After a trip to Central America, Porter came back to Texas and acted as clerk in a drug store in Austin. It was while he was doing desultory writing for the newspapers in New Orleans that he began to exhibit remarkable skill in the writing of the short-story. A number of his stories were accepted by the New York magazines, and *Ainslee's* offered him an assured income of twelve hundred dollars a year if he would come to New York. From that time till his death in 1910 he wrote almost continuously for the magazines, finding a sure and profitable market for his wares. The public was greatly diverted by O. Henry's stories, which were, as a rule, extremely brief, compact, spirited, and full of sententious humor. His clever use of slang and colloquialisms gave to his work a flavor much relished by his contemporary countrymen; but it is due to the local character of his phraseology that he has been little read and less understood abroad. It is not unlikely also that the permanent value of his work is somewhat impaired by those very

qualities which render him so popular at the present time. Nevertheless, his stories show a good deal of excellent technique which cannot be disregarded in any estimate of their worth.

Porter appears to have learned much of his art from Kipling, a number of whose methods and mannerisms he consciously or unconsciously adopted; it is probable that he was considerably influenced by Maupassant, to whom he has frequently been compared. *The Hiding of Black Bill*, though perhaps not the type of story which O. Henry most frequently wrote, presents him in his happiest—and most colloquial—vein. As an example of the surprise plot it is also deserving of examination.

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The Trimmed Lamp.
Brick-dust Row.
The Gift of the Wise Men.

THE SUBSTITUTE*

By François Coppée

He was hardly ten years old when he was arrested the first time, for vagrancy.

This is what he said to the judges:

"My name is Jean-François Leturc, and for six months I've been with the man who sings between two lanterns on the Place de la Bastille, scraping a cat-gut string. I say the chorus with him, and then I call out, 'Ask for the new song book, ten centimes, two sous.' He was always tipsy and he beat me. That's why the police found me the other night among those ruined houses. Before that I was with the fellow who sells brushes. My mother was a washerwoman; her name was Adèle. A long time ago a gentleman made a home for her in a set of rooms on the ground floor, at Montmartre. She was a good worker and was fond of me. She took in plenty of money, because she washed for the waiters in the café, and they need a good deal of linen. On Sundays she put me to bed early and went to the ball, but during the week she sent me to the Brothers' school, where I learned to read. But after a while the policeman who had his beat in our street used

* Translation by the editor.

to stop at the window to talk to her,—a big man with a Crimean medal. They were married, and then things were different. He took a dislike to me and set mama against me; everybody cuffed me about, and so in order to keep out of the house I used to stay whole days on the Place Clichy, where I made friends with some acrobats. My stepfather lost his place and mama lost her customers; she went to the wash-house to support her husband. It was there she got consumption, on account of the steam. She died at Lariboisière. She was a good woman. Since that time I've lived with the brush-vendor and the catgut scraper. Do you think I'll be sent to prison?"

He talked thus bluntly, cynically, like a man. He was a tattered little rascal as high as a boot, his forehead hidden under a strange yellow mop of hair.

Nobody interceding for him, he was sent to the Reform School. Not particularly intelligent, lazy—above all, clumsy with his hands, he could learn there only a poor trade, reseating cane-bottomed chairs. Nevertheless he was obedient, with a natural passivity and taciturnity, and he seemed not to be entirely corrupted in that school of vice. But when in his seventeenth year he was cast forth on the Parisian pavement, he found there to his misfortune, his comrades of the prison, horrible rogues plying their low trades. Some of them trained dogs to catch the rats in the sewers; some polished shoes, on the nights of the balls, in the Passage de l'Opéra; some were amateur wrestlers, letting themselves be downed by the Hercules of the side shows; and some fished from rafts in the river. He

tried first one of these occupations and then another; and some months after his release from prison he was arrested again for petty theft: a pair of old shoes snatched from a show window. Result—a year in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie, where he served as a valet to the political prisoners.

He lived, amazed, among this group of prisoners, all very young and carelessly dressed, who talked loud, and carried their heads in such a solemn way. They held meetings in the cell of the eldest among them, a bachelor of thirty years, shut up here long ago, and now permanently installed at Sainte-Pélagie: a big cell papered with colored caricatures, from the window of which one could see all Paris, its roofs, its belfries and domes, and far down, the distant lines of the hills blue and vague against the sky. On the walls there were some shelves full of books, and the old accoutrements of a fencing school: broken masks, rusty foils, jackets and gloves losing their padding. It was here that the political prisoners dined together, adding to the inevitable soup and beef, fruits, cheese, and liters of wine which Jean-François bought for them at the canteen. It was a tumultuous repast, interrupted by violent disputes, where they sang in chorus at dessert *The Carmagnole* and the *Ça ira*. But they assumed an air of dignity when they welcomed a newcomer, treating him first solemnly as "citizen," and the next day calling him by a nickname. They used big words there—Corporation, Solidarity, and phrases altogether unintelligible to Jean-François, such as these, for example, which he once heard imperiously proclaimed by a hid-

eous little hunchback who spent whole nights in scribbling:

"It is agreed: The Cabinet is made up in this way: Raymond will be in the Department of Public Instruction, Martial in the Interior, and I in the Foreign Affairs."

When his time was served, he wandered anew about Paris, watched from afar by the police after the manner of the May-bugs that cruel children allow to fly tied to a string. He became one of those shy and fugitive beings whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases by turns, imitating the platonic fishermen, who, in order not to empty their ponds, throw back into the water the fish just out of the net.

Without suspecting that so much honor was done him, he had a special file in the records of the police headquarters; his name and surnames were written in a clear hand on the gray paper of the cover, and the notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him the graduated appellations: "the man Leturc"; "the accused Leturc"; and finally "the condemned Leturc."

He remained two years out of prison, living from hand to mouth, sleeping in lodgings, or sometimes in kilns, and taking part with others like him, in endless games of *bouchon* on the boulevard, near the gates. He wore a greasy cap on the back of his head, carpet slippers, and a short white blouse. When he had five sous he had his hair curled. He danced at Constant's, in Montparnasse. At the entrance to Bobino* he

* A nickname for the Théâtre du Luxembourg, founded in 1816.

bought for two sous, to sell them again for four, the knave of hearts or the ace of spades, which were used as counters. He opened carriage doors when he had a chance; he led old hacks to the horse market. He always had bad luck—in the conscription he drew a good number. Who knows whether the atmosphere of honor which one breathes in the army, the military discipline, would not have saved him? Caught by a swoop of the net, with some young marauders who were robbing the drunkards on the streets, he violently denied having had any part in the affair. Perhaps it was true. But his previous history served instead of proof, and he was sent to prison at Poissy for three years. There he made clumsy playthings for children; he learned the cant of thieves and the penal code. A new release came, and a new plunge into the sewer of Paris life,—but very short this time, for at the end of barely six weeks he was compromised again in a nocturnal theft aggravated by house-breaking—a mysterious affair in which he played an obscure rôle, half dupe and half receiver. In the last analysis his complicity seemed evident, and he was condemned to five years at hard labor. His chief regret in this adventure was to be separated from an old dog that he had picked up on a rubbish heap and cured of the mange. The beast had loved him.

Toulon, the ball at the ankle, work in the harbor, the blows of the cudgel, sabots without straw, soup of stale black beans, no money for tobacco, and the horrible slumber on the vermin-infested bed of the convict,—that is all he knew for five torrid summers and

five bitter winters. He came out stupefied, and was sent under surveillance to Vernon, where he worked for some time on the river; then, incorrigible vagabond, in spite of his banishment he went back again to Paris. He had a little hoard of fifty-six francs—that is to say, time for reflection. During his long absence, his former wretched comrades had dispersed. He was well hidden, and lodged in a loft at the house of an old woman to whom he had given himself out as a sailor tired of the sea, having lost his papers in a recent shipwreck, and wanting to try another trade. His tanned face, his calloused hands, and some sea phrases which he let fall from time to time made this fiction appear sufficiently probable.

One day when he had risked a stroll on the streets, and when chance brought him to Montmartre, where he was born, an unexpected remembrance stopped him before the door of the Brothers' school in which he had learned to read. As it was very warm, the door stood open, and at a glance François could recognize the study room. Nothing was changed: neither the hard light falling from the great window frames, nor the crucifix above the pulpit, nor the regularly graded desks with their leaden inkstands, nor the table of weights and measures, nor the map on which there were still the pins indicating the operations of some old war. Dreamily and half-unconsciously Jean-François read on the blackboard the words of the Evangelist which the master's hand had traced as a copy:

"There shall be more joy in heaven over one sinner

that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

It was doubtless the recreation hour, for the professor had quitted his chair, and seated on the edge of a table he seemed to be telling a story to the little fellows who were gathered around him listening intently, with their eyes upon him. What a gay and innocent visage was that of the beardless young man in the long black robe, with white cravat and big coarse shoes, and with brown hair badly cut standing up at the back of his head! All those pallid faces of the children who were gazing at him appeared less infantine than his, especially when, charmed with some frank priestly jest, he burst out into good, wholesome laughter which showed his sound even teeth,—a laugh so infectious that all the pupils broke out noisily in their turn. And it was sweet and simple, this group in the pleasant sunlight that made the clear eyes glisten and the blond hair shine.

Jean-François contemplated it for some time in silence, and for the first time in that savage nature, all instinct and appetite, a soft mysterious emotion awakened. His heart, that rude hard heart which neither the cudgel nor the heavy whip of the keeper had ever moved, now beat almost to suffocation. Before this scene, the image of his own childhood, his eyelids closed in grief, and checking a violent gesture, a prey to the torture of regret, he strode rapidly away.

The words written on the blackboard returned to him in thought:

"Perhaps it's not too late after all," he murmured.

"If I could eat my white bread honestly as others do, and sleep out the night without nightmare! The spy that could recognize me now would be the very devil. My beard, which I shaved down there, has grown again, stiff and thick. One can hide himself in this big ant-hill, and there's no lack of work. Anyone who comes out alive from the torture of the prison is quick and strong, and I have learned to climb ladders with a load on my back. They are building everywhere here, and the masons need helpers. Three francs a day, and I've never earned so much. If they'll only forget me, —that's all I ask."

He followed his courageous resolution, and was faithful to it; three months later he was another man. His foreman spoke of him as his best worker. After the long day, passed on the ladder, in the hot sun, in the dust, constantly bending and straightening his back in order to take the stones from the man below him and pass them on to the man above, he came home to his meal at the chop-house, his back lame and sore, his legs heavy, his hands burning, and his eyelashes stuck together with plaster, but content with himself and carrying his hard-earned money in a knot in his handkerchief. He went out now without fearing anything, for his white mask made him unrecognizable; and besides he had noticed that the suspicious glances of the police do not often rest upon the real workingman. He was silent and sober. He slept the solid sleep of weariness. He was free.

At last, supreme reward! he had a friend.

This friend was a mason like himself, named Sav-

inien, a little red-cheeked peasant from Limoges, who had come to Paris with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder; he kept away from the wine merchants and went to mass on Sunday. Jean-François liked him for his wholesome nature, his innocence, and his honesty—for all that he himself had lost long ago. His passion was deep, restrained, betraying itself by the care and forethought of a father. Savinien himself, with his soft and selfish nature, let things take their course, satisfied to have found a comrade who shared his horror of the cabaret. The two friends lived together in a furnished room neatly kept, but their means were extremely limited, and they had to share their quarters with a third workman, an old man from Auvergne, somber and grasping, who found ways of saving his meagre wages in order to buy land at home.

Jean-François and Savinien were scarcely ever separated. On Sundays and holidays they went together for long walks in the suburbs of Paris, and dined in an arbor at one of those little country restaurants where there are plenty of mushrooms in the sauces and innocent puzzles at the bottoms of the plates. Jean-François on these trips made his friend tell him all those things which are unknown to people born in the cities. He learned the names of trees, flowers, and plants, the seasons of the various harvests; he listened eagerly to the thousand details of the heavy labor on the farm: the autumn sowing, the winter work, the splendid feasts of the vintage and the harvest home; the flails beating the earth, the noise of the mills on the edge of the stream, the tired horses led to the

watering place, the morning hunt in the mists; and, above all, the long evenings around the fire of grape-branches, evenings shortened by marvelous tales. He discovered in himself the springs of an imagination hitherto unsuspected, finding a singular delight in the mere recital of these things, so sweet, calm, and monotonous.

A fear troubled him sometimes—that Savinien might come to know his past. Sometimes there escaped him a revolting bit of slang, an ignoble gesture, relics of his former horrible existence, and he felt the grief of a man whose old wounds open again—especially as he thought he saw awaken in Savinien an unwholesome curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasures which Paris offers even to the poorest, questioned him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean-François feigned ignorance, and changed the subject. But at those times he felt vaguely disquieted as to the future of his friend.

This feeling was not without foundation; Savinien could not long remain the naïve rustic that he was when he arrived in Paris. If the gross and riotous pleasures of the cabarets were still repugnant to him, he was deeply troubled by other desires full of danger for the inexperience of his twenty years. When spring came, he began to keep to himself, and to wander before the gaily lighted entrance of the dance halls, where he saw girls going in by twos, bareheaded, with their arms around each other and speaking in low tones. Then, one evening when the lilacs were in blossom, and when the appeal of the music was irresistible,

he crossed the threshold; from that time Jean-François saw a gradual change in his manners and his looks. Savinien became more careful in his dress, more lavish in his expenditures. Often he borrowed money from his friend's scanty savings, and forgot to pay it back. Jean-François, feeling himself deserted, was divided between jealousy and forgiveness; he suffered and kept still. He did not think that he had any right to reproach; but his discerning affection had cruel and unconquerable forebodings.

One evening when he was climbing the stairs to his room, absorbed in his thoughts, he heard in the chamber which he was about to enter a dialogue of angry voices, one of which he recognized as that of the old man who lodged with him and Savinien. A fixed habit of suspicion kept him waiting on the landing, and he listened to hear the cause of the trouble.

"Yes," said the old man wrathfully, "I am sure that someone has opened my trunk and stolen from it the three louis which I hid there in a little box; and the trick must have been done by one of the two fellows who sleep here, or Maria the servant-girl. The thing concerns you as much as it does me, for you are the master of the house, and I will drag you into court if you don't let me search the valises of the two masons. My poor savings—they were in their place last night, and I'll tell you what they were like, so that if we find them again, you will not accuse me of lying. Oh, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces, and I see them as plainly as I see you. There is one a little more worn than the others, of a greenish cast, and it

bears the portrait of the great Emperor; another had on it a fat old fellow with a pig-tail and epaulettes; and the third had a Philip with side-whiskers, and I had marked it with my teeth. Nobody can fool me. Do you realize that I need only two more to pay for my vineyard? Come, let's look through the duds of these fellows, or I'll call the police."

"All right," answered the voice of the landlord; "we'll search with Maria. So much the worse if you do not find anything, and the masons get angry. You force me into it."

Jean-François' soul was filled with terror. He recalled the poverty of Savinien, and his petty borrowings, as well as the depressed manner of the last few days. But he could not believe him a thief. He heard the hard breathing of the old man from Auvergne, in the excitement of the search, and he clenched his hands against his breast as if to still the furious beating of his heart.

"Here they are!" suddenly shouted the victorious miser. "Here they are, my louis, my dear treasure! And in the Sunday waistcoat of that little hypocrite from Limoges. Look, boss! They are just as I told you. There's the Napoleon, and the man with the pig-tail, and the Philip that I marked with my teeth. See the dent. Oh, the little sneak, with his saintly air! I should have suspected the other one. Ah, the scoundrel! He'll go to prison for this!"

At this moment Jean-François heard the well-known step of Savinien who was slowly coming up-stairs

"He will betray himself," he thought. "Three stories—I have time enough."

And pushing open the door, he entered, pale as death, into the chamber, where he saw the landlord and the bewildered servant-girl in a corner, and the man from Auvergne on his knees among the scattered clothes, lovingly kissing his gold pieces.

"That's enough of this," he said in a dull voice. "It was I who took the money, and put it in my comrade's trunk. But I can't stand this. I'm a thief, but not a Judas. Go and get the police. I shan't run away. But it's necessary that I should say something to Savinien, who is just coming in."

The little man from Limoges had indeed just arrived upon the scene; seeing his crime discovered, and believing himself lost, he stood on the threshold, his eyes bulging, his arms relaxed.

Jean-François fell on his neck as if to embrace him; he put his lips to Savinien's ear, and said in a pleading whisper, "Keep still!"

Then turning toward the others: "Leave me alone with him. I will not run away, I tell you. Lock us in, if you want to, but leave us alone together."

And with a compelling gesture, he showed them the door.

Savinien, broken with anguish, had seated himself on the bed, and sat stupefied, with downcast eyes.

"Listen," said Jean-François, taking his hands. "I understand. You stole the three gold pieces in order to buy some trinket for a girl. That would have been worth six months of prison for you. But you get out

only to go back again; and you would become an habitué of the police courts and criminal trials. I know all about them. I've done my seven years at the Reform School, a year at Sainte-Pélagie, three years at Poissy, five years at Toulon. Now don't be scared. It's all settled. I've taken this matter on my own shoulders."

"Poor fellow!" cried Savinien; but hope was already returning to his cowardly heart.

"When the elder brother is following the flag, the younger stays at home," continued Jean-François. "I'm your substitute, that's all. You love me a little, don't you? Then I'm paid. Don't be a baby. Don't refuse. They would have got me anyway, one of these days, for I'm forbidden to come back to Paris. And then, you see, the life in prison won't be so hard for me as for you; I'm sure of that, and I shall not find fault if I am not doing you this service in vain, and if you swear to me that you will not steal again. Savinien, I have loved you dearly, and your friendship has made me very happy; for, thanks to it, I have kept honest and straight as long as I have known you,—as I might always have been, perhaps, if I had had a father to teach me to work and a mother to make me say my prayers. My only regret was to be useless to you, and to deceive you about myself. To-day I throw off the mask in saving you. It's all right. Come, good-bye. Don't whine; and embrace me, for I hear the big boots on the stairway. They are coming back with the police, and we must not appear to know each other too well before those fellows."

He clasped Savinien hurriedly to his breast; then he pushed him away as the door swung open.

It was the landlord and the old man from Auvergne, with the police. Jean-François sprang to the landing, held out his wrists for the handcuffs, and called out, laughing, "Forward, bad lot!"

To-day he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as incorrigible.

François Coppée

François Coppée made his reputation as a poet and playwright, but in America he is known chiefly through his short-stories and his novel, *The Guilty Man*. Coppée was born in Paris in 1842. His father held a small post in the civil service. The family means were extremely limited, and François had little opportunity to prepare himself for any sort of literary work. He went to school at the Lycée St. Louis, and, as soon as an appointment could be secured for him, became a clerk in the War Department. When he was twenty-two years old he published his "Parnassan verses," which were favorably received. From 1869 to 1872 he busied himself with one-act plays, a number of which were flatteringly successful. It was in his *Le Passant* that Sarah Bernhardt first won fame as an actress. For a time he served as Librarian of the Senate, and in 1878 he was made Archivist of the Comédie Française; he kept this position until he was elected to the Academy in 1884. In 1888 he became an Officer of the Legion of Honor. In his later years

he returned to the Catholic Church, from which he had long before withdrawn. During the last decade of his life he occupied himself with matters of religion and public interest. He died in 1908.

Coppée was frequently called "the poet of the humble." His narrative and lyric themes were drawn largely from the lives of the Parisian workman and the small trader. He knew the common people well and took delight in expressing their simple emotions and their attitude toward the larger life about them. His prose, which was all written after 1875, was concerned with much the same subjects as his poetry. It includes *An Idyll During the Siege, Henriette, Sunset (Le Coucher de Soleil), The True Riches,* and *The Guilty Man (Le Coupable),* a study in criminal psychology, published in 1896. This last named work has attracted a good deal of attention in America. Coppée is undoubtedly a sentimentalist. Much of his writing lacks something of restraint and good taste. In *The Substitute,* however, as well as in some of his other short-stories, he has luckily avoided the faults which disfigure the mass of his work.

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RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

By Washington Irving

(The following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy,

which indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone it cannot do much harm to his memory to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby in his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger"; and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear among many folk whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their New Year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal or a Queen Anne's farthing.)

> By Woden, God of Saxons,
> From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
> Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
> Unto thylke day in which I creep into
> My sepulchre — CARTWRIGHT.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and

are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, with lattice windows, gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks, and built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weatherbeaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain,

a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by

a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never even refuse to assist a neighbor in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them; in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, it was impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some

outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces,

and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's so often going astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound

discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage,

and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, while I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of the precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark,

here and there sleeping on its grassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at

the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped around the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incompre-

hensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weatherbeaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the

balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companions now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On awakening, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ra-

vine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes

tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant re-

currence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, none of which he recognized for his old acquaintances, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now began to misgive him; he doubted whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on.

This was an unkind cut, indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the little village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree which used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was stuck in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none whom Rip recollected. The very character

of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquility. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of '76—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded around him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen

eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm; but merely came in search of some neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and then inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the battle of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall, at the

foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other,

nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, likely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer.—He caught his daughter and her child in his

arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor.—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first dis-

coverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like long peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could

be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty, George III., he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government; happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Dr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon, about the Catskills, but

they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.—The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick and the Kypphauser Mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of a doubt.

"D. K."

POSTSCRIPT.—The following are traveling notes from a memorandum book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them

the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moon in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the

foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized, and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of Kaaterskill.

Washington Irving

The facts in the life of Washington Irving scarcely need repetition. Everybody knows something of his character and his career. He was born in New York in 1783. His education was desultory and incomplete, but he read a vast amount of good eighteenth century literature,—a fact which explains the character of most of his work. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced his profession. When he was a young man he went abroad for his health, and was well received by various distinguished people to whom he had letters of introduction. After his return to America, in 1806, he wrote the *Salmagundi Papers*, a series of conventional eighteenth century essays. About this time occurred the death of his

fiancée, Matilda Hoffmann. In 1809 appeared the *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, written to divert his mind from grief. In 1819 Irving published *The Sketch Book*, containing *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and a group of essays which might have come from the hand of Goldsmith. His immense popularity dates from the appearance of *The Sketch Book*. He lived long in England, where the declining fortunes of the family kept him occupied with business details, in the midst of which he continued to write. He died in 1859. His *Life of Washington* and his *Life of Columbus* were his most ambitious pieces of work, yet it is chiefly upon his short stories and sketches that he can base his claim to remembrance.

From 1820 to 1833 (approximately), the mawkishly romantic and pathetic short story abounded in the magazines, both American and English. Irving took the material at hand and turned it to his own uses. Yet the pathos, horror, and mystery so crassly employed by the rabble of writers he handled with a reserve and delicacy that made his stories classic. There is a tendency to disparage Irving as a mere word-monger, to forget the excellence of form which he developed and the standard of reserve which he set. He wrote his stories simply and without the inflated pomposity that prevailed at the time; he preserved a just proportion among introduction, main plot, incident, and conclusion; he mixed his pathos and mystery with humor, and restrained himself from those gushes of melancholy sentimentalism that disfigure the pages

of his contemporaries. Undoubtedly much of Irving's success with the short-story was due to the sense of form which he acquired from a conscious admiration and imitation of the best eighteenth century writers. The spirit of the material in his stories is Gothic, romantic, even Hoffmannesque; but the spirit of his method is Augustan. It is true that he did not achieve the "modern" short-story in the strictest sense; nevertheless he transformed the short discursive romantic tale into a narrative type of the highest value. *Rip Van Winkle* amply illustrates his technique and his success.

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THE THIEF*

By Feodor Dostoievski

One morning, just as I was about to leave for my place of employment, Agrafena (my cook, laundress, and housekeeper all in one person) entered my room, and, to my great astonishment, started a conversation.

She was a quiet, simple-minded woman, who during the whole six years of her stay with me had never spoken more than two or three words daily, and that in reference to my dinner—at least, I had never heard her.

"I have come to you, sir," she suddenly began, "about the renting out of the little spare room."

"What spare room?"

"The one that is near the kitchen, of course; which should it be?"

"Why?"

"Why do people generally take lodgers? Because."

"But who will take it?"

"Who will take it! A lodger, of course! Who should take it?"

"But there is hardly room in there, mother mine,

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for a bed; it will be too cramped. How can one live in it?"

"But why live in it! He only wants a place to sleep in; he will live on the window-seat."

"What window-seat?"

"How is that? What window-seat? As if you did not know! The one in the hall. He will sit on it and sew, or do something else. But maybe he will sit on a chair; he has a chair of his own—and a table also, and everything."

"But who is he?"

"A nice, worldly-wise man. I will cook for him and will charge him only three rubles in silver a month for room and board——"

At last, after long endeavor, I found out that some elderly man had talked Agrafena into taking him into the kitchen as lodger. When Agrafena once got a thing into her head that thing had to be; otherwise I knew I would have no peace. On those occasions when things did go against her wishes, she immediately fell into a sort of brooding, became exceedingly melancholy, and continued in that state for two or three weeks. During this time the food was invariably spoiled, the linen was missing, the floors unscrubbed; in a word, a lot of unpleasant things happened. I had long ago become aware of the fact that this woman of very few words was incapable of forming a decision, or of coming to any conclusion based on her own thoughts; and yet when it happened that by some means there had formed in her weak brain a sort of idea or wish to undertake a thing, to refuse her per-

mission to carry out this idea or wish meant simply to kill her morally for some time. And so, acting in the sole interest of my peace of mind, I immediately agreed to this new proposition of hers.

"Has he at least the necessary papers, a passport, or anything of the kind?"

"How then? Of course he has. A fine man like him—who has seen the world— He promised to pay three rubles a month."

On the very next day the new lodger appeared in my modest bachelor quarters; but I did not feel annoyed in the least—on the contrary, in a way I was glad of it. I live a very solitary, hermit-like life. I have almost no acquaintance and seldom go out. Having led the existence of a moor-cock for ten years, I was naturally used to solitude. But ten, fifteen years or more of the same seclusion in company with a person like Agrafena, and in the same bachelor dwelling, was indeed a joyless prospect. Therefore, the presence of another quiet, unobtrusive man in the house was, under these circumstances, a real blessing.

Agrafena had spoken the truth: the lodger was a man who had seen much in his life. From his passport it appeared that he was a retired soldier, which I noticed even before I looked at the passport.

As soon as I glanced at him, in fact.

Astafi Ivanich, my lodger, belonged to the better sort of soldiers, another thing I noticed as soon as I saw him. We liked each other from the first, and our life flowed on peacefully and comfortably. The best thing was that Astafi Ivanich could at times tell

a good story, incidents of his own life. In the general tediousness of my humdrum existence, such a narrator was a veritable treasure. Once he told me a story which has made a lasting impression upon me; but first the incident which led to the story.

Once I happened to be left alone in the house, Astafi and Agrafena having gone out on business. Suddenly I heard some one enter, and I felt that it must be a stranger; I went out into the corridor and found a man of short stature, and notwithstanding the cold weather, dressed very thinly and without an overcoat.

"What is it you want?"

"The Government clerk Alexandrov? Does he live here?"

"There is no one here by that name, little brother; good day."

"The porter told me he lived here," said the visitor, cautiously retreating toward the door.

"Go on, go on, little brother; be off!"

Soon after dinner the next day, when Astafi brought in my coat, which he had repaired for me, I once more heard a strange step in the corridor. I opened the door.

The visitor of the day before, calmly and before my very eyes, took my short coat from the rack, put it under his arm, and ran out.

Agrafena, who had all the time been looking at him in open-mouthed surprise through the kitchen door, was seemingly unable to stir from her place and rescue the coat. But Astafi Ivanich rushed after the rascal, and, out of breath and panting, returned empty-

handed. The man had vanished as if the earth had swallowed him.

"It is too bad, really, Astafi Ivanich," I said. "It is well that I have my cloak left. Otherwise the scoundrel would have put me out of service altogether."

But Astafi seemed so much affected by what had happened that as I gazed at him I forgot all about the theft. He could not regain his composure, and every once in a while threw down the work which occupied him, and began once more to recount how it had all happened, where he had been standing, while only two steps away my coat had been stolen before his very eyes, and how he could not even catch the thief. Then once more he resumed his work, only to throw it away again, and I saw him go down to the porter, tell him what had happened, and reproach him with not taking sufficient care of the house, that such a theft could be perpetrated in it. When he returned he began to upbraid Agrafena. Then he again resumed his work, muttering to himself for a long time —how this is the way it all was—how he stood here, and I there, and how before our very eyes, no farther than two steps away, the coat was taken off its hanger, and so on. In a word, Astafi Ivanich, though he knew how to do certain things, worried a great deal over trifles.

"We have been fooled, Astafi Ivanich," I said to him that evening, handing him a glass of tea, and hoping from sheer ennui to call forth the story of the

lost coat again, which by dint of much repetition had begun to sound extremely comical.

"Yes, we were fooled, sir. It angers me very much, though the loss is not mine, and I think there is nothing so despicably low in this world as a thief. They steal what you buy by working in the sweat of your brow— Your time and labor— The loathsome creature! It sickens me to talk of it—pfui! It makes me angry to think of it. How is it, sir, that you do not seem to be at all sorry about it?"

"To be sure, Astafi Ivanich, one would much sooner see his things burn up than see a thief take them. It is exasperating!"

"Yes, it is annoying to have anything stolen from you. But of course there are thieves and thieves— I, for instance, met an honest thief through an accident."

"How is that? An honest thief? How can a thief be honest, Astafi Ivanich?"

"You speak truth, sir. A thief cannot be an honest man. There never was such. I only wanted to say that he was an honest man, it seems to me, even though he stole. I was very sorry for him."

"And how did it happen, Astafi Ivanich?"

"It happened just two years ago. I was serving as house steward at the time, and the baron whom I served expected shortly to leave for his estate, so that I knew I would soon be out of a job, and then God only knew how I would be able to get along; and just then it was that I happened to meet in a tavern a poor forlorn creature, Emelian by name. Once upon a time

he had served somewhere or other, but had been driven out of service on account of tippling. Such an unworthy creature as he was! He wore whatever came along. At times I even wondered if he wore a shirt under his shabby cloak; everything he could put his hands on was sold for drink. But he was not a rowdy. Oh, no; he was of a sweet, gentle nature, very kind and tender to everyone; he never asked for anything, was, if anything, too conscientious— Well, you could see without asking when the poor fellow was dying for a drink, and of course you treated him to one. Well, we became friendly, that is, he attached himself to me like a little dog—you go this way, he follows—and all this after our very first meeting.

"Of course, he remained with me that night; his passport was in order and the man seemed all right. On the second night also. On the third he did not leave the house, sitting on the window-seat of the corridor the whole day, and of course he remained over that night too. Well, I thought, just see how he has forced himself upon you. You have to give him to eat and to drink and to shelter him. All a poor man needs is some one to sponge upon him. I soon found out that once before he had attached himself to a man just as he had now attached himself to me; they drank together, but the other one soon died of some deep-seated sorrow. I thought and thought: What shall I do with him? Drive him out—my conscience would not allow it—I felt very sorry for him: he was such a wretched, forlorn creature, terrible! And so dumb he did not ask for anything, only sat quietly and

looked you straight in the eyes, just like a faithful little dog. That is how drink can ruin a man. And I thought to myself: Well, suppose I say to him: 'Get out of here, Emelian; you have nothing to do in here, you come to the wrong person; I will soon have nothing to eat myself, so how do you expect me to feed *you?*' And I tried to imagine what he would do after I'd told him all this. And I could see how he would look at me for a long time after he had heard me, without understanding a word; how at last he would understand what I was driving at, and, rising from the window-seat, take his little bundle—I see it before me now—a red-checked little bundle full of holes, in which he kept God knows what, and which he carted along with him wherever he went; how he would brush and fix up his worn cloak a little, so that it would look a bit more decent and not show so much the holes and patches—he was a man of very fine feelings! How he would have opened the door afterward and would have gone forth with tears in his eyes.

"Well, should a man be allowed to perish altogether? I all at once felt heartily sorry for him; but at the same time I thought: And what about me? Am I any better off? And I said to myself: Well, Emelian, you will not feast overlong at my expense; soon I shall have to move from here myself, and then you will not find me again. Well, sir, my baron soon left for his estate with all his household, telling me before he went that he was very well satisfied with my services, and would gladly employ me again on his return

to the capital. A fine man my baron was, but he died the same year.

"Well, after I had escorted my baron and his family a little way, I took my things and the little money I had saved up, and went to live with an old woman I knew, who rented out a corner of the room she occupied by herself. She used to be a nurse in some well-to-do family, and now, in her old age, they had pensioned her off. Well, I thought to myself, now it is good-by to you, Emelian, dear man, you will not find me now! And what do you think, sir? When I returned in the evening—I had paid a visit to an acquaintance of mine—whom should I see but Emelian sitting quietly upon my trunk with his red-checked bundle by his side. He was wrapped up in his poor little cloak, and was awaiting my home-coming. He must have been quite lonesome, because he had borrowed a prayer-book of the old woman and held it upside down. He had found me after all! My hands fell helplessly at my sides. Well, I thought, there is nothing to be done. Why did I not drive him away first off? And I only asked him: 'Have you taken your passport along, Emelian?' Then I sat down, sir, and began to turn the matter over in my mind: Well, could he, a roving man, be much in my way? And after I had considered it well, I decided that he would not, and besides, he would be of very little expense to me. Of course, he would have to be fed, but what does that amount to? Some bread in the morning and, to make it a little more appetizing, a little onion or so. For the midday meal again some bread and

onion, and for the evening again onion and bread, and some kvass, and, if some cabbage-soup should happen to come our way, then we could both fill up to the throat. I ate little, and Emelian, who was a drinking man, surely ate almost nothing: all he wanted was vodka. He would be the undoing of me with his drinking; but at the same time I felt a curious feeling creep over me. It seemed as if life would be a burden to me if Emelian went away. And so I decided then and there to be his father-benefactor. I would put him on his legs, I thought, save him from perishing, and gradually wean him from drink. Just you wait, I thought. Stay with me, Emelian, but stand pat now. Obey the word of command!

"Well, I thought to myself, I will begin by teaching him some work, but not at once; let him first enjoy himself a bit, and I will in the meanwhile look around and discover what he finds easiest, and would be capable of doing, because you must know, sir, a man must have a calling and a capacity for a certain work to be able to do it properly. And I began stealthily to observe him. And a hard subject he was, that Emelian! At first I tried to get at him with a kind word. Thus and thus I would speak to him: 'Emelian, you had better take more care of yourself and try to fix yourself up a little.

" 'Give up drinking. Just look at yourself, man, you are all ragged, your cloak looks more like a sieve than anything else. It is not nice. It is about time for you to come to your senses and know when you have had enough.'

"He listened to me, my Emelian did, with lowered head; he had already reached that state, poor fellow, when the drink affected his tongue and he could not utter a sensible word. You talk to him about cucumbers, and he answers beans. He listened, listened to me for a long time, and then he would sigh deeply.

" 'What are you sighing for, Emelian?' I ask him.

" 'Oh, it is nothing, Astafi Ivanich, do not worry. Only what I saw to-day, Astafi Ivanich—two women fighting about a basket of huckleberries that one of them had upset by accident.

" 'Well, what of that?'

" 'And the woman whose berries were scattered snatched a like basket of huckleberries from the other woman's hand, and not only threw them on the ground, but stamped all over them.'

" 'Well, but what of that, Emelian?'

" 'Ech!' I think to myself, 'Emelian! You have lost your poor wits through the cursed drink!'

" 'And again,' Emelian says, 'a baron lost a bill on the Gorokhova Street—or was it on the Sadova? A muzhik saw him drop it, and says, "My luck," but here another one interfered and says, "No, it is my luck! I saw it first. . . ." '

" 'Well, Emelian?'

" 'And the two muzhiks started a fight, Astafi Ivanich, and the upshot was that a policeman came, picked up the money, handed it back to the baron, and threatened to put the muzhiks under lock for raising a disturbance.'

"'But what of that? What is there wonderful or edifying in that, Emelian?'

"'Well, nothing, but the people laughed, Astafi Ivanich.'

"'E-ch, Emelian! What have the people to do with it?' I said. 'You have sold your immortal soul for a copper. But do you know what I will tell you, Emelian?'

"'What, Astafi Ivanich?'

"'You'd better take up some work, really you should. I am telling you for the hundredth time that you should have pity on yourself!'

"'But what shall I do, Astafi Ivanich? I do not know where to begin and no one would employ me, Astafi Ivanich.'

"'That is why they drove you out of service, Emelian; it is all on account of drink!'

"'And to-day,' said Emelian, 'they called Vlass the barkeeper into the office.'

"'What did they call him for, Emelian?' I asked.

"'I don't know why, Astafi Ivanich. I suppose it was needed, so they called him.'

"'Ech,' I thought to myself, 'no good will come of either of us, Emelian! It is for our sins that God is punishing us!'

"Well, what could a body do with such a man, sir!

"But he was sly, the fellow was, I tell you! He listened to me, listened, and at last it seems it began to tire him, and as quick as he would notice that I was growing angry he would take his cloak and slip out—

and that was the last to be seen of him! He would not show up the whole day, and only in the evening would he return, as drunk as a lord. Who treated him to drinks, or where he got the money for it, God only knows; not from me, surely! . . .

"'Well,' I say to him, 'Emelian, you will have to give up drink, do you hear? you will have to give it up! The next time you return tipsy, you will have to sleep on the stairs. I'll not let you in!'

"After this Emelian kept to the house for two days; on the third he once more sneaked out. I wait and wait for him; he does not come! I must confess that I was kind of frightened; besides, I felt terribly sorry for him. What had I done to the poor devil! I thought. I must have frightened him off. Where could he have gone to now, the wretched creature? Great God, he may perish yet! The night passed and he did not return. In the morning I went out into the hall, and he was lying there with his head on the lower step, almost stiff with cold.

"'What is the matter with you, Emelian? The Lord save you! Why are you here?'

"'But you know, Astafi Ivanich,' he replied, 'you were angry with me the other day; I irritated you, and you promised to make me sleep in the hall, and I—so I—did not dare—to come in—and lay down here.'

"'It would be better for you, Emelian,' I said, filled with anger and pity, 'to find a better employment than needlessly watching the stairs!'

"'But what other employment, Astafi Ivanich?'

"'Well, wretched creature that you are,' here anger had flamed up in me, 'if you would try to learn the tailoring art. Just look at the cloak you are wearing! Not only is it full of holes, but you are sweeping the stairs with it! You should at least take a needle and mend it a little, so it would look more decent. E-ch, a wretched tippler you are, and nothing more!'

"Well, sir! What do you think! He did take the needle—I had told him only for fun, and there he got scared and actually took the needle. He threw off his cloak and began to put the thread through; well, it is easy to see what would come of it; his eyes began to fill and reddened, his hands trembled! He pushed and pushed the thread—could not get it through: he wetted it, rolled it between his fingers, smoothed it out, but it would not—go! He flung it from him and looked at me.

"'Well, Emelian!' I said, 'you served me right! If people had seen it I would have died with shame! I only told you all this for fun, and because I was angry with you. Never mind sewing; may the Lord keep you from sin! You need not do anything, only keep out of mischief, and do not sleep on the stairs and put me to shame thereby!'

"'But what shall I do, Astafi Ivanich; I know myself that I am always tipsy and unfit for anything! I only make you, my be—benefactor, angry for nothing.'

"And suddenly his bluish lips began to tremble, and a tear rolled down his unshaven, pale cheek, then another and another one, and he broke into a very

flood of tears, my Emelian. Father in Heaven! I felt as if some one had cut me over the heart with a knife.

"'E-ch, you sensitive man; why, I never thought! And who *could* have thought such a thing! No, I'd better give you up altogether, Emelian; do as you please.'

"Well, sir, what else is there to tell! But the whole thing is so insignificant and unimportant, it is really not worth while wasting words about it; for instance, you, sir, would not give two broken groschen for it; but I, I would give much, if I had much, that this thing had never happened! I owned, sir, a pair of breeches, blue, in checks, a first-class article, the devil take them—a rich landowner who came here on business ordered them from me, but refused afterward to take them, saying that they were too tight, and left them with me.

"Well, I thought, the cloth is of first-rate quality! I can get five rubles for them in the old clothes market place, and, if not, I can cut a fine pair of pantaloons out of them for some St. Petersburg gent, and have a piece left over for a vest for myself. Everything counts with a poor man! And Emelian was at that time in sore straits. I saw that he had given up drinking, first one day, then a second, and a third, and looked so downhearted and sad.

"Well, I thought, it is either that the poor fellow lacks the necessary coin or maybe he has entered on the right path, and has at last listened to good sense.

"Well, to make a long story short, an important

holiday came just at that time, and I went to vespers. When I came back I saw Emelian sitting on the window-seat as drunk as a lord. Eh! I thought, so that is what you are about! And I go to my trunk to get out something I needed. I look! The breeches are not there. I rummage about in this place and that place: gone! Well, after I had searched all over and saw that they were missing for fair, I felt as if something had gone through me! I went after the old woman—as to Emelian, though there was evidence against him in his being drunk, I somehow never thought of him!

"'No,' says my old woman; 'the good Lord keep you, gentleman, what do I need breeches for! can I wear them? I myself missed a skirt the other day. I know nothing at all about it.'

"'Well,' I asked, 'has anyone called here?'

"'No one called,' she said. 'I was in all the time; your friend here went out for a short while and then came back; here he sits! Why don't you ask him?'

"'Did you happen, for some reason or other, Emelian, to take the breeches out of the trunk? The ones, you remember, which were made for the landowner?'

"'No,' he says, 'I have not taken them, Astafi Ivanich.'

"'What *could* have happened to them?' Again I began to search, but nothing came of it! And Emelian sat and swayed to and fro on the window-seat.

"I was on my knees before the open trunk, just in front of him. Suddenly I threw a sidelong glance at him. Ech, I thought, and felt very hot round the

heart, and my face grew very red. Suddenly my eyes encountered Emelian's.

"'No,' he says, 'Astafi Ivanich. You perhaps think that I—you know what I mean—but I have not taken them.'

"'But where have they gone, Emelian?'

"'No,' he says, 'Astafi Ivanich, I have not seen them at all.'

"'Well, then, you think they simply went and got lost by themselves, Emelian?'

"'Maybe they did, Astafi Ivanich.'

"After this I would not waste another word on him. I rose from my knees, locked the trunk, and after I had lighted the lamp I sat down to work. I was remaking a vest for a government clerk, who lived on the floor below. But I was terribly rattled, just the same. It would have been much easier to bear, I thought, if all my wardrobe had burned to ashes. Emelian, it seems, felt that I was deeply angered. It is always so, sir, when a man is guilty; he always feels beforehand when trouble approaches, as a bird feels the coming storm.

"'And do you know, Astafi Ivanich,' he suddenly began, 'the leech married the coachman's widow today.'

"I just looked at him; but, it seems, looked at him so angrily that he understood: I saw him rise from his seat, approach the bed, and begin to rummage in it, continually repeating: 'Where could they have gone? Vanished, as if the devil had taken them!'

"I waited to see what was coming; I saw that my

Emelian had crawled under the bed. I could contain myself no longer.

"'Look here,' I said. 'What makes you crawl under the bed?'

"'I am looking for the breeches, Astafi Ivanich,' said Emelian from under the bed. 'Maybe they got here somehow or other.'

"'But what makes you, sir (in my anger I addressed him as if he was—somebody), what makes you trouble yourself on account of such a plain man as I am; dirtying your knees for nothing!'

"'But, Astafi Ivanich—I did not mean anything—I only thought maybe if we look for them here we may find them yet.'

"'Mm! Just listen to me a moment, Emelian!'

"'What, Astafi Ivanich?'

"'Have you not simply stolen them from me like a rascally thief, serving me so for my bread and salt?' I said to him, beside myself with wrath at the sight of him crawling under the bed for something he knew was not there.

"'No, Astafi Ivanich.' For a long time he remained lying flat under the bed. Suddenly he crawled out and stood before me—I seem to see him even now—as terrible a sight as sin itself.

"'No,' he says to me in a trembling voice, shivering through all his body and pointing to his breast with his finger, so that all at once I became scared and could not move from my seat on the window. 'I have not taken your breeches, Astafi Ivanich.'

"'Well,' I answered, 'Emelian, forgive me if in my

foolishness I have accused you wrongfully. As to the breeches, let them go hang; we will get along without them. We have our hands, thank God, we will not have to steal, and now, too, we will not have to sponge on another poor man; we will earn our living.'

"Emelian listened to me and remained standing before me for some time, then he sat down and sat motionless the whole evening; when I lay down to sleep, he was still sitting in the same place.

"In the morning, when I awoke, I found him sleeping on the bare floor, wrapped up in his cloak; he felt his humiliation so strongly that he had no heart to go and lie down on the bed.

"Well, sir, from that day on I conceived a terrible dislike for the man; that is, rather, I hated him the first few days, feeling as if, for instance, my own son had robbed me and given me deadly offense. Ech, I thought, Emelian, Emelian! And Emelian, my dear sir, had gone on a two weeks' spree. Drunk to bestiality from morning till night. And during the whole two weeks he had not uttered a word. I suppose he was consumed the whole time by a deep-seated grief, or else he was trying in this way to make an end to himself. At last he gave up drinking. I suppose he had no longer the wherewithal to buy vodka—had drunk up every copeck—and he once more took up his old place on the window-seat. I remember that he sat there for three whole days without a word; suddenly I see him weep; sits there and cries, but what crying! The tears come from his eyes in showers, drip, drip, as if he did not know that he was shed-

ding them. It is very painful, sir, to see a grown man weep, all the more when the man is of advanced years, like Emelian, and cries from grief and a sorrowful heart.

"'What ails you, Emelian?' I say to him.

"He starts and shivers. This was the first time I had spoken to him since that eventful day.

"'It is nothing—Astafi Ivanich.'

"'God keep you, Emelian; never you mind it all. Let bygones be bygones. Don't take it to heart so, man!' I felt very sorry for him.

"'It is only that—that I would like to do something—some kind of work, Astafi Ivanich.'

"'But what kind of work, Emelian?'

"'Oh, any kind. Maybe I will go into some kind of service, as before. I have already been at my former employer's, asking. It will not do for me, Astafi Ivanich, to use you any longer. I, Astafi Ivanich, will perhaps obtain some employment, and then I will pay you for everything, food and all.'

"'Don't, Emelian, don't. Well, let us say you committed a sin; well, it is all over! The devil take it all! Let us live as before—as if nothing had happened!'

"'You, Astafi Ivanich, you are probably hinting about *that*. But I have not taken your breeches.'

"'Well, just as you please, Emelian!'

"'No, Astafi Ivanich, evidently I cannot live with you longer. You will excuse me, Astafi Ivanich.'

"'But God be with you, Emelian,' I said to him; 'who is it that is offending you or driving you out of the house? Is it I who am doing it?'

"'No, but it is unseemly for me to misuse your hospitality any longer, Astafi Ivanich; 'twill be better to go.'

"I saw that he had in truth risen from his place and donned his ragged cloak—he felt offended, the man did, and had gotten it into his head to leave, and—*basta*.

"'But where are you going, Emelian? Listen to sense: what are you? Where will you go?'

"'No, it is best so, Astafi Ivanich, do not try to keep me back,' and he once more broke into tears; 'let me be, Astafi Ivanich, you are no longer what you used to be.'

"'Why am I not? I am just the same. But you will perish when left alone—like a foolish little child, Emelian.'

"'No, Astafi Ivanich. Lately, before you leave the house, you have taken to locking your trunk, and I, Astafi Ivanich, see it and weep— No, it is better you should let me go, Astafi Ivanich, and forgive me if I have offended you in any way during the time we have lived together.'

"Well, sir! And so he did go away. I waited a day and thought: Oh, he will be back toward evening. But a day passes, then another, and he does not return. On the third—he does not return. I grew frightened, and a terrible sadness gripped at my heart. I stopped eating and drinking, and lay whole nights without closing my eyes. The man had wholly disarmed me! On the fourth day I went to look for him; I looked in all the taverns and pot-houses in the vicinity, and

asked if anyone had seen him. No, Emelian had wholly disappeared! Maybe he has done away with his miserable existence, I thought. Maybe, when in his cups, he has perished like a dog, somewhere under a fence. I came home half dead with fatigue and despair, and decided to go out the next day again to look for him, cursing myself bitterly for letting the foolish, helpless man go away from me. But at dawn of the fifth day (it was a holiday) I heard the door creak. And whom should I see but Emelian! But in what a state! His face was bluish and his hair was full of mud, as if he had slept in the street; and he had grown thin, the poor fellow had, as thin as a rail. He took off his poor cloak, sat down on my trunk, and began to look at me. Well, sir, I was overjoyed, but at the same time felt a greater sadness than ever pulling at my heart-strings. This is how it was, sir: I felt that if a thing like that had happened to me, that is—I would sooner have perished like a dog, but would not have returned. And Emelian did. Well, naturally, it is hard to see a man in such a state. I began to coddle and comfort him in every way.

"'Well,' I said, 'Emelian, I am very glad you have returned; if you had not come so soon, you would not have found me in, as I intended to go hunting for you. Have you had anything to eat?'

"'I have eaten, Astafi Ivanich.'

"'I doubt it. Well, here is some cabbage soup—left over from yesterday; a nice soup with some meat in it—not the meagre kind. And here you have some

bread and a little onion. Go ahead and eat; it will do you good.'

"I served it to him; and immediately realized that he must have been starving for the last three days—such an appetite as he showed! So it was hunger that had driven him back to me. Looking at the poor fellow, I was deeply touched, and decided to run into the nearby dram-shop. I will get him some vodka, I thought, to liven him up a bit and make peace with him. It is enough. I have nothing against the poor devil any longer. And so I brought the vodka and said to him: 'Here, Emelian, let us drink to each other's health in honor of the holiday. Come, take a drink. It will do you good.'

"He stretched out his hand, greedily stretched it out, you know, and stopped; then, after a while, he lifted the glass, carried it to his mouth, spilling the liquor on his sleeve; at last he did carry it to his mouth, but immediately put it back on the table.

" 'Well, why don't you drink, Emelian?'

" 'But no, I'll not, Astafi Ivanich.'

" 'You'll not drink it!'

" 'But I, Astafi Ivanich, I think—I'll not drink any more, Astafi Ivanich.'

" 'Is it for good you have decided to give it up, Emelian, or only for to-day?'

"He did not reply, and after a while I saw him lean his head on his hand, and I asked him: 'Are you not feeling well, Emelian?'

" 'Yes, pretty well, Astafi Ivanich.'

"I made him go to bed, and saw that he was truly

in a bad way. His head was burning hot and he was shivering with ague. I sat by him the whole day; toward evening he grew worse. I prepared a meal for him of kvass, butter, and some onion, and threw in it a few bits of bread, and said to him: "Go ahead and take some food; maybe you will feel better!'

"But he only shook his head: 'No, Astafi Ivanich, I shall not have any dinner to-day.'

"I had some tea prepared for him, giving a lot of trouble to the poor old woman with whom I rented a part of the room—but he would not take even a little tea.

"Well, I thought to myself, it is a bad case. On the third morning I went to see the doctor, an acquaintance of mine, Dr. Kostopravov, who had treated me when I still lived in my last place. The doctor came, examined the poor fellow, and only said: 'There was no need of sending for me; he is already too far gone; but you can give him some powders which I will prescribe.'

"Well, I didn't give him the powders at all, as I understood that the doctor was only doing it for form's sake; and in the meanwhile came the fifth day.

"He lay dying before me, sir. I sat on the window-seat with some work I had on hand lying on my lap. The old woman was raking the stove. We were all silent, and my heart was breaking over this poor, shiftless creature, as if he were my own son whom I was losing. I knew that Emelian was gazing at me all the time: I noticed from the earliest morning that he longed to tell me something, but seemingly dared

not. At last I looked at him, and saw that he did not take his eyes from me, but that whenever his eyes met mine, he immediately lowered his own.

"'Astafi Ivanich!'

"'What, Emelian?'

"'What if my cloak should be carried over to the old clothes market, would they give much for it, Astafi Ivanich?'

"'Well,' I said, 'I do not know for certain, but three rubles they would probably give for it, Emelian.' I said it only to comfort the simple-minded creature; in reality they would have laughed in my face for even thinking to sell such a miserable, ragged thing.

"'And I thought that they might give a little more, Astafi Ivanich. It is made of cloth, so how is it that they would not wish to pay more than three rubles for it?'

"'Well, Emelian, if you wish to sell it, then of course you may ask more for it at first.'

"Emelian was silent for a moment, then he once more called to me.

"'Astafi Ivanich!'

"'What is it, Emelian?'

"'You will sell the cloak after I am gone; no need of burying me in it; I can well get along without it; it is worth something, and may come handy to you.'

"Here I felt such a painful gripping at my heart as I cannot even express, sir. I saw that the sadness of approaching death had already come upon the man. Again we were silent for some time. About an hour passed in this way. I looked at him again and saw

that he was still gazing at me, and when his eyes met mine he immediately lowered his.

"'Would you like a drink of cold water?' I asked him.

"'Give me some, and may God repay you, Astafi Ivanich.'

"'Would you like anything else, Emelian?'

"'No, Astafi Ivanich, I do not want anything, but I——'

"'What?'

"'You know that——'

"'What is it you want, Emelian?'

"'The breeches— You know— It was I who took them—Astafi Ivanich.'

"'Well,' I said, 'the great God will forgive you, Emelian, poor, unfortunate fellow that you are! Depart in peace.'

"And I had to turn away my head for a moment because grief for the poor devil took my breath away and the tears came in torrents from my eyes.

"'Astafi Ivanich!——'

"I looked at him, saw that he wished to tell me something more, tried to raise himself, and was moving his lips— He reddened and looked at me— Suddenly I saw that he began to grow paler and paler; in a moment he fell with his head thrown back, breathed once, and gave his soul into God's keeping."

F. M. Dostoievski

Feodor Mikaylovitch Dostoievski, the author of *The Thief,* was born in Moscow in 1821. He was the

son of a surgeon in poor circumstances. Feodor studied at the Military School of Engineering, but left in 1843, before he had finished his course. In 1846 he wrote *Poor Folk*, which brought him immediate fame, and temporarily mitigated his poverty,—at that time, as during most of his career, little short of desperate. He now allied himself with the radical parties in Russia, and in 1849 was arrested on a charge of inciting insurrection. Condemned to death, with half a dozen other men, he was saved upon the very scaffold by a commutation of his sentence to hard labor in Siberia. After four years he was pardoned, but the suffering which he had undergone had left an ineffaceable mark upon his health and spirits. Nevertheless, it had deepened his sympathy for the poor and miserable, and given him great power in depicting the lives of the wretched. The direct result of his experiences found expression in his *Memoirs of a Dead House*, and *Downtrodden and Oppressed* (sometimes translated *Injured and Insulted*). His greatest work, *Crime and Punishment*, was written in 1866. This extraordinary book, though failing in compact construction, is one of the most powerful novels of the nineteenth century. Picturing situations of the most painful degradation, it yet escapes being revolting merely because of its sincerity and its quiet insistence on the triumph of the soul over squalor, impurity, and sin. Other novels by Dostoievski are *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*,—the last left unfinished at his death. *The Thief*, one of his few short-stories, gives an admirable idea of his material and method; it

shows a simple and unaffected handling of a character of the humblest type, dignified, even though ridiculous, by reason of its intensely human error and misery.

It must be noted that *The Thief* is much indebted to Gogol's *The Cloak* (or *The Mantle*), a story which, written in 1835, exercised an incalculable influence upon Russian and thence on French and English fiction. "We have all," said Turgenev, "issued from Gogol's mantle." *The Cloak* was the beginning of that unflinching and sordid realism which has since found its extreme objective expression in the fiction of Maupassant and Gorki. Dostoievski's *The Thief* is written with more pity and insight than Gogol's *The Cloak*, and its influence has been nearly as great. It is worth noting, while we are making comparisons, that Stevenson's *Markheim* is a condensed and reconstructed version of certain chapters in *Crime and Punishment*, for which the Scotch romancer expressed the most extravagant admiration. *Crime and Punishment* was translated into French in 1884, by Victor Derély; later in that year, after Stevenson's return to Bournemouth from Hyères, *Markheim* was written. It clearly shows the author's careful study of Raskolnikov.

A translation of *The Thief*, by Constance Garnett, appears in Littel's *Living Age*, 261:738.

The student is recommended to read Gogol's *The Cloak*, which can be found in Collier's collection, *Foreign Short-Stories*, in four volumes, edited by William Patten.

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THE KING OF BOYVILLE*

By William Allen White

Boys who are born in a small town are born free and equal. In the big city it may be different; there are doubtless good little boys who disdain bad little boys, and poor little boys who are never to be noticed under any circumstances. But in a small town, every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, stands among boys on his own merits. The son of the banker who owns a turning-pole in the back yard, does homage to the baker's boy who can sit on the bar and drop and catch by his legs; while the good little boy who is kept in wide collars and cuffs by a mistaken mother, gazes through the white paling of his father's fence at the troop headed for the swimming hole, and pays all the reverence which his dwarfed nature can muster to the sign of the two fingers. In the social order of boys who live in country towns, a boy is measured by what he can do, and not by what his father is. And so, Winfield Hancock Pennington, whose boy name was Piggy Pennington, was the King of Boyville. For Piggy could walk on his hands, curling one foot gracefully over his back, and pointing the other straight in the

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air; he could hang by his heels on a flying trapeze; he could chin a pole so many times that no one could count the number; he could turn a somersault in the air from the level ground, both backwards and forwards, he could "tread" water and "lay" his hair; he could hit any marble in any ring from "taws" and "knucks down,"—and better than all, he could cut his initials in the ice on skates, and whirl around and around so many times that he looked like an animated shadow, when he would dart away up the stream, his red "comfort" flapping behind him like a laugh of defiance. In the story books such a boy would be the son of a widowed mother, and turn out very good or very bad, but Piggy was not a story book boy, and his father kept a grocery store, from which Piggy used to steal so many dates that the boys said his father must have cut up the almanac to supply him. As he never gave the goodies to the other boys, but kept them for his own use, his name of "Piggy" was his by all the rights of Boyville.

There was one thing Piggy Pennington could not do, and it was the one of all things which he most wished he could do; he could not under any circumstances say three consecutive and coherent words to any girl under fifteen and over nine. He was invited with nearly all of the boys of his age in town, to children's parties. And while any other boy, whose only accomplishment was turning a cartwheel, or skinning the cat backwards, or, at most, hanging by one leg and turning a handspring, could boldly ask a girl if he could see her home, Piggy had to get his hat and sneak

out of the house when the company broke up. He would comfort himself by walking along on the opposite side of the street from some couple, while he talked in monosyllables about a joke which he and the boy knew, but which was always a secret to the girl. Even after school, Piggy could not join the select coterie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the postoffice. He could not tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up rhymes like

> "First the cat and then her tail;
> Jimmy Sears and Maggie Hale,"

and shout them out for the crowd to hear. Instead of joining this courtly troupe Piggy Pennington went off with the boys who really didn't care for such things, and fought, or played "tracks up," or wrestled his way leisurely home in time to get in his "night wood." But his heart was not in these pastimes; it was with a red shawl of a peculiar shade, that was wending its way to the postoffice and back to a home in one of the few two-story houses in the little town. Time and again had Piggy tried to make some sign to let his feelings be known, but every time he had failed. Lying in wait for her at corners, and suddenly breaking upon her with a glory of backward and forward somersaults did not convey the state of his heart. Hanging by his heels from an apple tree limb over the sidewalk in front of her, unexpectedly, did not tell the tender tale for which his lips could find no words. And the nearest he could come to an ex-

pression of the longing in his breast was to cut her initials in the ice beside his own when she came weaving and wobbling past on some other boy's arm. But she would not look at the initials, and the chirography of his skates was so indistinct that it required a key; and everything put together, poor Piggy was no nearer a declaration at the end of the winter than he had been at the beginning of autumn. So only one heart beat with but a single thought, and the other took motto candy and valentines and red apples and picture cards and other tokens of esteem from other boys, and beat on with any number of thoughts, entirely immaterial to the uses of this narrative. But Piggy Pennington did not take to the enchantment of corn silk cigarettes and rattan and grape vine cigars; he tried to sing, and wailed dismal ballads about the "Gypsy's Warning," and "The Child in the Grave With Its Mother," and "She's a Daisy, She's a Darling, She's a Dumpling, She's a Lamb," whenever he was in hearing distance of his Heart's Desire, in the hope of conveying to her some hint of the state of his affections; but it was useless. Even when he tried to whistle plaintively as he passed her house in the gloaming, his notes brought forth no responsive echo.

One morning in the late spring, he spent half an hour before breakfast among his mother's roses, which were just in first bloom. He had taken out there all the wire from an old broom, and all his kite string. His mother had to call three times before he would leave his work. The youngster was the first to leave the table, and by eight o'clock he was at his task again.

Before the first school bell had rung, Piggy Pennington was bound for the schoolhouse with a strange-looking parcel under his arm. He tried to put his coat over it, but it stuck out and the newspaper that was wrapped around it bulged into so many corners that it looked like a home-tied bundle of laundry.

"What you got?" asked the freckle-faced boy, who was learning at Piggy's feet how to do the "muscle grind" on the turning-pole.

But Piggy Pennington was the King of Boyville, and he had a right to look straight ahead of him, as if he did not hear the question, and say:

"Lookie here, Mealy, I wish you would go and tell Abe I want him to hurry up, for I want to see him."

"Abe" was Piggy's nearest friend. His other name was Carpenter. Piggy only wished to be rid of the freckle-faced boy. But the freckle-faced boy was not used to royalty and its ways, so he pushed his inquiry.

"Say, Piggy, have you got your red ball-pants in that bundle?"

There was no reply. The freckle-faced boy grew tired of tattooing with a stick, as they walked beside a paling fence, so he began touching every tree on the other side of the path with his fingers. They had gone a block when the freckle-faced boy could stand it no longer and said:

"Say, Piggy, you needn't be so smart about your old bundle; now honest, Piggy, what have you got in that bundle?"

"Aw—soft soap, take a bite—good fer yer appetite," said the King, as he faced about and drew up

his left cheek and lower eyelid pugnaciously. The freckle-faced boy saw he would have to fight if he stayed, so he turned to go, and said, as though nothing had happened, "Where do you suppose old Abe is, anyhow?"

Just before school was called, Piggy Pennington was playing "scrub" with all his might, and a little girl—his Heart's Desire—was taking out of her desk a wreath of roses, tied to a shaky wire frame. There was a crowd of girls around her admiring it, and speculating about the possible author of the gift; but to these she did not show the patent medicine card, on which was scrawled, over the druggist's advertisement:

"Yours truly, W. H. P."

When the last bell rang, Piggy Pennington was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk, where he had put the flowers, until after the singing.

Then he stole a sidewise glance that way, and his Heart's Desire was deep in her geography. It was an age before she filed past him with the "B" class in geography, and took a seat directly in front of him, where he could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squirmed in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "Iser rolling rapidly." When their eyes did at last meet, just as Piggy, leading the marching around the room, was at the door to go out for recess, the thrill amounted to a shock that sent him whirling in a pinwheel of handsprings toward the ball ground.

shouting "Scrub—first bat, first bat, first bat," from sheer, bubbling joy. Piggy made four tallies that recess, and the other boys couldn't have put him out, if they had used a hand-grenade or a Babcock fire extinguisher.

He received four distinct shots that day from the eyes of his Heart's Desire, and the last one sent him home on the run, tripping up every primary urchin whom he found tagging along by the way, and whooping at the top of his voice. When his friends met in his barn, some fifteen minutes later, Piggy tried to turn a double somersault from his springboard, to the admiration of the crowd, and was only calmed by falling with his full weight on his head and shoulders at the edge of the hay, with the life nearly jolted out of his little body.

The next morning, Piggy Pennington astonished his friends by bringing a big armful of red and yellow and pink and white roses to school.

He had never done this before, and when he had run the gauntlet of the big boys, who were not afraid to steal them from him, he made straight for his schoolroom, and stood holding them in his hands while the girls gathered about him teasing for the beauties. It was nearly time for the last bell to ring, and Piggy knew that his Heart's Desire would be in the room by the time he got there. He was not mistaken. But Heart's Desire did not clamor with the other girls for one of the roses. Piggy stood off their pleadings as long as he could with "Naw," "Why naw, of course I won't," "Naw, what I want to give you one for,"

and "Go way from here, I tell you," and still Heart's Desire did not ask for her flowers. There were but a few moments left before school would be called to order, and in desperation Piggy gave one rose away. It was not a very pretty rose, but he hoped she would see that the others were to be given away, and ask for one. But she—his Heart's Desire—stood near a window, talking to the freckle-faced boy. Then Piggy gave away one rose after another. As the last bell began to ring he gave them to the boys, as the girls were all supplied. And still she came not. There was one rose left, the most beautiful of all. She went to her desk, and as the teacher came in, bell in hand, Piggy surprised himself, the teacher, and the school by laying the beautiful flower, without a word, on the teacher's desk. That day was a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came up at recess to play, Piggy shuffled over to him and asked gruffly:

"What's your name?"

"Puddin' 'n' 'tame, ast me agin an' I'll tell you the same," said the new boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't soothe Piggy's feelings one bit that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy. And he dared not turn his flushed face towards his Heart's Desire. It was almost four o'clock when Piggy Pennington walked to the master's desk to get him to work out a problem, and as he passed the desk of Heart's Desire he dropped a note in her lap. It read:

"Are you mad?"

But he dared not look for the answer, as they marched out that night, so he contented himself with punching the boy ahead of him with a pin, and stepping on his heels, when they were in the back part of the room, where the teacher would not see him. The King of Boyville walked home alone that evening. The courtiers saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

So his lonely way was strewn with broken stick-horses which he took from the little boys, and was marked by trees adorned with the string which he took from other youngsters, who ran across his pathway playing horse. In his barn he sat listlessly on a nail keg, while Abe and the freckle-faced boy did their deeds of daring, on the rings, and the trapeze. Only when the new boy came in did Piggy arouse himself to mount the flying bar, and, swinging in it to the very rafters, drop and hang by his knees, and again drop from his knees, catching his ankle in the angle of the rope where it meets the swinging bar. That was to awe the new boy.

After this feat the King was quiet.

At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home of his Heart's Desire and howled out a doleful ballad which began:

> "You ask what makes this darkey wee-eep,
> Why he like others am not gay."

But a man on the sidewalk passing said, "Well son, that's pretty good, but wouldn't you just as lief sing as

to make that noise." So the King went to bed with a heavy heart.

He took that heart to school with him, the next morning, and dragged it over the school ground, playing crack the whip and "stink-base." But when he saw Heart's Desire wearing in her hair one of the white roses from his mother's garden—the Penningtons had the only white roses in the little town—he knew it was from the wreath which he had given her, and so light was his boyish heart that it was with an effort that he kept it out of his throat. There were smiles and smiles that day. During the singing they began, and every time she came past him from a class, and every time he could pry his eyes behind her geography, or her grammar, a flood of gladness swept over his soul. That night Piggy Pennington followed the girls from the schoolhouse to the postoffice, and in a burst of enthusiasm, he walked on his hands in front of the crowd, for nearly half a block. When his Heart's Desire said:

"O ain't you afraid you'll hurt yourself, doing that?" Piggy pretended not to hear her, and said to the boys:

"Aw, that ain't nothin'; come down to my barn, an' I'll do somepin that'll make yer head swim."

He was too exuberant to contain himself, and when he left the girls he started to run after a stray chicken that happened along, and ran till he was out of breath. He did not mean to run in the direction his Heart's Desire had taken, but he turned a corner, and came up with her suddenly.

Her eyes beamed upon him, and he could not run away, as he wished. She made room for him on the sidewalk, and he could do nothing but walk beside her. For a block they were so embarrassed that neither spoke.

It was Piggy who broke the silence. His words came from his heart. He had not yet learned to speak otherwise.

"Where's your rose?" he asked, not seeing it.

"What rose?" said the girl, as though she had never in her short life heard of such an absurd thing as a rose.

"Oh, you know," returned the boy, stepping irregularly, to make the tips of his toes come on the cracks in the sidewalk. There was another pause, during which Piggy picked up a pebble, and threw it at a bird in a tree. His heart was sinking rapidly.

"O, that rose?" said his Heart's Desire, turning full upon him with the enchantment of her childish eyes. "Why, here it is in my grammar. I'm taking it to keep with the others. Why?"

"O, nuthin' much," replied the boy. "I bet you can't do this," he added, as he glowed up into her eyes from an impulsive handspring.

And thus the King of Boyville first set his light, little foot upon the soil of an unknown country.

William Allen White

Mr. William Allen White, the author of *The King of Boyville,* here given, is a journalist who is thor-

oughly identified with the Middle West, where he has spent the greater part of his life. He was born in Emporia, Kansas, in 1868. He was educated in the schools of his native state, and won honors in the University of Kansas. Before taking his degree, he left college in order to make an early beginning of a journalistic career—in which he appears to have been successful from the first. In 1895 he became editor and proprietor of the Emporia *Gazette*, which he still owns, and edits as a daily and weekly paper.

The fearlessness and brilliancy of its editorial articles have made the Emporia *Gazette* one of the best known periodicals in the country, and a power to be reckoned with in political issues. It was in the presidential campaign of 1896 that Mr. White made himself and his paper actually famous by the publication of *What's the Matter With Kansas?*—an editorial article of a daring and highly amusing character. The Republican National Committee had a million copies of this skit printed for distribution. Since that time, William Allen White and his *Gazette* have been constantly in favor with the public.

The year before his sudden rise to fame, Mr. White published his *The Real Issue*, a collection of stories of Kansas life. One of these was *The King of Boyville*. In 1899 *The Court of Boyville* was published, after the stories that it contained had made a much-applauded appearance in the magazines. *Stratagems and Spoils* followed somewhat later. For a number of years Mr. White published little fiction, but contributed to the magazines many important articles,

chiefly of a political nature. In 1909 his novel, *A Certain Rich Man,* was enthusiastically received, and was generally spoken of as "the great American novel." It is indeed an excellent study of American life, and though not impeccable in construction makes a deep impression upon the reader.

The *Boyville* stories are written with a keen sympathy for the impulses and absurdities of youth; their skillful use of homely detail and their spontaneous humor make them noteworthy examples of the short-story dealing with juvenile life.

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THE FATHER*

By Björnstjerne Björnson

The man of whom this story tells was the richest in the parish. His name was Thord Overaas. He stood one day in the pastor's study, tall and serious. "I have gotten a son," he said, "and wish to have him baptized."

"What is to be his name?"

"Finn, in honor of my father."

"And the sponsors?"

They were named, and proved to be the best men and women of Thord's kin in the district.

"Is there anything else?" asked the pastor, looking up.

Thord hesitated a moment. "I should like to have my son baptized alone," he said.

"That is to say on a week-day?"

"On Saturday next, at twelve o'clock, noon."

"Is there anything else?" asked the pastor.

"There is nothing else," answered Thord, taking his cap to go.

"Just one word," said the pastor, as he arose, stepped over to Thord, took him by the hand, and

* Translated by Professor Julius Olson, Chairman of the Department of Scandinavian, in the University of Wisconsin.

looked him in the eye; "God grant that this child may be a blessing to you."

Sixteen years later Thord again stood in the pastor's study.

"You are holding your own well, Thord," said the pastor, seeing no change in him.

"I have no sorrows," answered Thord.

To this the pastor made no response. But a moment later he asked: "What is your errand this evening?"

"This evening I come concerning my son, who is to be confirmed to-morrow."

"He is a clever lad."

"I did not care to pay the parson's fee until I heard what rank the boy is to have in the class to-morrow."

"He is to be at the head."

"So I understand, and here are ten dollars for the pastor."

"Is there anything else?" asked the pastor, looking at Thord.

"There is nothing else."

And Thord departed.

Eight years had passed, when one day a bustling was heard at the pastor's study door; a number of men appeared, headed by Thord. The pastor looked up and recognized him. "You are out in full force this evening, Thord."

"I have come to ask the banns for my son. He is to be married to Karen Storliden, the daughter of Gudmund, who is here with me."

"Why, she is the richest girl in the district."

"So they say," answered Thord, thrusting his hand through his hair.

The pastor sat a moment as in meditation. Without a word he entered the names in his books, and the men signed theirs. Thord laid three dollars upon the table.

"The fee is only one," said the pastor.

"Yes, I know; but he is my only child, and I wish to be generous."

The pastor accepted the money. "This is the third time, Thord, that you have been here in behalf of your son."

"Yes, and now I am done with him," said Thord; he closed his pocketbook, said good-by, and walked out, slowly followed by the others.

Two weeks after that day father and son were rowing across the calm surface of the lake to the Storliden farm to arrange for the wedding.

"This seat does not seem to be right," said the son, and arose to adjust it. But as he stepped upon the floor-board, it slipped. He threw out his arms, uttered a shriek, and fell into the water.

"Take hold of my oar!" shouted the father as he arose and thrust it out. The son struggled to do so, then suddenly became rigid. "Wait a moment!" called the father as he started to row. But the son rolled backward, cast a dim look at his father—and sank.

Thord could not believe his eyes. He held the boat still, and stared at the spot where the son had sunk, expecting him to rise again. Some bubbles arose,

soon a few more, then only one large one that burst—and the lake was again like a mirror.

For three days and nights the father was seen rowing around this spot without stopping to eat and sleep. He was dragging for his son. And on the third day, in the morning, he found him, and carried him up the hills to his home.

It was perhaps a year after that day that the pastor late one autumn evening heard some one moving slowly in the hallway before his door, and fumbling cautiously for the latch. The pastor opened the door, and in stepped a tall man, thin, stooping, and white of hair. The pastor looked long at him before he knew him. It was Thord.

"You are out late," said the pastor, as he stood facing him.

"Yes, I am out late," said Thord, as he sat down.

The pastor, too, sat down, expectant. There was a long silence. Then Thord said: "I have something with me which I should like to give to the poor. I wish to make it a legacy, bearing my son's name." He arose, laid the money upon the table, and then sat down again.

The pastor counted it. "This is a good deal of money," he said.

"It is half the price of my farm; I sold it to-day."

The pastor remained sitting in silence a long time. Finally he asked in a kindly voice: "What do you intend to do now?"

"Something better."

They sat silent for a while, Thord with his eyes

on the floor, and the pastor with his eyes on Thord. Then the pastor said slowly and gently: "Now I think that your son has at last become a blessing to you."

"Yes, I think so, too," said Thord. He looked up, and two tears ran slowly down his face.

Björnstjerne Björnson

Björnstjerne Björnson, son of a Lutheran pastor descended from a race of early Norwegian kings, was born in 1832. After a childhood spent in isolated mountain places, such as he was later fond of describing in his novels, he studied at the University of Christiania. Here he wrote articles for the newspapers, sketches, and dramas; before he was twenty he had a play accepted at the theater in Christiania. This early work dealt chiefly with the legendary history of Scandinavia; but his first novel, *Synnove Solbakken* (1857), which was immediately successful, was of the simple and idyllic type, with delightful touches of realism and local color. It was followed by several other stories of the same sort,—*Arne, A Happy Boy, The Fisher Maiden,* and *The Bridal March.* In his earlier years Björnson also wrote a large amount of lyric and epic poetry of a very high order. For two years he was director of the theater in Bergen, and later he traveled extensively in Europe.

The critics usually divide Björnson's work into two periods: From 1857 to about 1872; thence to his death in 1910. Up to his fortieth year his work was literary and romantic, consisting chiefly of peasant idylls and

historical dramas. In 1872 and the years following, Björnson, as Tolstoi did in his middle life, underwent a series of intense theological struggles that strongly affected his writings. From the early seventies his work became more didactic,—more philosophical, religious, and political. In his later life, he engaged in partisan strife, especially the Liberal fight for the political separation of Norway and Sweden. Although he was bitterly opposed by the Conservatists, his magnificent oratory and his large nobility of character kept him still the idol of the greater mass of Norwegians. With Ibsen he shared the honors which Norway had to offer to genius and patriotism. A man of varied abilities and enormous intellectual force, he had many holds upon the Norwegian heart. Georg Brandes said of him that the mention of his name in a gathering of his countrymen was like running up the Norwegian flag.

The Father, which is printed here, is probably Björnson's best known short-story. *Railroad and Churchyard,* another admirable tale, should be read with it for the carefully elaborated local color, which the extreme condensation of *The Father* does not permit.

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* See also an article by Björnson on *Modern Norwegian Literature*, Forum, 43:360; 505.

WHAT WAS IT? A MYSTERY

By Fitz-James O'Brien

It is, I confess, with considerable diffidence, that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I purpose detailing are of so extraordinary and unheard-of a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand. I have, I trust, the literary courage to face unbelief. I have, after mature consideration, resolved to narrate, in as simple and straightforward a manner as I can compass, some facts that passed under my observation in the month of July last, and which, in the annals of the mysteries of physical science, are wholly unparalleled.

I live at No. — Twenty-sixth Street, in this city. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green enclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain, and a few fruit-trees, ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot, in past days, was a pleasant, shady retreat, filled with fruits and flowers and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a vast spiral staircase winding through its center, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since by Mr. A——, the well-known New York merchant, who five years ago threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. Mr. A——, as everyone knows, escaped to Europe, and died not long after of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country, and was verified, the report spread in Twenty-sixth Street that No. — was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a caretaker and his wife, placed there by the house agent into whose hands it had passed for purposes of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses, and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The caretaker and his wife declared that they would live there no longer. The house agent laughed, dismissed them, and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several persons negotiated for it; but somehow, always before the bargain was closed,

they heard the unpleasant rumors, and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that my landlady—who at that time kept a boarding-house in Bleecker Street, and who wished to move farther up town—conceived the bold idea of renting No. — Twenty-sixth Street. Happening to have in her house rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid down her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of two timid persons—a sea captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave,—all of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Our removal was effected in the month of May, and we were all charmed with our new residence. The portion of Twenty-sixth Street where our house is situated—between Seventh and Eighth Avenues—is one of the pleasantest localities in New York. The gardens back of the houses, running down nearly to the Hudson, form, in the summer time, a perfect avenue of verdure. The air is pure and invigorating, sweeping, as it does, straight across the river from the Weehawken heights, and even the ragged garden which surrounded the house on two sides, although displaying on washing days rather too much clothes-line, still gave us a piece of greensward to look at, and a cool retreat in the summer evenings, where we smoked our

cigars in the dusk, and watched the fireflies flashing their dark lanterns in the long grass.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves at No. — than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders, who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was reading this volume. A system of espionage was established, of which he was the victim. If he incautiously laid the book down for an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud in secret places to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story, entitled "The Pot of Tulips," for *Harper's Monthly*, the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and everyone was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

After a month of psychological excitement, it was with the utmost dissatisfaction that we were forced to acknowledge that nothing in the remotest degree approaching the supernatural had manifested itself. Once the black butler asseverated that his candle had been blown out by some invisible agency while he was undressing himself for the night; but as I had more

than once discovered this colored gentleman in a condition when one candle must have appeared to him like two, I thought it possible that, by going a step farther in his potations, he might have reversed his phenomena, and seen no candle at all where he ought to have beheld one.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the 10th of July. After dinner was over I repaired with my friend, Dr. Hammond, to the garden to smoke my evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies between the Doctor and myself, we were linked together by a secret vice—we both smoked opium. On the evening in question the Doctor and I found ourselves in an unusually metaphysical mood. We lit our large meerschaums, filled with fine Turkish tobacco, in the core of which burned a little black nut of opium; we paced to and fro, conversing. A strange perversity dominated the currents of our thought. They would not flow through the sun-lit channels into which we strove to divert them. For some unaccountable reason they constantly diverged into dark and lonesome beds, where a continual gloom brooded. It was in vain that, after our old fashion, we flung ourselves on the shores of the East, and talked of its gay bazaars, of the splendors of the time of Haroun, of harems and golden palaces. Black afreets continually arose from the depths of our talk, and expanded, like the one the fisherman released from the copper vessel, until they blotted everything bright

from our vision. Insensibly, we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism, and the almost universal love of the Terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me, "What do you consider to be the greatest element of Terror?"

The question, I own, puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly lifted arms, and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she sank, shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are veiled. But it now struck me for the first time that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear, a King of Terrors to which all others must succumb. What might it be? To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I cannot attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than

anything yet conceived by the human mind—something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of 'Wieland' is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller of the Threshold, in Bulwer's 'Zanoni'; but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible still than these."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for Heaven's sake!"

"I don't know what's the matter with me to-night," he replied, "but my brain is running upon all sorts of weird and awful thoughts. I feel as if I could write a story like Hoffman to-night, if I were only master of a literary style."

"Well, if we are going to be Hoffmanesque in our talk, I'm off to bed. Opium and nightmares should never be brought together. How sultry it is! Good night, Hammond."

"Good night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls, and enchanters."

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's "History of Monsters"—a curious French work, which I had lately imported from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I had then reached, was

anything but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so, turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained lighted did not illuminate a distance of three inches round the burner. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The confounded themes touched on by Hammond in the garden kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling, plumb upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct, before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most

profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck, and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength and skill and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was; that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large yellow silk pocket handkerchief, for use during the night. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and, having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I

had but a few steps to make to reach the gas-burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vice. At last I got within arm's-length of the tiny speck of blue light which told me where the gas-burner lay. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I cannot even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment. *I saw nothing!* Yes; I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape, my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as warm, and apparently fleshly, as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing! Not even an outline—a vapor!

I do not, even at this hour, realize the situation in which I found myself. I cannot recall the astounding incident thoroughly. Imagination in vain tries to compass the awful paradox.

It breathed. I felt its warm breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone—and yet utterly invisible!

I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on the instant. Some wonderful instinct must have sustained

me; for, absolutely, in place of loosening my hold on the terrible Enigma, I seemed to gain an additional strength in my moment of horror, and tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying, "Great heaven, Harry! what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh! this is awful! I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it—I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the unfeigned horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. To laugh at a human being in my position! It was the worst species of cruelty. *Now,* I can understand why the appearance of a man struggling violently, as it would seem, with an airy nothing, and calling for assistance against a vision, should have appeared ludicrous. *Then,* so great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can hold the—the Thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! Help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you, Hammond, that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it—touch it."

Hammond advanced and laid his hand on the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said, in a hoarse, agitated voice, for, though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply moved, "Harry, it's all safe now. You may let go, old fellow, if you're tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold.

Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted round his hand, while before him, self-supporting as it were, he beheld a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly round a vacant space. I never saw a man look so thoroughly stricken with awe. Nevertheless his face expressed all the courage and determination which I knew him to possess. His lips, although white, were set firmly, and one could perceive at a glance that, although stricken with fear, he was not daunted.

The confusion that ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene

between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over—the confusion and terror that took possession of the bystanders, when they saw all this, was beyond description. The weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained clustered near the door, and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his Charge. Still incredulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. It was in vain that I begged of some of the men to come near and convince themselves by touch of the existence in that room of a living being which was invisible. They were incredulous, but did not dare to undeceive themselves. How could a solid, living, breathing body be invisible, they asked. My reply was this. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touch the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, manacled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now, my friends," I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body which, nevertheless, you cannot see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

I was astonished at my own courage in treating this strange event so calmly; but I had recovered from my first terror, and felt a sort of scientific pride in the affair which dominated every other feeling.

The eyes of the bystanders were immediately fixed on my bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was the dull sound of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The timbers of the bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a sort of low, universal cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were left alone with our Mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bedclothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke.

"Harry, this is awful."

"Aye, awful."

"But not unaccountable."

"Not unaccountable! What do you mean? Such a thing has never occurred since the birth of the world. I know not what to think, Hammond. God grant that I am not mad, and that this is not an insane fantasy!"

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we touch, but which we cannot see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not *theoretically impossible*, mind you, to make a glass which shall not reflect a single ray of light—a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from

the sun shall pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe, air does not breathe. *This* thing has a heart that palpitates—a will that moves it—lungs that play, and inspire and respire."

"You forget the strange phenomena of which we have so often heard of late," answered the Doctor gravely. "At the meetings called 'spirit circles,' invisible hands have been thrust into the hands of those persons round the table—warm, fleshly hands that seemed to pulsate with mortal life."

"What? Do you think, then, that this thing is——"

"I don't know what it is," was the solemn reply; "but please the gods I will, with your assistance, thoroughly investigate it."

We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long, by the bedside of the unearthly thing that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bedclothes were

moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, those second-hand indications of the terrible writhings and agonized struggles for liberty which themselves were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a round, smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outline with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as being of no value. Such an outline would give not the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering, and distort the mold. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility we could do with it what we would. Doctor X —— was sent for; and after the worthy physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement, he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body,

and a well-known modeler of this city was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mold, and before evening a rough *facsimile* of the mystery. It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustave Doré, or Callot, or Tony Johannot, never conceived anything so horrible. There is a face in one of the latter's illustrations to "Un Voyage où il vous plaira," which somewhat approaches the countenance of this creature, but does not equal it. It was the physiognomy of what I should have fancied a ghoul to be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound everyone in the house to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma. It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in our house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being? Day after day this question was deliberated gravely. The boarders all left the house. Mrs. Moffat was in despair, and threatened Hammond and myself with all sorts of legal penalties if we did not remove the Horror. Our answer was, "We will go

if you like, but we decline taking this creature with us. Remove it yourself if you please. It appeared in your house. On you the responsibility rests." To this there was, of course, no answer. Mrs. Moffat could not obtain for love or money a person who would even approach the Mystery.

The most singular part of the transaction was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss, and hear the hard breathing, and know that it was starving.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased altogether. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life struggle was going on I felt miserable. I could not sleep of nights. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiful to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form I gave to Dr. X ——, who keeps it in his museum in Tenth Street.

As I am on the eve of a long journey from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an

event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge. HARRY ESCOTT.

[NOTE.—It was rumored that the proprietors of a well-known museum in this city had made arrangements with Dr. X—— to exhibit to the public the singular cast which Mr. Escott deposited with him. So extraordinary a history cannot fail to attract universal attention.]

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

Fitz-James O'Brien was born in Ireland in 1828. His father, who had great hopes for his son, gave him a good education at Dublin University. Fitz-James, however, was a wild and reckless youth; after serving for some time as a soldier he went to London, where, it is said, he spent $40,000 in two years. In 1852 he came to America to retrieve his fortunes. Having letters to influential people, he made a brilliant entry into New York society, and became exceedingly popular by reason of his agreeable and entertaining manner. Associated with a congenial literary set, he began to apply himself to writing, and contributed to the *Evening Post*, the *Times*, and the *American Whig Review*. In a short time he had become a regular contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, and for several years continued to supply stories and articles with a frequency which showed a remarkable fecundity of mind. For *Harper's Weekly* he wrote a series of "Man About Town" sketches which were much talked of in social and literary circles. He contributed dramatic articles to the *Evening Press*, and wrote light comedy skits for the

stage. *The Diamond Lens* and *The Wondersmith,* two stories which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* attracted wide attention and proclaimed him a story writer of extraordinary ability. *What Was It? A Mystery* was published in *Harper's* for 1859. Following the example of numbers of New York society men, and some among his gifted young companions, O'Brien enlisted as a private in the Civil War. In 1862 he was wounded in battle, and died shortly afterward.

Fitz-James O'Brien was an erratic, boisterous, volatile man, high-minded, intellectual, and full of Irish vivacity and charm. Though he died too young to have produced much of permanent value, two or three of his stories are grouped with the best of American tales. O'Brien shows clearly the influence of Poe, yet he has enough originality to make the charge of imitation negligible. In *The Diamond Lens* he would have done himself no harm if he had profited by Poe's example in construction: the story is too long, and, moreover, it falls into two separate parts, each fairly complete in itself. The theme is boldly imaginative, not altogether attractive, but instinct with wonder and fancy, in the true romantic style. In *What Was It? A Mystery,* his best story, he did better, organizing his material extremely well, and investing his tale of the supernatural with an air of reality gained by a skillful use of commonplace details.

Maupassant's *Le Horla* is too much like O'Brien's *What Was It?* to permit us to assume an accidental similarity; we should note that while O'Brien merely

used the first person in his story, Maupassant went further, and used the diary form—with good results. The same form, with variations, has been employed by Mr. Ambrose Bierce in his *The Damned Thing,* an impressive bit of work palpably imitated from O'Brien and Maupassant.

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THE REAL THING*

By Henry James, Jr.

I.

When the porter's wife (she used to answer the house-bell) announced "A gentleman—with a lady, sir," I had, as I often had in those days, for the wish was father to the thought, an immediate vision of sitters. Sitters my visitors in this case proved to be; but not in the sense I should have preferred. However, there was nothing at first to indicate that they might not have come for a portrait. The gentleman, a man of fifty, very high and very straight, with a mustache slightly grizzled and a dark gray walking-coat admirably fitted, both of which I noted professionally—I don't mean as a barber or yet as a tailor—would have struck me as a celebrity if celebrities often were striking. It was a truth of which I had for some time been conscious that a figure with a good deal of frontage was, as one might say, almost never a public institution. A glance at the lady helped to remind me of this paradoxical law: she also looked too distinguished to be a "personality." Moreover one would scarcely come across two variations together.

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Neither of the pair spoke immediately—they only prolonged the preliminary gaze which suggested that each wished to give the other a chance. They were visibly shy; they stood there letting me take them in—which, as I afterward perceived, was the most practical thing they could have done. In this way their embarrassment served their cause. I had seen people painfully reluctant to mention that they desired anything so gross as to be represented on canvas; but the scruples of my new friends appeared almost insurmountable. Yet the gentleman might have said, "I should like a portrait of my wife," and the lady might have said, "I should like a portrait of my husband." Perhaps they were not husband and wife—this naturally would make the matter more delicate. Perhaps they wished to be done together—in which case they ought to have brought a third person to break the news.

"We come from Mr. Rivet," the lady said at last, with a dim smile which had the effect of a moist sponge passed over a "sunk" piece of painting, as well as of a vague allusion to vanished beauty. She was as tall and straight, in her degree, as her companion, and with ten years less to carry. She looked as sad as a woman could look whose face was not charged with expression; that is, her tinted oval mask showed friction as an exposed surface shows it. The hand of time had played over her freely, but only to simplify. She was slim and stiff, and so well-dressed, in dark blue cloth, with lappets and pockets and buttons, that it was clear she employed the same tailor as her hus-

band. The couple had an indefinable air of prosperous thrift—they evidently got a good deal of luxury for their money. If I was to be one of their luxuries it would behove me to consider my terms.

"Ah, Claude Rivet recommended me?" I inquired; and I added that it was very kind of him, though I could reflect that, as he only painted landscape, this was not a sacrifice.

The lady looked very hard at the gentleman, and the gentleman looked around the room. Then, staring at the floor a moment and stroking his mustache, he rested his pleasant eyes on me with the remark: "He said you were the right one."

"I try to be, when people want to sit."

"Yes, we should like to," said the lady anxiously.

"Do you mean together?"

My visitors exchanged a glance. "If you could do anything with *me,* I suppose it would be double," the gentleman stammered.

"Oh, yes, there's naturally a higher charge for two figures than for one."

"We should like to make it pay," the husband confessed.

"That's very good of you," I returned, appreciating so unwonted a sympathy—for I supposed he meant pay the artist.

A sense of strangeness seemed to dawn on the lady. "We mean for the illustrations—Mr. Rivet said you might put one in."

"Put one in—an illustration?" I was equally confused.

"Sketch her off, you know," said the gentleman, coloring.

It was only then that I understood the service Claude Rivet had rendered me; he had told them that I worked in black and white, for magazines, for story-books, for sketches of contemporary life, and consequently had frequent employment for models. These things were true, but it was not less true (I may confess it now—whether because the aspiration was to lead to everything or to nothing I leave the reader to guess) that I couldn't get the honors, to say nothing of the emoluments, of a great painter of portraits out of my head. My "illustrations" were my pot-boilers; I looked to a different branch of art (far and away the most interesting it had always seemed to me) to perpetuate my fame. There was no shame in looking to it also to make my fortune; but that fortune was by so much further from being made from the moment my visitors wished to be "done" for nothing. I was disappointed; for in the pictorial sense I had immediately *seen* them. I had seized their type—I had already settled what I would do with it. Something that wouldn't absolutely have pleased them, I afterward reflected.

"Ah, you're—you're—a——?" I began, as soon as I had mastered my surprise. I couldn't bring out the dingy word "models"; it seemed to fit the case so little.

"We haven't had much practice," said the lady.

"We've got to *do* something, and we've thought that an artist in your line might perhaps make some-

thing of us," her husband threw off. He further mentioned that they didn't know many artists and that they had gone first, on the off-chance (he painted views of course, but sometimes put in figures—perhaps I remembered) to Mr. Rivet, whom they had met a few years before at a place in Norfolk where he was sketching.

"We used to sketch a little ourselves," the lady hinted.

"It's very awkward, but we absolutely *must* do something," her husband went on.

"Of course, we're not so *very* young," she admitted, with a wan smile.

With the remark that I might as well know something more about them, the husband had handed me a card extracted from a neat new pocket-book (their appurtenances were all of the freshest) and inscribed with the words "Major Monarch." Impressive as these words were they didn't carry my knowledge much further; but my visitor presently added: "I've left the army, and we've had the misfortune to lose our money. In fact our means are dreadfully small."

"It's an awful bore," said Mrs. Monarch.

They evidently wished to be discreet—to take care not to swagger because they were gentlefolks. I perceived they would have been willing to recognize this as something of a drawback, at the same time that I guessed at an underlying sense—their consolation in adversity—that they *had* their points. They certainly had; but these advantages struck me as preponderantly social; such for instance as would help to make

a drawing-room look well. However, a drawing-room was always, or ought to be, a picture.

In consequence of his wife's allusion to their age Major Monarch observed: "Naturally, it's more for the figure that we thought of going in. We can still hold ourselves up." On the instant I saw that the figure was indeed their strong point. His "naturally" didn't sound vain, but it lighted up the question. *"She* has got the best," he continued, nodding at his wife, with a pleasant after-dinner absence of circumlocution. I could only reply, as if we were in fact sitting over our wine, that this didn't prevent his own from being very good; which led him in turn to rejoin: "We thought that if you ever have to do people like us, we might be something like it. *She,* particularly—for a lady in a book, you know."

I was so amused by them that, to get more of it, I did my best to take their point of view; and though it was an embarrassment to find myself appraising physically, as if they were animals on hire or useful blacks, a pair whom I should have expected to meet only in one of the relations in which criticism is tacit, I looked at Mrs. Monarch judicially enough to be able to exclaim, after a moment, with conviction: "Oh, yes, a lady in a book!" She was singularly like a bad illustration.

"We'll stand up, if you like," said the Major; and he raised himself before me with a really grand air.

I could take his measure at a glance—he was six feet two and a perfect gentleman. It would have paid any club in process of formation and in want of a

stamp to engage him at a salary to stand in the principal window. What struck me immediately was that in coming to me they had rather missed their vocation; they could surely have been turned to better account for advertising purposes. I couldn't of course see the thing in detail, but I could see them make some one's fortune—I don't mean their own. There was something in them for a waistcoat-maker, an hotel-keeper or a soap-vendor. I could imagine "We always use it" pinned on their bosoms with the greatest effect; I had a vision of the promptitude with which they would launch a table d'hôte.

Mrs. Monarch sat still, not from pride, but from shyness, and presently her husband said to her: "Get up, my dear, and show how smart you are." She obeyed, but she had no need to get up to show it. She walked to the end of the studio, and then she came back blushing, with her fluttered eyes on her husband. I was reminded of an incident I had accidentally had a glimpse of in Paris—being with a friend there, a dramatist about to produce a play—when an actress came to him to ask to be intrusted with a part. She went through her paces before him, walked up and down as Mrs. Monarch was doing. Mrs. Monarch did it quite as well, but I abstained from applauding. It was very odd to see such people apply for such poor pay. She looked as if she had ten thousand a year. Her husband had used the word that described her: she was, in the London current jargon, essentially and typically "smart." Her figure was, in the same order of ideas, conspicuously and irreproachably "good."

For a woman of her age her waist was surprisingly small; her elbow moreover had the orthodox crook. She held her head at the conventional angle; but why did she come to *me?* She ought to have tried on jackets at a big shop. I feared my visitors were not only destitute, but "artistic"—which would be a great complication. When she sat down again I thanked her, observing that what a draftsman most valued in his model was the faculty of keeping quiet.

"Oh, *she* can keep quiet," said Major Monarch. Then he added, jocosely: "I've always kept her quiet."

"I'm not a nasty fidget, am I?" Mrs. Monarch appealed to her husband.

He addressed his answer to me. "Perhaps it isn't out of place to mention—because we ought to be quite business-like, oughtn't we?—that when I married her she was known as the Beautiful Statue."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Monarch ruefully.

"Of course I should want a certain amount of expression," I rejoined.

"Of *course!*" they both exclaimed.

"And then I suppose you know that you'll get awfully tired."

"Oh, we *never* get tired!" they eagerly cried.

"Have you had any kind of practice?"

They hesitated—they looked at each other. "We've been photographed, *immensely,*" said Mrs. Monarch.

"She means the fellows have asked us," added the Major.

"I see—because you're so good-looking."

"I don't know what they thought, but they were always after us."

"We always got our photographs for nothing," smiled Mrs. Monarch.

"We might have brought some, my dear," her husband remarked.

"I'm not sure we have any left. We've given quantities away," she explained to me.

"With our autographs and that sort of thing," said the Major.

"Are they to be got in the shops?" I inquired, as a harmless pleasantry.

"Oh, yes; *hers*—they used to be."

"Not now," said Mrs. Monarch, with her eyes on the floor.

II.

I could fancy the "sort of thing" they put on the presentation copies of their photographs, and I was sure they wrote a beautiful hand. It was odd how quickly I was sure of everything that concerned them. If they were now so poor as to have to earn shillings and pence, they never had had much of a margin. Their good looks had been their capital, and they had good-humoredly made the most of the career that this resource marked out for them. It was in their faces, the blankness, the deep intellectual repose of the twenty years of country-house visiting which had given them pleasant intonations. I could see the sunny drawing-rooms, sprinkled with periodicals she didn't

read, in which Mrs. Monarch had continuously sat; I could see the wet shrubberies in which she had walked, equipped to admiration for either exercise. I could see the rich covers the Major had helped to shoot and the wonderful garments in which, late at night, he repaired to the smoking-room to talk about them. I could imagine their leggings and waterproofs, their knowing tweeds and rugs, their rolls of sticks and cases of tackle and neat umbrellas; and I could evoke the exact appearance of their servants and the compact variety of their luggage on the platforms of country stations.

They gave small tips, but they were liked; they didn't do anything themselves, but they were welcome. They looked so well everywhere; they gratified the general relish for stature, complexion and "form." They knew it without fatuity or vulgarity, and they respected themselves in consequence. They were not superficial; they were thorough and kept themselves up—it had been their line. People with such a taste for activity had to have some line. I could feel how, even in a dull house, they could have been counted upon for cheerfulness. At present something had happened—it didn't matter what, their little income had grown less, it had grown least—and they had to do something for pocket money. Their friends liked them, but didn't like to support them. There was something about them that represented credit—their clothes, their manners, their type; but if credit is a large empty pocket in which an occasional chink reverberates, the chink at least must be audible. What they

wanted of me was to help to make it so. Fortunately they had no children—I soon divined that. They would also perhaps wish our relations to be kept secret: this was why it was "for the figure"—the reproduction of the face would betray them.

I liked them—they were so simple; and I had no objection to them if they would suit. But, somehow, with all their perfections I didn't easily believe in them. After all, they were amateurs, and the ruling passion of my life was the detestation of the amateur. Combined with this was another perversity—an innate preference for the represented subject over the real one: the defect of the real one was so apt to be a lack of representation. I liked things that appeared; then one was sure. Whether they *were* or not was a subordinate and almost always a profitless question. There were other considerations, the first of which was that I already had two or three people in use, notably a young person with big feet, in alpaca, from Kilburn, who for a couple of years had come to me regularly for my illustrations and with whom I was still—perhaps ignobly—satisfied. I frankly explained to my visitors how the case stood; but they had taken more precautions than I supposed. They had reasoned out their opportunity, for Claude Rivet had told them of the projected *édition de luxe* of one of the writers of our day—the rarest of the novelists—who, long neglected by the multitudinous vulgar and dearly prized by the attentive (need I mention Philip Vincent?) had had the happy fortune of seeing, late in life, the dawn and then the full light of a higher criticism—an esti-

mate in which, on the part of the public, there was something really of expiation. The edition in question, planned by a publisher of taste, was practically an act of high reparation; the wood-cuts with which it was to be enriched were the homage of English art to one of the most independent representatives of English letters. Major and Mrs. Monarch confessed to me that they had hoped I might be able to work *them* into my share of the enterprise. They knew I was to do the first of the books, "Rutland Ramsay," but I had to make clear to them that my participation in the rest of the affair—this first book was to be a test—was to depend on the satisfaction I should give. If this should be limited my employers would drop me without a scruple. It was therefore a crisis for me, and naturally I was making special preparations, looking about for new people, if they should be necessary, and securing the best types. I admitted, however, that I should like to settle down to two or three good models who would do for everything.

"Should we have often to—a—put on special clothes?" Mrs. Monarch timidly demanded.

"Dear, yes—that's half the business."

"And should we be expected to supply our own costumes?"

"Oh, no; I've got a lot of things. A painter's models put on—or put off—anything he likes."

"And do you mean—a—the same?"

"The same."

Mrs. Monarch looked at her husband again.

"Oh, she was just wondering," he explained, "if

the costumes are in *general* use." I had to confess that they were, and I mentioned further that some of them (I had a lot of genuine, greasy last-century things) had served their time, a hundred years ago, on living, world-stained men and women. "We'll put on anything that *fits*," said the Major.

"Oh, I arrange that—they fit in the pictures."

"I'm afraid I should do better for the modern books. I would come as you like," said Mrs. Monarch.

"She has got a lot of clothes at home: they might do for contemporary life," her husband continued.

"Oh, I can fancy scenes in which you'd be quite natural." And indeed I could see the slipshod rearrangements of stale properties—the stories I tried to produce pictures for without the exasperation of reading them—whose sandy tracts the good lady might help to people. But I had to return to the fact that for this sort of work—the daily mechanical grind—I was already equipped; the people I was working with were fully adequate.

"We only thought we might be more like *some* characters," said Mrs. Monarch mildly, getting up.

Her husband also rose; he stood looking at me with a dim wistfulness that was touching in so fine a man. "Wouldn't it be rather a pull sometimes to have—a—to have——?" He hung fire; he wanted me to help him by phrasing what he meant. But I couldn't—I didn't know. So he brought it out awkwardly: "The *real* thing; a gentleman, you know, or a lady." I was quite ready to give a general assent—I admitted that there was a great deal in that. This encouraged Major

Monarch to say, following up his appeal with an unacted gulp: "It's awfully hard—we've tried everything." The gulp was communicative; it proved too much for his wife. Before I knew it Mrs. Monarch had dropped again upon a divan and burst into tears. Her husband sat down beside her, holding one of her hands; whereupon she quickly dried her eyes with the other, while I felt embarrassed as she looked up at me. "There isn't a confounded job I haven't applied for—waited for—prayed for. You can fancy we'd be pretty bad first. Secretaryships and that sort of thing? You might as well ask for a peerage. I'd be *anything* —I'm strong; a messenger or a coalheaver. I'd put on a gold-laced cap and open carriage doors in front of the haberdasher's; I'd hang about a station, to carry portmanteaus; I'd be a postman. But they won't *look* at you; there are thousands, as good as yourself, already on the ground. *Gentlemen*, poor beggars, who have drunk their wine, who have kept their hunters!"

I was as reassuring as I knew how to be, and my visitors were presently on their feet again while, for the experiment, we agreed on an hour. We were discussing it when the door opened and Miss Churm came in with a wet umbrella. Miss Churm had to take the omnibus to Maida Vale and then walk half-a-mile. She looked a trifle blowsy and slightly splashed. I scarcely ever saw her come in without thinking afresh how odd it was that, being so little in herself, she should yet be so much in others. She was a meager little Miss Churm, but she was an ample heroine of romance. She was only a freckled cockney, but she could repre-

sent everything, from a fine lady to a shepherdess; she had the faculty, as she might have had a fine voice or long hair. She couldn't spell and she loved beer, but she had two or three "points," and practice, and a knack, and mother-wit, and a kind of whimsical sensibility, and a love of the theater, and seven sisters, and not an ounce of respect, especially for the *h*. The first thing my visitors saw was that her umbrella was wet, and in their spotless perfection they visibly winced at it. The rain had come on since their arrival.

"I'm all in a soak; there *was* a mess of people in the 'bus. I wish you lived near a stytion," said Miss Churm. I requested her to get ready as quickly as possible, and she passed into the room in which she always changed her dress. But before going out she asked me what she was to get into this time.

"It's the Russian princess, don't you know?" I answered; "the one with the 'golden eyes,' in black velvet, for the long thing in the *Cheapside*."

"Golden eyes? I *say!*" cried Miss Churm, while my companions watched her with intensity as she withdrew. She always arranged herself, when she was late, before I could turn round; and I kept my visitors a little, on purpose, so that they might get an idea, from seeing her, what would be expected of themselves. I mentioned that she was quite my notion of an excellent model—she was really very clever.

"Do you think she looks like a Russian princess?" Major Monarch asked, with lurking alarm.

"When I make her, yes."

"Oh, if you have to *make* her——!" he reasoned acutely.

"That's the most you can ask. There are so many that are not makable."

"Well, now, *here's* a lady"—and with a persuasive smile he passed his arm into his wife's—"who's already made!"

"Oh, I'm not a Russian princess," Mrs. Monarch protested, a little coldly. I could see that she had known some and didn't like them. There, immediately, was a complication of a kind that I never had to fear with Miss Churm.

This young lady came back in black velvet—the gown was rather dusty and very low on her lean shoulders—and with a Japanese fan in her red hands. I reminded her that in the scene I was doing she had to look over some one's head. "I forget whose it is; but it doesn't matter. Just look over a head."

"I'd rather look over a stove," said Miss Churm; and she took her station near the fire. She fell into position, settled herself into a tall attitude, gave a certain backward inclination to her head and a certain forward droop to her fan, and looked, at least to my prejudiced sense, distinguished and charming, foreign and dangerous. We left her looking so, while I went downstairs with Major and Mrs. Monarch.

"I think I could come about as near it as that," said Mrs. Monarch.

"Oh, you think she's shabby, but you must allow for the alchemy of art."

However, they went off with an evident increase of

comfort, founded on their demonstrable advantage in being the real thing. I could fancy them shuddering over Miss Churm. She was very droll about them when I went back, for I told her what they wanted.

"Well, if *she* can sit I'll tyke to bookkeeping," said my model.

"She's very ladylike," I replied, as an innocent form of aggravation.

"So much the worse for *you*. That means she can't turn round."

"She'll do for the fashionable novels."

"Oh, yes, she'll *do* for them!" my model humorously declared. "Ain't they bad enough without her?" I had often sociably denounced them to Miss Churm.

III.

It was for the elucidation of a mystery in one of these works that I first tried Mrs. Monarch. Her husband came with her, to be useful if necessary—it was sufficiently clear that as a general thing he would prefer to come with her. At first I wondered if this were for "propriety's" sake—if he were going to be jealous and meddling. The idea was too tiresome, and if it had been confirmed it would speedily have brought our acquaintance to a close. But I soon saw there was nothing in it and that if he accompanied Mrs. Monarch it was (in addition to the chance of being wanted) simply because he had nothing else to do. When she was away from him his occupation

was gone—she never *had* been away from him. I judged, rightly, that in their awkward situation their close union was their main comfort and that this union had no weak spot. It was a real marriage, an encouragement to the hesitating, a nut for pessimists to crack. Their address was humble (I remember afterward thinking it had been the only thing about them that was really professional), and I could fancy the lamentable lodgings in which the Major would have been left alone. He could bear them with his wife—he couldn't bear them without her.

He had too much tact to try and make himself agreeable when he couldn't be useful; so he simply sat and waited, when I was too absorbed in my work to talk. But I liked to make him talk—it made my work, when it didn't interrupt it, less sordid, less special. To listen to him was to combine the excitement of going out with the economy of staying at home. There was only one hindrance: that I seemed not to know any of the people he and his wife had known. I think he wondered extremely, during the term of our intercourse, whom the deuce I *did* know. He hadn't a stray sixpence of an idea to fumble for; so we didn't spin it very fine—we confined ourselves to questions of leather and even of liquor (saddlers and breeches-makers and how to get good claret cheap), and matters like "good trains" and the habits of small game. His lore on these last subjects was astonishing, he managed to interweave the station-master with the ornithologist. When he couldn't talk about greater things he could talk cheerfully about

smaller, and since I couldn't accompany him into reminiscences of the fashionable world he could lower the conversation without a visible effort to my level.

So earnest a desire to please was touching in a man who could so easily have knocked one down. He looked after the fire and had an opinion on the draft of the stove, without my asking him, and I could see that he thought many of my arrangements not half clever enough. I remember telling him that if I were only rich I would offer him a salary to come and teach me how to live. Sometimes he gave a random sigh, of which the essence was: "Give me even such a bare old barrack as *this,* and I'd do something with it!" When I wanted to use him he came alone; which was an illustration of the superior courage of women. His wife could bear her solitary second floor, and she was in general more discreet; showing by various small reserves that she was alive to the propriety of keeping our relations markedly professional—not letting them slide into sociability. She wished it to remain clear that she and the Major were employed, not cultivated, and if she approved of me as a superior, who could be kept in his place, she never thought me quite good enough for an equal.

She sat with great intensity, giving the whole of her mind to it, and was capable of remaining for an hour almost as motionless as if she were before a photographer's lens. I could see she had been photographed often, but somehow the very habit that made her good for that purpose unfitted her for mine. At first I was extremely pleased with her ladylike air,

and it was a satisfaction, on coming to follow her lines, to see how good they were and how far they could lead the pencil. But after a few times I began to find her too insurmountably stiff; do what I would with it my drawing looked like a photograph or a copy of a photograph. Her figure had no variety of expression—she herself had no sense of variety. You may say that this was my business, was only a question of placing her. I placed her in every conceivable position, but she managed to obliterate their differences. She was always a lady certainly, and into the bargain was always the same lady. She was the real thing, but always the same thing. There were moments when I was oppressed by the serenity of her confidence that she *was* the real thing. All her dealings with me and all her husband's were an implication that this was lucky for *me*. Meanwhile I found myself trying to invent types that approached her own, instead of making her own transform itself—in the clever way that was not impossible, for instance, to poor Miss Churm. Arrange as I would and take the precautions I would, she always, in my pictures, came out too tall —landing me in the dilemma of having represented a fascinating woman as seven feet high, which, out of respect perhaps to my own very much scantier inches, was far from my idea of such a personage.

The case was worse with the Major—nothing I could do would keep *him* down, so that he became useful only for the representation of brawny giants. I adored variety and range, I cherished human accidents, the illustrative note; I wanted to characterize

closely, and the thing in the world I most hated was the danger of being ridden by a type. I had quarreled with some of my friends about it—I had parted company with them for maintaining that one *had* to be, and that if the type was beautiful (witness Raphael and Leonardo) the servitude was only a gain. I was neither Leonardo nor Raphael; I might only be a presumptuous young modern searcher, but I held that everything was to be sacrified sooner than character. When they averred that the haunting type in question could easily *be* character, I retorted, perhaps superficially: "Whose?" It couldn't be everybody's—it might end in being nobody's.

After I had drawn Mrs. Monarch a dozen times I perceived more clearly than before that the value of such a model as Miss Churm resided precisely in the fact that she had no positive stamp, combined of course with the other fact that what she did have was a curious and inexplicable talent for imitation. Her usual appearance was like a curtain which she could draw up at request for a capital performance. This performance was simply suggestive; but it was a word to the wise—it was vivid and pretty. Sometimes, even, I thought it, though she was plain herself, too insipidly pretty; I made it a reproach to her that the figures drawn from her were monotonously (*bêtement,* as we used to say) graceful. Nothing made her more angry: it was so much her pride to feel that she could sit for characters that had nothing in common with each other. She would accuse me at such moments of taking away her "reputytion."

It suffered a certain shrinkage, this queer quantity, from the repeated visits of my new friends. Miss Churm was greatly in demand, never in want of employment, so I had no scruple in putting her off occasionally, to try them more at my ease. It was certainly amusing at first to do the real thing—it was amusing to do Major Monarch's trousers. They *were* the real thing, even if he did come out colossal. It was amusing to do his wife's back hair (it was so mathematically neat), and the particular "smart" tension of her tight stays. She lent herself especially to positions in which the face was somewhat averted or blurred; she abounded in ladylike back views and *profils perdus*. When she stood erect she took naturally one of the attitudes in which court-painters represent queens and princesses; so that I found myself wondering whether, to draw out this accomplishment, I couldn't get the editor of the *Cheapside* to publish a really royal romance, "A Tale of Buckingham Palace." Sometimes, however, the real thing and the make-believe came into contact; by which I mean that Miss Churm, keeping an appointment or coming to make one on days when I had much work in hand, encountered her invidious rivals. The encounter was not on their part, for they noticed her no more than if she had been the housemaid; not from intentional loftiness, but simply because, as yet, professionally, they didn't know how to fraternize, as I could guess that they would have liked—or at least that the Major would. They couldn't talk about the omnibus—they always walked; and they didn't know what else to try

—she wasn't interested in good trains or cheap claret. Besides, they must have felt—in the air—that she was amused at them, secretly derisive of their ever knowing how. She was not a person to conceal her skepticism if she had had a chance to show it. On the other hand, Mrs. Monarch didn't think her tidy; for why else did she take pains to say to me (it was going out of the way, for Mrs. Monarch) that she didn't like dirty women?

One day when my young lady happened to be present with my other sitters (she even dropped in, when it was convenient, for a chat) I asked her to be so good as to lend a hand in getting tea—a service with which she was familiar and which was one of a class that, living as I did in a small way, with slender domestic resources, I often appealed to my models to render. They liked to lay hands on my property, to break the sitting, and sometimes the china—I made them feel Bohemian. The next time I saw Miss Churm after this incident she surprised me greatly by making a scene about it—she accused me of having wished to humiliate her. She had not resented the outrage at the time, but had seemed obliging and amused, enjoying the comedy of asking Mrs. Monarch, who sat vague and silent, whether she would have cream and sugar, and putting an exaggerated simper into the question. She had tried intonations —as if she too wished to pass for the real thing; till I was afraid my other visitors would take offense.

Oh, *they* were determined not to do this; and their touching patience was the measure of their great need.

They would sit by the hour, uncomplaining, till I was ready to use them; they would come back on the chance of being wanted and would walk away cheerfully if they were not. I used to go to the door with them to see in what magnificent order they retreated. I tried to find other employment for them—I introduced them to several artists. But they didn't "take," for reasons I could appreciate, and I became conscious, rather anxiously, that after such disappointments they fell back upon me with a heavier weight. They did me the honor to think that it was I who was most *their* form. They were not picturesque enough for the painters, and in those days there were not so many serious workers in black and white. Besides, they had an eye to the great job I had mentioned to them—they had secretly set their hearts on supplying the right essence for my pictorial vindication of our fine novelist. They knew that for this undertaking I should want no costume effects, none of the frippery of past ages—that it was a case in which everything would be contemporary and satirical and, presumably, genteel. If I could work them into it their future would be assured, for the labor would of course be long and the occupation steady.

One day Mrs. Monarch came without her husband —she explained his absence by his having had to go to the city. While she sat there in her usual anxious stiffness there came, at the door, a knock which I immediately recognized as the subdued appeal of a model out of work. It was followed by the entrance of a young man whom I easily perceived to be a

foreigner and who proved in fact an Italian acquainted with no English word but my name, which he uttered in a way that made it seem to include all others. I had not then visited his country, nor was I proficient in his tongue; but as he was not so meanly constituted—what Italian is?—as to depend only on that member for expression he conveyed to me, in familiar but graceful mimicry, that he was in search of exactly the employment in which the lady before me was engaged. I was not struck with him at first, and while I continued to draw I emitted rough sounds of discouragement and dismissal. He stood his ground, however, not importunately, but with a dumb, dog-like fidelity in his eyes which amounted to innocent impudence—the manner of a devoted servant (he might have been in the house for years) unjustly suspected. Suddenly I saw that this very attitude and expression made a picture, whereupon I told him to sit down and wait till I should be free. There was another picture in the way he obeyed me, and I observed as I worked that there were others still in the way he looked wonderingly, with his head thrown back, about the high studio. He might have been crossing himself in St. Peter's. Before I finished I said to myself: "The fellow's a bankrupt orange-monger, but he's a treasure."

When Mrs. Monarch withdrew he passed across the room like a flash to open the door for her, standing there with the rapt, pure gaze of the young Dante spellbound by the young Beatrice. As I never insisted, in such situations, on the blankness of the

British domestic, I reflected that he had the making of a servant (and I needed one, but couldn't pay him to be only that) as well as of a model; in short, I made up my mind to adopt my bright adventurer if he would agree to officiate in the double capacity. He jumped at my offer, and in the event my rashness (for I had known nothing about him) was not brought home to me. He proved a sympathetic though a desultory ministrant, and had in a wonderful degree the *sentiment de la pose*. It was uncultivated, instinctive; a part of the happy instinct which had guided him to my door and helped him to spell out my name on the card nailed to it. He had had no other introduction to me than a guess, from the shape of my high north window, seen outside, that my place was a studio and that as a studio it would contain an artist. He had wandered to England in search of fortune, like other itinerants, and had embarked, with a partner and a small green handcart, on the sale of penny ices. The ices had melted away and the partner had dissolved in their train. My young man wore tight yellow trousers with reddish stripes and his name was Oronte. He was sallow but fair, and when I put him into some old clothes of my own he looked like an Englishman. He was as good as Miss Churm, who could look, when required, like an Italian.

IV.

I thought Mrs. Monarch's face slightly convulsed when, on her coming back with her husband, she

found Oronte installed. It was strange to have to recognize in a scrap of a lazzarone a competitor to her magnificent Major. It was she who scented danger first, for the Major was anecdotically unconscious. But Oronte gave us tea, with a hundred eager confusions (he had never seen such a queer process), and I think she thought better of me for having at last an "establishment." They saw a couple of drawings that I had made of the establishment, and Mrs. Monarch hinted that it never would have struck her that he had sat for them. "Now the drawings you make from *us,* they look exactly like us," she reminded me, smiling in triumph; and I recognized that this was indeed just their defect. When I drew the Monarchs I couldn't, somehow, get away from them—get into the character I wanted to represent; and I had not the least desire my model should be discoverable in my picture. Miss Churm never was, and Mrs. Monarch thought I hid her, very properly, because she was vulgar; whereas if she was lost it was only as the dead who go to heaven are lost—in the gain of an angel the more.

By this time I had got a certain start with "Rutland Ramsay," the first novel in the great projected series; that is, I had produced a dozen drawings, several with the help of the Major and his wife, and I had sent them in for approval. My understanding with the publishers, as I have already hinted, had been that I was to be left to do my work, in this particular case, as I liked, with the whole book committed to me; but my connection with the rest of the series was only contingent. There were moments when, frankly, it

was a comfort to have the real thing under one's hand; for there were characters in "Rutland Ramsay" that were very much like it. There were people presumably as straight as the Major and women of as good a fashion as Mrs. Monarch. There was a great deal of country-house life—treated, it is true, in a fine, fanciful, ironical, generalized way—and there was a considerable implication of knickerbockers and kilts. There were certain things I had to settle at the outset; such things, for instance, as the exact appearance of the hero, the particular bloom of the heroine. The author of course gave me a lead, but there was a margin for interpretation. I took the Monarchs into my confidence, I told them frankly what I was about, I mentioned my embarrassments and alternatives. "Oh, take *him!*" Mrs. Monarch murmured sweetly, looking at her husband; and "What could you want better than my wife?" the Major inquired, with the comfortable candor that now prevailed between us.

I was not obliged to answer these remarks—I was only obliged to place my sitters. I was not easy in mind, and I postponed, a little timidly perhaps, the solution of the question. The book was a large canvas, the other figures were numerous, and I worked off at first some of the episodes in which the hero and the heroine were not concerned. When once I had set *them* up I should have to stick to them—I couldn't make my young man seven feet high in one place and five feet nine in another. I inclined on the whole to the latter measurement, though the Major more than once reminded me that *he* looked about as

young as anyone. It was indeed quite possible to arrange him, for the figure, so that it would have been difficult to detect his age. After the spontaneous Oronte had been with me a month, and after I had given him to understand several different times that his native exuberance would presently constitute an insurmountable barrier to our further intercourse, I waked to a sense of his heroic capacity. He was only five feet seven, but the remaining inches were latent. I tried him almost secretly at first, for I was really rather afraid of the judgment my other models would pass on such a choice. If they regarded Miss Churm as little better than a snare, what would they think of the representation by a person so little the real thing as an Italian street vendor of a protagonist formed by a public school?

If I went a little in fear of them it was not because they bullied me, because they had got an oppressive foothold, but because in their really pathetic decorum and mysteriously permanent newness they counted on me so intensely. I was therefore very glad when Jack Hawley came home: he was always of such good counsel. He painted badly himself, but there was no one like him for putting his finger on the place. He had been absent from England for a year; he had been somewhere—I don't remember where—to get a fresh eye. I was in a good deal of dread of any such organ, but we were old friends; he had been away for months and a sense of emptiness was creeping into my life. I hadn't dodged a missile for a year.

He came back with a fresh eye, but with the same

old black velvet blouse, and the first evening he spent in my studio we smoked cigarettes till the small hours. He had done no work himself, he had only got the eye; so the field was clear for the production of my little things. He wanted to see what I had done for the *Cheapside*, but he was disappointed in the exhibition. That at least seemed the meaning of two or three comprehensive groans which, as he lounged on my big divan, on a folded leg, looking at my latest drawings, issued from his lips with the smoke of the cigarette.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"What's the matter with *you?*"

"Nothing save that I'm mystified."

"You are indeed. You're quite off the hinge. What's the meaning of this new fad?" And he tossed me, with visible irreverence, a drawing in which I happened to have depicted both my majestic models. I asked if he didn't think it good, and he replied that it struck him as execrable, given the sort of thing I had always represented myself to him as wishing to arrive at; but I let that pass, I was so anxious to see exactly what he meant. The two figures in the picture looked colossal, but I supposed this was *not* what he meant, inasmuch as, for aught he knew to the contrary, I might have been trying for that. I maintained that I was working exactly in the same way as when he last had done me the honor to commend me. "Well, there's a big hole somewhere," he answered; "wait a bit and I'll discover it." I depended upon him to do so: where else was the fresh eye? But he produced at last nothing more luminous than "I don't know—I

don't like your types." This was lame, for a critic who had never consented to discuss with me anything but the question of execution, the direction of strokes and the mystery of values.

"In the drawings you've been looking at I think my types are very handsome."

"Oh, they won't do!"

"I've had a couple of new models."

"I see you have. *They* won't do."

"Are you very sure of that?"

"Absolutely—they're stupid."

"You mean *I* am—for I ought to get round that."

"You *can't*—with such people. Who are they?"

I told him, as far as was necessary, and he declared, heartlessly: *"Ce sont des gens qu'il faut mettre à la porte."*

"You've never seen them; they're awfully good," I compassionately objected.

"Not seen them? Why, all this recent work of yours drops to pieces with them. It's all I want to see of them."

"No one else has said anything against it—the *Cheapside* people are pleased."

"Everyone else is an ass, and the *Cheapside* people the biggest asses of all. Come, don't pretend, at this time of day, to have pretty illusions about the public, especially about publishers and editors. It's not for *such* animals you work—it's for those who know, *coloro che sanno;* so keep straight for *me* if you can't keep straight for yourself. There's a certain sort of thing you tried for from the first—and a very good

thing it is. But this twaddle isn't *in* it." When I talked with Hawley later about "Rutland Ramsay" and its possible successors he declared that I must get back into my boat again or I would go to the bottom. His voice in short was the voice of warning.

I noted the warning, but I didn't turn my friends out of doors. They bored me a good deal; but the very fact that they bored me admonished me not to sacrifice them—if there was anything to be done with them—simply to irritation. As I look back at this phase they seem to me to have pervaded my life not a little. I have a vision of them as most of the time in my studio, seated, against the wall, on an old velvet bench to be out of the way, and looking like a pair of patient courtiers in a royal ante-chamber. I am convinced that during the coldest weeks of the winter they held their ground because it saved them fire. Their newness was losing its gloss, and it was impossible not to feel that they were objects of charity. Whenever Miss Churm arrived they went away, and after I was fairly launched in "Rutland Ramsay" Miss Churm arrived pretty often. They managed to express to me tacitly that they supposed I wanted her for the low life of the book, and I let them suppose it, since they had attempted to study the work—it was lying about the studio—without discovering that it dealt only with the highest circles. They had dipped into the most brilliant of our novelists without deciphering many passages. I still took an hour from them, now and again, in spite of Jack Hawley's warning: it would be time enough to dismiss them, if dis-

missal should be necessary, when the rigor of the season was over. Hawley had made their acquaintance—he had met them at my fireside—and thought them a ridiculous pair. Learning that he was a painter they tried to approach him, to show him, too, that they were the real thing; but he looked at them, across the big room, as if they were miles away: they were a compendium of everything that he most objected to in the social system of his country. Such people as that, all convention and patent-leather, with ejaculations that stopped conversations, had no business in a studio. A studio was a place to learn to see, and how could you see through a pair of feather beds?

The main inconvenience I suffered at their hands was that, at first, I was shy of letting them discover how my artful little servant had begun to sit to me for "Rutland Ramsay." They knew that I had been odd enough (they were prepared by this time to allow oddity to artists) to pick a foreign vagabond out of the streets, when I might have had a person with whiskers and credentials; but it was some time before they learned how high I rated his accomplishments. They found him in an attitude more than once, but they never doubted I was doing him as an organ grinder. There were several things they never guessed, and one of them was that for a striking scene in the novel, in which a footman briefly figured, it occurred to me to make use of Major Monarch as the menial. I kept putting this off, I didn't like to ask him to don the livery—besides the difficulty of finding a livery to fit him. At last, one day late in the winter,

when I was at work on the despised Oronte (he caught one's idea in an instant) and was in the glow of feeling that I was going very straight, they came in, the Major and his wife, with their society laugh about nothing (there was less and less to laugh at), like country-callers—they always reminded me of that—who have walked across the park after church and are presently persuaded to stay to luncheon. Luncheon was over, but they could stay to tea—I knew they wanted it. The fit was on me, however, and I couldn't let my ardor cool and my work wait, with the fading daylight, while my model prepared it. So I asked Mrs. Monarch if she would mind laying it out—a request which, for an instant, brought all the blood to her face. Her eyes were on her husband's for a second, and some mute telegraphy passed between them. Their folly was over the next instant; his cheerful shrewdness put an end to it. So far from pitying their wounded pride, I must add, I was moved to give it as complete a lesson as I could. They bustled about together and got out the cups and saucers and made the kettle boil. I know they felt as if they were waiting on my servant, and when the tea was prepared I said: "He'll have a cup, please—he's tired." Mrs. Monarch brought him one where he stood, and he took it from her as if he had been a gentleman at a party, squeezing a crush hat with an elbow.

Then it came over me that she had made a great effort for me—made it with a kind of nobleness—and that I owed her a compensation. Each time I saw her after this I wondered what the compensation could be.

I couldn't go on doing the wrong thing to oblige them. Oh, it *was* the wrong thing, the stamp of the work for which they sat—Hawley was not the only person to say it now. I sent in a large number of the drawings I had made for "Rutland Ramsay," and I received a warning that was more to the point than Hawley's. The artistic adviser of the house for which I was working was of opinion that many of my illustrations were not what had been looked for. Most of these illustrations were the subjects in which the Monarchs had figured. Without going into the question of what *had* been looked for, I saw at this rate I shouldn't get the other books to do. I hurled myself in despair upon Miss Churm, I put her through all her paces. I not only adopted Oronte publicly as my hero, but one morning when the Major looked in to see if I didn't require him to finish a figure for the *Cheapside*, for which he had begun to sit the week before, I told him that I had changed my mind—I would do the drawing from my man. At this my visitor turned pale and stood looking at me. "Is *he* your idea of an English gentleman?" he asked.

I was disappointed, I was nervous, I wanted to get on with my work; so I replied with irritation: "Oh, my dear Major—I can't be ruined for *you!*"

He stood another moment; then, without a word, he quitted the studio. I drew a long breath when he was gone, for I said to myself that I shouldn't see him again. I had not told him definitely that I was in danger of having my work rejected, but I was vexed at his not having felt the catastrophe in the air, read

with me the moral of our fruitless collaboration, the lesson that, in the deceptive atmosphere of art, even the highest respectability may fail of being plastic.

I didn't owe my friends money, but I did see them again. They reappeared together three days later, and under the circumstances there was something tragic in the fact. It was a proof to me that they could find nothing else in life to do. They had threshed the matter out in a dismal conference—they had digested the bad news that they were not in for the series. If they were not useful to me even for the *Cheapside* their function seemed difficult to determine, and I could only judge at first that they had come, forgivingly, decorously, to take a last leave. This made me rejoice in secret that I had little leisure for a scene; for I had placed both my other models in position together and was pegging away at a drawing from which I hoped to derive glory. It had been suggested by the passage in which Rutland Ramsay, drawing up a chair to Artemisia's piano-stool, says extraordinary things to her while she ostensibly fingers out a difficult piece of music. I had done Miss Churm at the piano before—it was an attitude in which she knew how to take on an absolutely poetic grace. I wished the two figures to "compose" together, intensely, and my little Italian had entered perfectly into my conception. The pair were vividly before me, the piano had been pulled out; it was a charming picture of blended youth and murmured love, which I had only to catch and keep. My visitors stood and looked at it, and I was friendly to them over my shoulder.

They made no response, but I was used to silent company and went on with my work, only a little disconcerted (even though exhilarated by the sense that *this* was at least the ideal thing) at not having got rid of them after all. Presently I heard Mrs. Monarch's sweet voice beside, or rather above me: "I wish her hair was a little better done." I looked up and she was staring with a strange fixedness at Miss Churm, whose back was turned to her. "Do you mind my just touching it?" she went on—a question which made me spring up for an instant, as with the instinctive fear that she might do the young lady a harm. But she quieted me with a glance I shall never forget—I confess I should like to have been able to paint *that*—and went for a moment to my model. She spoke to her softly, laying a hand upon her shoulder and bending over her; and as the girl, understanding, gratefully assented, she disposed her rough curls, with a few quick passes, in such a way as to make Miss Churm's head twice as charming. It was one of the most heroic personal services I have ever seen rendered. Then Mrs. Monarch turned away with a low sigh and, looking about her as if for something to do, stooped to the floor with a noble humility and picked up a dirty rag that had dropped out of my paint-box.

The Major meanwhile had also been looking for something to do, and, wandering to the other end of the studio, saw before him my breakfast things, neglected, unremoved. "I say, can't I be useful *here?*" he called out to me, with an irrepressible quaver. I assented with a laugh that I fear was awkward and

for the next ten minutes, while I worked, I heard the light clatter of china and the tinkle of spoons and glass. Mrs. Monarch assisted her husband—they washed up my crockery, they put it away. They wandered off into my little scullery, and I afterward found that they had cleaned my knives and that my slender stock of plate had an unprecedented surface. When it came over me, the latent eloquence of what they were doing, I confess that my drawing was blurred for a moment—the picture swam. They had accepted their failure, but they couldn't accept their fate. They had bowed their heads in bewilderment to the perverse and cruel law in virtue of which the real thing could be so much less precious than the unreal; but they didn't want to starve. If my servants were my models, my models might be my servants. They would reverse the parts—the others would sit for the ladies and gentlemen, and *they* would do the work. They would still be in the studio—it was an intense dumb appeal to me not to turn them out. "Take us on," they wanted to say—"we'll do *anything.*"

When all this hung before me the *afflatus* vanished —my pencil dropped from my hand. My sitting was spoiled and I got rid of my sitters, who were also evidently rather mystified and awestruck. Then, alone with the Major and his wife, I had a most uncomfortable moment. He put their prayer into a single sentence: "I say, you know—just let *us* do for you, can't you?" I couldn't—it was dreadful to see them emptying my slops; but I pretended I could, to oblige them, for about a week. Then I

gave them a sum of money to go away; and I never saw them again. I obtained the remaining books, but my friend Hawley repeats that Major and Mrs. Monarch did me a permanent harm, got me into a second-rate trick. If it be true I am content to have paid the price—for the memory.

Henry James, Jr.

Henry James, Jr., now over seventy years of age, has been writing steadily through almost half a century. He came of a good New York family, his father being a distinguished philosopher and man of letters. The boy was surrounded by the most cultivated influences, but lived a rather lonely life in the family mansion on Fourteenth Street, in New York City. His early impressions he has recorded in *A Small Boy and Others*. When he was twelve years old, he was sent to Europe for travel and study; he attended various schools in Geneva, Paris, and Bonn, but after four years returned to America in order to enter Harvard. Since his twenty-sixth year, he has lived much abroad, chiefly in England.

Mr. James began his contributions to the magazines in 1866, when the demand for the short-story was rapidly increasing, and when the pioneer work in American fiction had been done. He had no need to print anything hasty or unfinished, since the family means precluded the necessity of "pot-boilers." He could afford to do the best in his power, to be deliberate, sure, workmanlike. His stories are distinctly the

product of the craftsman's art. They are cool, reserved, well-devised, never less than serious and complete. He has indeed a thoroughly self-conscious system, and has written much on the theory of fiction, with the authority of the practiced man of letters and the perfectly equipped critic. In the immense mass of his collected writings, it is difficult to find any one piece which does not show the mark of a sophisticated method. The types of personality which Mr. James reproduces in his fiction are not particularly varied. Those which appear most frequently are the Europeanized American and the crude American in Europe. *Daisy Miller,* perhaps the most widely read of the James stories, is a characterization of the unrestrained, ill-mannered, but sincere and well-intentioned American girl abroad. This story was bitterly resented by some of Daisy Miller's countrymen, who felt that it was unfair to real American culture. A favorite novel with admirers of Mr. James' work is *The Portrait of a Lady.* Other novels are *Roderick Hudson* and its sequel, *The Princess Casamassima, The American, The Awkward Age, The Bostonians,* and *The Tragic Muse.* Some of the later books, such as *The Golden Bowl, The Sacred Fount,* and *The Wings of a Dove,* represent the extreme of the analytical method, and make rather hard reading for those accustomed to a more obvious manner of treatment and expression. The short-stories, which are numerous, display the essential characteristics of the longer narratives. The best known are *The Real Thing, The Beldonald Holbein, The Liar,* and *Paste. The Turn of the Screw,*

although very long, preserves that totality of impression which inclines the usual critic to class it as a short-story.

The influence of Mr. James upon American fiction has been very great; it can be traced chiefly in the magazine writers, but also in some of the novelists of recent years. The student would do well to read as many as possible of the introductions, written by Mr. James himself, to the twenty-four volumes of his works, published by the Scribner Company.

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DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

That very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the

gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding further, I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves,—as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among

many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said, "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the center of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages

of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now, Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to my own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it

in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show; "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth'?" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties:

and though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing: "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they eagerly. "We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick—give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened

among their silvery locks, they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered

toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father

Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gaiety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an armchair and strove to imitate the

venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires,

ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shriveled grandam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madam Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered, for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger,

holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heideg-

ger, "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon and night from the Fountain of Youth.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

The life of Hawthorne had in it no dramatic quality; it was simple and uneventful, passed chiefly in a homogeneous rural society that offered but little stimulation to the literary mind. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804. His father, a sea captain, died while the boy was still young. The day-school which young Hawthorne attended was probably as arid a place as most New England day-schools of the time. Owing to the frailness of his health, he was sent, at the age of fourteen, to the secluded farm of his grandfather, near Lake Sebago, in Maine. Here, he says, he first acquired the "cursed habit of solitude" which clung to him through life. His years at college seem to have been happy and varied by pleasant friendships.

During the ten years after his leaving college he wrote large numbers of stories, which he destroyed in periods of depression, when, as he said, he felt that

writing tales was like talking to oneself in a dark place. His earlier printed stories appeared in the annuals of the day, most frequently in the *Token,* published by Goodrich (Peter Parley). Though several of Hawthorne's best bits of work appeared in the *Token,* they did not attract the attention that they deserved. In the preface to the *Twice-told Tales* he says, "I was for many years the obscurest man of letters in America." Despite the fact that these *Tales,* published in 1837, gave him a definite claim to the title of man of letters, yet it was not until the publication of *The Scarlet Letter* in 1850 that he obtained the recognition due his extraordinary genius. He showed the first part of the manuscript to Mr. James T. Fields with the remark that it was "very good or very bad, he could not precisely tell which." It did not take Fields long to find out, and his excitement over the discovery of a classic is a part of literary history. *The House of Seven Gables* and *The Blithedale Romance,* with its picture of life at Brook Farm, were further proof of the author's power. *The Marble Faun,* the result of residence in Rome, completed a group of novels such as had never been equalled in America. Hawthorne died in 1864, not long after his return from an extended sojourn in Europe.

In his short-stories Hawthorne reached a pitch of excellence which was attained in his day only by that other romantic story-teller, Edgar Allan Poe. Though the genius of Hawthorne was distinctly original, it is not unlikely that he was influenced to some degree by

Austin's *Peter Rugg* (1824).* He was certainly influenced by the German romanticism of the period, of which he had a first-hand knowledge, as is shown by the study of Tieck recorded in his *Notebook,* his reference to Peter Schlemihl's shadow in *A Virtuoso's Collection,* and other evidence duly noted by the critics. Naturally, however, Hawthorne possessed the romantic temperament, and German wonder tales could do no more than emphasize his own prevailing tendency.

The didactic type of story is often dull and repellant; but in the hands of Hawthorne it becomes whimsical, fanciful, and entertaining. The moral tone which he gives it is spontaneous and deep. His imaginative quality and his delicate sense of humor, as well as the singular purity of his style, combine to make his stories admirable beyond cavil, though they may indeed sound a bit old-fashioned beside the "rapid transit" narratives of to-day.

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A ROSE OF THE GHETTO*

By Israel Zangwill

One day it occurred to Leibel that he ought to get married. He went to Sugarman the Shadchan forthwith.

"I have the very thing for you," said the great marriage broker.

"Is she pretty?" asked Leibel.

"Her father has a boot and shoe warehouse," replied Sugarman, enthusiastically.

"Then there ought to be a dowry with her," said Leibel, eagerly.

"Certainly a dowry! A fine man like you!"

"How much do you think it would be?"

"Of course it is not a large warehouse; but then you could get your boots at trade price, and your wife's, perhaps, for the cost of the leather."

"When could I see her?"

"I will arrange for you to call next Sabbath afternoon."

"You won't charge me more than a sovereign?"

"Not a groschen more! Such a pious maiden! I'm sure you will be happy. She has so much way-of-the-

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country [breeding]. And of course five per cent. on the dowry?"

"H'm! Well, I don't mind! Perhaps they won't give a dowry," he thought, with a consolatory sense of outwitting the Shadchan.

On the Saturday Leibel went to see the damsel, and on the Sunday he went to see Sugarman the Shadchan.

"But your maiden squints!" he cried, resentfully.

"An excellent thing!" said Sugarman. "A wife who squints can never look her husband straight in the face and overwhelm him. Who would quail before a woman with a squint?"

"I could endure the squint," went on Leibel, dubiously, "but she also stammers."

"Well, what is better, in the event of a quarrel? The difficulty she has in talking will keep her far more silent than most wives. You had best secure her while you have the chance."

"But she halts on the left leg," cried Leibel, exasperated.

"*Gott in Himmel!* Do you mean to say you do not see what an advantage it is to have a wife unable to accompany you in all your goings?"

Leibel lost patience.

"Why, the girl is a hunchback!" he protested, furiously.

"My dear Leibel," said the marriage broker, deprecatingly shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his palms, "you can't expect perfection!"

Nevertheless Leibel persisted in his unreasonable

attitude. He accused Sugarman of wasting his time, of making a fool of him.

"A fool of you!" echoed the Shadchan, indignantly, "when I give you a chance of a boot and shoe manufacturer's daughter? You will make a fool of yourself if you refuse. I dare say her dowry would be enough to set you up as a master tailor. At present you are compelled to slave away as a cutter for thirty shillings a week. It is most unjust. If you only had a few machines you would be able to employ your own cutters. And they can be got so cheap nowadays."

This gave Leibel pause, and he departed without having definitely broken the negotiations. His whole week was befogged by doubt, his work became uncertain, his chalk marks lacked their usual decision, and he did not always cut his coat according to his cloth. His aberrations became so marked that pretty Rose Green, the sweater's eldest daughter, who managed a machine in the same room, divined, with all a woman's intuition, that he was in love.

"What is the matter?" she said, in rallying Yiddish, when they were taking their lunch of bread and cheese and ginger-beer amid the clatter of machines, whose serfs had not yet knocked off work.

"They are proposing me a match," he answered, sullenly.

"A match," ejaculated Rose. "Thou!" She had worked by his side for years, and familiarity bred the second person singular. Leibel nodded his head, and put a mouthful of Dutch cheese into it.

"With whom?" asked Rose. Somehow he felt

ashamed. He gurgled the answer into the stone ginger-beer bottle, which he put to his thirsty lips.

"With Leah Volcovitch!"

"Leah Volcovitch!" gasped Rose. "Leah, the boot and shoe manufacturer's daughter?"

Leibel hung his head—he scarce knew why. He did not dare to meet her gaze. His droop said "Yes." There was a long pause.

"And why dost thou not have her?" said Rose. It was more than an inquiry; there was contempt in it, and perhaps even pique.

Leibel did not reply. The embarrassing silence reigned again, and reigned long. Rose broke it at last.

"Is it that thou likest me better?" she asked.

Leibel seemed to see a ball of lightning in the air; it burst, and he felt the electric current strike right through his heart. The shock threw his head up with a jerk, so that his eyes gazed into a face whose beauty and tenderness were revealed to him for the first time. The face of his old acquaintance had vanished; this was a cajoling, coquettish, smiling face, suggesting undreamed-of things.

"*Nu,* yes," he replied, without perceptible pause.

"*Nu,* good!" she rejoined as quickly.

And in the ecstasy of that moment of mutual understanding Leibel forgot to wonder why he had never thought of Rose before. Afterward he remembered that she had always been his social superior.

The situation seemed too dream-like for explanation to the room just yet. Leibel lovingly passed the

bottle of ginger-beer, and Rose took a sip, with a beautiful air of plighting troth, understood only of those two. When Leibel quaffed the remnant, it intoxicated him. The relics of the bread and cheese were the ambrosia to this nectar. They did not dare kiss; the suddenness of it all left them bashful, and the smack of lips would have been like a cannon-peal announcing their engagement. There was a subtler sweetness in this sense of a secret, apart from the fact that neither cared to break the news to the master tailor, a stern little old man. Leibel's chalk marks continued indecisive that afternoon, which shows how correctly Rose had connected them with love.

Before he left that night, Rose said to him, "Art thou sure thou wouldst not rather have Leah Volcovitch?"

"Not for all the boots and shoes in the world," replied Leibel, vehemently.

"And I," protested Rose, "would rather go without my own than without thee."

The landing outside the workshop was so badly lighted that their lips came together in the darkness.

"Nay, nay; thou must not yet," said Rose. "Thou art still courting Leah Volcovitch. For aught thou knowest, Sugarman the Shadchan may have entangled thee beyond redemption."

"Not so," asserted Leibel. "I have only seen the maiden once."

"Yes. But Sugarman has seen her father several times," persisted Rose. "For so misshapen a maiden his commission would be large. Thou must go to

Sugarman to-night, and tell him that thou canst not find it in thy heart to go on with the match."

"Kiss me, and I will go," pleaded Leibel.

"Go, and I will kiss thee," said Rose, resolutely.

"And when shall we tell thy father?" he asked, pressing her hand, as the next best thing to her lips.

"As soon as thou art free from Leah."

"But will he consent?"

"He will not be glad," said Rose, frankly. "But after mother's death—peace be upon her—the rule passed from her hands into mine."

"Ah, that is well," said Leibel. He was a superficial thinker.

Leibel found Sugarman at supper. The great Shadchan offered him a chair, but nothing else. Hospitality was associated in his mind with special occasions only, and involved lemonade and "stuffed monkeys."

He was very put out—almost to the point of indigestion—to hear of Leibel's final determination, and plied him with reproachful enquiries.

"You don't mean to say that you give up a boot and shoe manufacturer merely because his daughter has round shoulders!" he exclaimed, incredulously.

"It is more than round shoulders—it is a hump!" cried Leibel.

"And suppose? See how much better off you will be when you get your own machines! We do not refuse to let camels carry our burdens because they have humps."

"Ah, but a wife is not a camel," said Leibel, with a sage air.

"And a cutter is not a master tailor," retorted Sugarman.

"Enough, enough!" cried Leibel. "I tell you, I would not have her if she were a machine warehouse."

"There sticks something behind," persisted Sugarman, unconvinced.

Leibel shook his head. "Only her hump," he said, with a flash of humor.

"Moses Mendelssohn had a hump," expostulated Sugarman, reproachfully.

"Yes, but he was a heretic," rejoined Leibel, who was not without reading. "And then he was a man! A man with two humps could find a wife for each. But a woman with a hump cannot expect a husband in addition."

"Guard your tongue from evil," quoth the Shadchan, angrily. "If everybody were to talk like you, Leah Volcovitch would never be married at all."

Leibel shrugged his shoulders, and reminded him that hunchbacked girls who stammered and squinted and halted on left legs were not usually led under the canopy.

"Nonsense! Stuff!" cried Sugarman, angrily. "That is because they do not come to me."

"Leah Volcovitch *has* come to you," said Leibel, "but she shall not come to me." And he rose, anxious to escape.

Instantly Sugarman gave a sigh of resignation. "Be it so! Then I shall have to look out for another, that's all."

"No, I don't want any," replied Leibel, quickly.

Sugarman stopped eating. "You don't want any?" he cried. "But you came to me for one?"

"I—I—know," stammered Leibel. "But I've—I've altered my mind."

"One needs Hillel's patience to deal with you!" cried Sugarman. "But I shall charge you, all the same, for my trouble. You cannot cancel an order like this in the middle! No, no! You can play fast and loose with Leah Volcovitch, but you shall not make a fool of me."

"But if I don't want one?" said Leibel, sullenly.

Sugarman gazed at him with a cunning look of suspicion. "Didn't I say there was something sticking behind?"

Leibel felt guilty. "But whom have you got in your eye?" he inquired desperately.

"Perhaps you may have some one in yours!" naïvely answered Sugarman.

Leibel gave a hypocritic long-drawn "U-m-m-m! I wonder if Rose Green—where I work——" he said, and stopped.

"I fear not," said Sugarman. "She is on my list. Her father gave her to me some months ago, but he is hard to please. Even the maiden herself is not easy, being pretty."

"Perhaps she has waited for some one," suggested Leibel.

Sugarman's keen ear caught the note of complacent triumph.

"You have been asking her yourself!" he exclaimed, in horror-stricken accents.

"And if I have?" said Leibel, defiantly.

"You have cheated me! And so has Eliphaz Green —I always knew he was tricky! You have both defrauded me!"

"I did not mean to," said Leibel, mildly.

"You *did* mean to. You had no business to take the matter out of my hands. What right had you to propose to Rose Green?"

"I did not," cried Leibel, excitedly.

"Then you asked her father!"

"No; I have not asked her father yet."

"Then how do you know she will have you?"

"I—I know," stammered Leibel, feeling himself somehow a liar as well as a thief. His brain was in a whirl; he could not remember how the thing had come about. Certainly he had not proposed; nor could he say that she had.

"You know she will have you," repeated Sugarman, reflectively. "And does *she* know?"

"Yes. In fact," he blurted out, "we arranged it together."

"Ah, you both know. And does her father know?"

"Not yet."

"Ah, then I must get his consent," said Sugarman, decisively.

"I—I thought of speaking to him myself."

"Yourself!" echoed Sugarman, in horror. "Are you unsound in the head? Why, that would be worse than the mistake you have already made!"

"What mistake?" asked Leibel, firing up.

"The mistake of asking the maiden herself. When

you quarrel with her after your marriage, she will always throw it in your teeth that you wished to marry her. Moreover, if you tell a maiden you love her, her father will think you ought to marry her as she stands. Still, what is done is done." And he sighed regretfully.

"And what more do I want? I love her."

"You piece of clay!" cried Sugarman, contemptuously. "Love will not turn machines, much less buy them. You must have a dowry. Her father has a big stocking; he can well afford it."

Leibel's eyes lit up. There was really no reason why he should not have bread and cheese with his kisses.

"Now, if *you* went to her father," pursued the Shadchan, "the odds are that he would not even give you his daughter—to say nothing of the dowry. After all, it is a cheek of you to aspire so high. As you told me from the first, you haven't saved a penny. Even my commission you won't be able to pay till you get the dowry. But if *I* go I do not despair of getting a substantial sum—to say nothing of the daughter."

"Yes, I think you had better go," said Leibel, eagerly.

"But if I do this thing for you I shall want a pound more," rejoined Sugarman.

"A pound more!" echoed Leibel, in dismay. "Why?"

"Because Rose Green's hump is of gold," replied Sugarman, oracularly. "Also, she is fair to see, and many men desire her."

"But you have always your five per cent. on the dowry."

"It will be less than Volcovitch's," explained Sugarman. "You see, Green has other and less beautiful daughters."

"Yes, but then it settles itself more easily. Say five shillings."

"Eliphaz Green is a hard man," said the Shadchan instead.

"Ten shillings is the most I will give!"

"Twelve and sixpence is the least I will take. Eliphaz Green haggles so terribly."

They split the difference, and so eleven and threepence represented the predominance of Eliphaz Green's stinginess over Volcovitch's.

The very next day Sugarman invaded the Green workroom. Rose bent over her seams, her heart fluttering. Leibel had duly apprised her of the roundabout manner in which she would have to be won, and she had acquiesced in the comedy. At the least it would save her the trouble of father-taming.

Sugarman's entry was brusque and breathless. He was overwhelmed with joyous emotion. His blue bandanna trailed agitatedly from his coat-tail.

"At last!" he cried, addressing the little white-haired master tailor; "I have the very man for you."

"Yes?" grunted Eliphaz, unimpressed. The monosyllable was packed with emotion. It said, "Have you really the face to come to me again with an ideal man?"

"He has all the qualities that you desire," began the

Shadchan, in a tone that repudiated the implications of the monosyllable. "He is young, strong, God-fearing——"

"Has he any money?" grumpily interrupted Eliphaz.

"He *will* have money," replied Sugarman, unhesitatingly, "when he marries."

"Ah!" The father's voice relaxed, and his foot lay limp on the treadle. He worked one of his machines himself, and paid himself the wages so as to enjoy the profit. "How much will he have?"

"I think he will have fifty pounds; and the least you can do is to let him have fifty pounds," replied Sugarman, with the same happy ambiguity.

Eliphaz shook his head on principle.

"Yes, you will," said Sugarman, "when you learn how fine a man he is."

The flush of confusion and trepidation already on Leibel's countenance became a rosy glow of modesty, for he could not help overhearing what was being said, owing to the lull of the master tailor's machine.

"Tell me, then," rejoined Eliphaz.

"Tell me, first, if you will give fifty to a young, healthy, hard-working, God-fearing man, whose idea it is to start as a master tailor on his own account? And you know how profitable that is!"

"To a man like that," said Eliphaz, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I would give as much as twenty-seven pounds ten!"

Sugarman groaned inwardly, but Leibel's heart leaped with joy. To get four months' wages at a

stroke! With twenty-seven pounds ten he could certainly procure several machines, especially on the instalment system. Out of the corners of his eyes he shot a glance at Rose, who was beyond earshot.

"Unless you can promise thirty it is waste of time mentioning his name," said Sugarman.

"Well, well—who is he?"

Sugarman bent down, lowering his voice into the father's ear.

"What! Leibel!" cried Eliphaz, outraged.

"Sh!" said Sugarman, "or he will overhear your delight, and ask more. He has his nose high enough, as it is."

"B—b—b—ut," sputtered the bewildered parent, "I know Leibel myself. I see him every day. I don't want a Shadchan to find me a man I know—a mere hand in my own workshop!"

"Your talk has neither face nor figure," answered Sugarman, sternly. "It is just the people one sees every day that one knows least. I warrant that if I had not put it into your head you would never have dreamt of Leibel as a son-in-law. Come now, confess."

Eliphaz grunted vaguely, and the Shadchan went on triumphantly: "I thought as much. And yet where could you find a better man to keep your daughter?"

"He ought to be content with her alone," grumbled her father.

Sugarman saw the signs of weakening, and dashed in, full strength: "It's a question whether he will have her at all. I have not been to him about her yet. I

awaited your approval of the idea." Leibel admired the verbal accuracy of these statements, which he just caught.

"But I didn't know he would be having money," murmured Eliphaz.

"Of course you didn't know. That's what the Shadchan is for—to point out the things that are under your nose."

"But where will he be getting this money from?"

"From you," said Sugarman, frankly.

"From me?"

"From whom else? Are you not his employer? It has been put by for his marriage day."

"He has saved it?"

"He has not *spent* it," said Sugarman, impatiently.

"But do you mean to say he has saved fifty pounds?"

"If he could manage to save fifty pounds out of your wages he would be indeed a treasure," said Sugarman. "Perhaps it might be thirty."

"But you said fifty."

"Well, *you* came down to thirty," retorted the Shadchan. "You cannot expect him to have more than your daughter brings."

"I never said thirty," Eliphaz reminded him. "Twenty-seven ten was my last bid."

"Very well; that will do as a basis of negotiations," said Sugarman, resignedly. "I will call upon him this evening. If I were to go over and speak to him now, he would perceive you were anxious, and raise his terms, and that will never do. Of course you will

not mind allowing me a pound more for finding you so economical a son-in-law?"

"Not a penny more."

"You need not fear," said Sugarman, resentfully. "It is not likely I shall be able to persuade him to take so economical a father-in-law. So you will be none the worse for promising."

"Be it so," said Eliphaz, with a gesture of weariness, and he started his machine again.

"Twenty-seven pounds ten, remember," said Sugarman, above the whir.

Eliphaz nodded his head, whirring his wheelwork louder.

"And paid before the wedding, mind."

The machine took no notice.

"Before the wedding, mind," repeated Sugarman. "Before we go under the canopy."

"Go now, go now!" grunted Eliphaz, with a gesture of impatience. "It shall be all well." And the white-haired head bowed immovably over its work.

In the evening Rose extracted from her father the motive of Sugarman's visit, and confessed that the idea was to her liking.

"But dost thou think he will have me, little father?" she asked, with cajoling eyes.

"Anyone would have my Rose."

"Ah, but Leibel is different. So many years he has sat at my side and said nothing."

"He had his work to think of. He is a good, saving youth."

"At this very moment Sugarman is trying to per-

suade him—not so? I suppose he will want much money."

"Be easy, my child." And he passed his discolored hand over her hair.

Sugarman turned up the next day, and reported that Leibel was unobtainable under thirty pounds; and Eliphaz, weary of the contest, called over Leibel, till that moment carefully absorbed in his scientific chalk marks, and mentioned the thing to him for the first time. "I am not a man to bargain," Eliphaz said, and so he gave the young man his tawny hand, and a bottle of rum sprang from somewhere, and work was suspended for five minutes, and the "hands" all drank amid surprised excitement. Sugarman's visits had prepared them to congratulate Rose; but Leibel was a shock.

The formal engagement was marked by even greater junketing, and at last the marriage day came. Leibel was resplendent in a diagonal frock-coat, cut by his own hand; and Rose stepped from the cab a medley of flowers, fairness, and white silk, and behind her came two bridesmaids,—her sisters,—a trio that glorified the spectator-strewn pavement outside the synagogue. Eliphaz looked almost tall in his shiny high hat and frilled shirtfront. Sugarman arrived on foot, carrying red-socked little Ebenezer tucked under his arm.

Leibel and Rose were not the only couple to be disposed of, for it was the thirty-third day of the Omer —a day fruitful in marriages.

But at last their turn came. They did not, however, come in their turn, and their special friends

among the audience wondered why they had lost their precedence. After several later marriages had taken place a whisper began to circulate. The rumor of a hitch gained ground steadily, and the sensation was proportionate. And, indeed, the rose was not to be picked without a touch of the thorn.

Gradually the facts leaked out, and a buzz of talk and comment ran through the waiting synagogue. Eliphaz had not paid up!

At first he declared he would put down the money immediately after the ceremony. But the wary Sugarman, schooled by experience, demanded its instant delivery on behalf of his other client. Hard pressed, Eliphaz produced ten sovereigns from his trousers-pocket, and tendered them on account. These Sugarman disdainfully refused, and the negotiations were suspended. The bridegroom's party was encamped in one room, the bride's in another, and after a painful delay Eliphaz sent in an emissary to say that half the amount should be forthcoming, the extra five pounds in a bright new Bank of England note. Leibel, instructed and encouraged by Sugarman, stood firm.

And then arose a hubbub of voices, a chaos of suggestions; friends rushed to and fro between the camps, some emerging from their seats in the synagogue to add to the confusion. But Eliphaz had taken his stand upon a rock—he had no more ready money. To-morrow, the next day, he would have some. And Leibel, pale and dogged, clutched tighter at those machines that were slipping away momently from him. He had not yet seen his bride that morning, and so her face

was shadowy compared with the tangibility of those machines. Most of the other maidens were married women by now, and the situation was growing desperate. From the female camp came terrible rumors of bridesmaids in hysterics, and a bride that tore her wreath in a passion of shame and humiliation. Eliphaz sent word that he would give an I O U for the balance, but that he really could not muster any more current coin. Sugarman instructed the ambassador to suggest that Eliphaz should raise the money among his friends.

And the short spring day slipped away. In vain the minister, apprised of the block, lengthened out the formulæ for the other pairs, and blessed them with more reposeful unction. It was impossible to stave off the Leibel-Green item indefinitely, and at last Rose remained the only orange-wreathed spinster in the synagogue. And then there was a hush of solemn suspense, that swelled gradually into a steady rumble of babbling tongues, as minute succeeded minute and the final bridal party still failed to appear. The latest bulletin pictured the bride in a dead faint. The afternoon was waning fast. The minister left his post near the canopy, under which so many lives had been united, and came to add his white tie to the forces for compromise. But he fared no better than the others. Incensed at the obstinacy of the antagonists, he declared he would close the synagogue. He gave the couple ten minutes to marry in or quit. Then chaos came, and pandemonium—a frantic babel of suggestion and exhortation from the crowd. When five

minutes had passed a legate from Eliphaz announced that his side had scraped together twenty pounds, and that this was their final bid.

Leibel wavered; the long day's combat had told upon him; the reports of the bride's distress had weakened him. Even Sugarman had lost his cocksureness of victory. A few minutes more and both commissions might slip through his fingers. Once the parties left the synagogue, it would not be easy to drive them there another day. But he cheered on his man still: one could always surrender at the tenth minute.

At the eighth the buzz of tongues faltered suddenly, to be transposed into a new key, so to speak. Through the gesticulating assembly swept that murmur of expectation which crowds know when the procession is coming at last. By some mysterious magnetism all were aware that the BRIDE herself—the poor hysteric bride—had left the paternal camp, was coming in person to plead with her mercenary lover.

And as the glory of her and the flowers and the white draperies loomed upon Leibel's vision his heart melted in worship, and he knew his citadel would crumble in ruins at her first glance, at her first touch. Was it fair fighting? As his troubled vision cleared, and as she came nigh unto him, he saw to his amazement that she was speckless and composed—no trace of tears dimmed the fairness of her face, there was no disarray in her bridal wreath.

The clock showed the ninth minute.

She put her hand appealingly on his arm, while a

heavenly light came into her face—the expression of a Joan of Arc animating her country.

"Do not give in, Leibel!" she said. "Do not have me! Do not let them persuade thee! By my life, thou must not! Go home!"

So at the eleventh minute the vanquished Eliphaz produced the balance, and they all lived happily ever afterward.

Israel Zangwill

The author of *A Rose of the Ghetto,* Israel Zangwill, was born in London in 1864. His parents were Russian Jews. He was sent to the free parish school in the Ghetto, where he made rapid progress and won a number of scholarships. Lord Rothschild, when the boy was brought to his notice, offered to send him to a university, but Zangwill refused. "I knew," he said, "that I should not fit such an environment. I knew that I was to write, and I wanted to be free." At sixteen he wrote, in collaboration with a boy friend, *The Premier and the Painter,* a story of Jewish life, which was published in pamphlet form. It sold well and attracted a considerable amount of attention.

At this time Zangwill was teaching and studying in the parish school, but he later resigned his position because of a difference of opinion with the board regarding corporal punishment. He ultimately took the degree of B. A. at London University. In the meantime he had tried journalism as a means of support.

He wrote *The Bachelors' Club,* and other sketches, and was for a while the editor of *Ariel,* a comic paper. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, editor of the *Idler,* seeing the young man's ability, helped and encouraged him. Some of the members of the Jewish Publication Society of America urged him to write a novel of Jewish life; he responded with *Children of the Ghetto,* which brought him immediate fame. Since its publication he has written constantly. Zangwill married Edith Ayrton, whose mother is said to have been the original of Mirah in George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda.* He lives simply in an obscure London suburb, but he is extremely active in Jewish affairs, and takes a keen interest in public matters. He is President of the International Jewish Territorial Organization, and Vice-president of the Men's League for Women's Suffrage.

The best books which Zangwill has written are *Children of the Ghetto* (which has been dramatized with success), *The Mantle of Elijah, The Master,* and *They That Walk in Darkness.* The play, *The Melting Pot,* has added greatly to his renown. His interpretation of Jewish character, though fearless, is full of humor, loyalty, and earnestness. *A Rose of the Ghetto* exhibits many of the qualities which have given Mr. Zangwill his reputation in fiction.

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TWO FRIENDS*

By Guy de Maupassant

Paris was besieged and in the agonies of starvation. Sparrows were extremely scarce on the roofs, and the sewers were depopulated. The famished Parisians ate anything, no matter what.

One clear morning in January, as M. Morissot, watchmaker by profession and loafer by necessity, was strolling sadly along the outer boulevard, his hands in his pockets and his belly empty, he stopped short before a brother-in-arms whom he recognized as a friend. It was M. Sauvage, a riverside acquaintance.

Before the war, M. Morissot would start out every Sunday at dawn, a bamboo pole in his hand and a tin box on his back. He took the Argenteuil railway, got off at Colombes, then went on foot to Marante Island. When he had scarcely more than arrived at this place of his dreams, he would begin to fish; he kept on fishing till night.

Every Sunday he met there a stout and jovial little man, M. Sauvage, a haberdasher of Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, another ardent fisherman. They often passed a half day side by side, poles in hand, with their feet dangling above the current; and a warm friendship had sprung up between them. On some

* Translation by the editor.

days they did not speak at all. Sometimes they talked, but they understood each other admirably without saying anything, for they had the same tastes and feelings.

On a spring morning, toward ten o'clock, when the early sun produced a light wavering mist upon the tranquil water, and poured down hotly on the shoulders of the two mad fishermen, Morissot would say to his neighbor, "Well, how's this for happiness?" and M. Sauvage would respond, "I don't know of anything finer." And this would be enough to express their perfect understanding.

In the fall, toward the end of the day, when the brilliant heavens threw into the water the images of scarlet clouds, empurpling the whole river, inflaming the horizon, making the two friends as red as fire, and gilding the trees already tinged with yellow, M. Sauvage would turn smilingly to Morissot and say, "What a scene!" And Morissot would answer without taking his eyes from his bob, "This beats the boulevard, doesn't it?"

In the moment of recognition, they shook hands heartily, very much moved to find each other under such different circumstances. M. Sauvage murmured, sighing, "Here's a great state of affairs."

"And such weather," groaned M. Morissot; "it's the first fine day of the year."

The sky was indeed pure, blue, and luminous.

They walked on side by side, thoughtful and sad. Morissot continued, "And the fish? Ah, what a glorious memory!"

"When shall we go back?" mused M. Sauvage.

They went into a little café and drank an absinthe together; then they resumed their stroll along the streets.

Morissot stopped suddenly: "Another absinthe, eh?"

"As you please," consented M. Sauvage. They went into a second wine-room.

When they came out, they were very giddy, as fasting persons are whose stomachs are full of alcohol. It was a delightful day. A caressing breeze touched their faces.

M. Sauvage, whom the warm air had made quite tipsy, halted abruptly.

"Suppose we go!"

"Why, where?"

"Fishing, to be sure."

"But where?"

"Why, on our island. The French outposts are near Colombes. I know Colonel Dumoulin; they'll easily let us pass."

Morissot quivered with longing. "It's a go. I'm with you." And they separated, to get their fishing tackle.

An hour afterward they were walking together along the highway. In a little while they came to the villa which the colonel was occupying; he smiled at their request and consented to humor them. They continued their march, provided with a pass-word.

Soon they left the outposts behind, traversed abandoned Colombes, and found themselves on the edge

of the little vineyards that slope toward the Seine. It was nearly eleven o'clock.

Opposite, the village of Argenteuil seemed dead. The heights of Orgemont and Sannois towered over all the country. The great plain which stretches toward Nanterre was absolutely empty, a waste of gray soil and leafless cherry-trees.

M. Sauvage, pointing with his finger to the summit, murmured, "The Prussians are up there"; and a vague uneasiness paralyzed the two friends as they beheld this desert country.

The Prussians! They had never seen them, but for a month they had felt them around Paris, pillaging, devastating, massacring, invisible and all-powerful. A sort of superstitious terror was added to their hatred for these unknown and victorious people.

"What if we should meet some of them?" stammered Morissot.

M. Sauvage replied with that Parisian humor which nothing can entirely quench, "We'd offer them a fried fish."

But they hesitated to risk themselves in the fields, overwhelmed by the stillness of the whole horizon.

At last M. Sauvage decided. "Come, let's go on very cautiously." And they descended into a vineyard,—bent double, crawling, screening themselves among the shrubs, eyes busy, ears alert.

A strip of bare earth remained before they could gain the bank of the stream. They began to run, and, when they had reached the bank, they hid themselves in the dry reeds.

Morissot held his ear to the ground to listen for the sound of footsteps. He heard nothing. They were really alone, entirely alone.

Reassured, they began to fish.

Across from them, the deserted Island of Marante hid the other shore. The little restaurant was closed, and looked as if it had not been entered for years.

M. Sauvage caught the first gudgeon; Morissot caught the second. Thus from moment to moment each pulled out his line with a little silver creature wriggling at the end, a truly miraculous fish.

They gently transferred their fish to a finely woven net which was soaking in the water at their feet. A delicious exaltation seized them,—the joy which one feels in rediscovering a pleasure of which one has long been deprived.

The warm sun poured down upon their shoulders; they did not listen any more; they did not think of anything; they forgot the rest of the world: they were fishing.

Suddenly a heavy sound made the earth shake beneath them. The cannon were beginning to thunder.

Morissot turned his head, and above the bank he saw, far off, the great silhouette of Mont Valérien, wearing on its forehead a white aigrette,—a puff of vapor which it had just emitted.

Then a second jet of smoke appeared on the summit of the fortress, and a new detonation sounded.

Others followed, and from time to time the mountain exhaled its deadly breath, expelling vast milky

vapors which rose slowly into the calm sky like a white cloud.

M. Sauvage shrugged his shoulders. "They're at it again," said he.

Morissot, who was watching the feather on his bob plunge up and down, was seized with the wrath of the peaceful man against the madmen who fought each other thus. He growled, "They must be fools to kill like that."

M. Sauvage assented: "They're worse than beasts."

And M. Morissot, who had just caught a white-bait, added: "To think there will always be war as long as there are governments!"

M. Sauvage stopped him—"The Republic would not have declared war. . . ."

Morissot interrupted: "Under a king you have foreign wars, and under a republic you have civil war."

And they tranquilly began to argue, passing judgment on great political problems with the healthy assurance of quiet and shallow men—agreeing on this point, that one could never be free. And Mont Valérien thundered on, demolishing French houses with its hail of bullets, crushing human beings, putting an end to dreams, to hoped-for happiness, opening, in the hearts of girls and mothers over there in other countries, wounds that could never be healed.

"It is life," declared M. Sauvage.

"Say rather, it is death," laughed Morissot.

Just then they started with terror, feeling distinctly that someone had come up behind them. Turning their heads they saw standing at their shoulders four

men, four big men, armed and bearded, clothed like servants in livery and wearing flat caps; they were covering the two anglers with their rifles.

The lines fell from the fishermen's hands and began to float down the stream.

In a few seconds the Frenchmen were seized, bound, thrown into a boat, and taken to the Island.

Behind the house which they had supposed deserted, they beheld a score of German soldiers.

A shaggy giant sitting astride a chair and smoking a huge porcelain pipe addressed them in excellent French: "Well, gentlemen, have you had good fishing?"

A soldier deposited at the feet of the officer the net of fish which he had brought with him. The Prussian smiled: "Aha! Not bad at all. But we have other matters to think of. Listen to me and don't get excited. From my point of view, you are two spies sent to watch me. I catch you and I shoot you. You were pretending to fish, in order to conceal your real purpose. You have fallen into my hands—so much the worse for you; it is war. . . . But since you have come through the lines, you surely have a pass-word, in order to go back again. Give me this pass-word and I will let you off."

The two friends, livid, side by side, kept silence. Only a slight, nervous trembling of their hands displayed their agitation.

The officer began again: "No one will know it; you may go back quietly. The secret will remain with you. If you refuse, it is instant death. Take your choice."

They stood motionless, without opening their lips.

The Prussian quietly continued, pointing toward the stream: "Remember that in five minutes you will be at the bottom of the river. In five minutes! . . . You have relatives, I suppose?"

Mont Valérien thundered on.

The two fishermen stood silent. The German gave some orders in his own tongue. Then he moved his chair away, and a dozen men came and placed themselves at twenty paces, their guns in rest.

The officer spoke: "I give you one minute, not a second more."

He rose brusquely, approached the two Frenchmen, took Morissot by the arm and led him a few steps away. "Quick! The pass-word! Your comrade will never know. I will pretend to relent."

Morissot made no answer.

The Prussian then led away M. Sauvage and put the same question to him.

M. Sauvage did not reply.

They found themselves side by side again.

The officer gave command. The soldiers raised their guns.

The glance of M. Morissot fell upon the net of gudgeons lying in the grass at a little distance.

A ray of sunlight glittered on the wriggling heap of fish. He felt faint. In spite of himself his eyes filled with tears. He stammered, "Good-bye, Monsieur Sauvage."

Sauvage responded, "Good-bye, Monsieur Morissot."

They clasped hands, shaken from head to foot by uncontrollable trembling.

The officer shouted, "Fire!"

The twelve shots were as only one.

Sauvage fell on his face like a log. Morissot, who was taller, wavered, turned about, and fell across his comrade with his face to the sky, a gush of blood escaping from his jacket, open at the breast.

The German gave fresh orders.

His men dispersed, and then came back with ropes and stones, which they attached to the feet of the dead Frenchmen. Then they carried them to the bank.

Mont Valérien did not cease to growl, crowned now with an enormous tower of smoke.

Two soldiers took Morissot by the head and the legs; two others seized Sauvage in the same fashion. The bodies, swung an instant with force, were thrown far out into the stream; they described a curve, then plunged upright into the flood, the stones at first dragging down their feet.

The water splashed, bubbled, trembled, and then grew calm, the ripples circling to the banks.

A little blood floated in the water.

The officer, very calm, remarked in a low voice, "It's the fishes' turn now."

Then he went back toward the house. Suddenly he saw the net of gudgeons in the grass. He took them up, examined them, smiled, and called out, "Wilhelm!"

A soldier in a white apron ran out. The Prussian, tossing him the fish, gave orders: "Have these little

fellows fried at once, while they are still alive. That will be delicious."

Then he began to smoke his pipe again.

Guy de Maupassant

Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant, the French fiction-writer, was born in 1850. During his early manhood he was a clerk in the Department of the Navy, and served as a private in the German War. A fortunate and perhaps a vital fact in his literary history is his association with Flaubert, the incomparable master of the French realistic novel. Flaubert, an old friend of Maupassant's mother, came often to the house, and interested himself in the young man's efforts to write. It was only after a long and severe training from the older man that Maupassant, in 1880, produced his first successful story, the ugly and cynical *Tallow Ball (Boule de Suif)*. This story showed all the characteristics of Maupassant's best work,—a terrible objective simplicity, condensation, keen observation, unhesitating directness, and a pitiless exhibition of human motive. In ten years he had written as much as Flaubert, with his laborious striving for perfection, was able to produce in a lifetime. Besides many volumes of short-stories, Maupassant wrote four or five novels, of which *Peter and John (Pierre et Jean)* is usually considered the best. In 1890 he began to show symptoms of insanity; two years later he became hopelessly insane. In 1893 he died in an asylum.

In construction and art, Maupassant's stories are the best that have been produced in France, where the short-story has achieved remarkable excellence. Maupassant wrote over two hundred brief and concentrated tales in most of which the theme is found in human selfishness and meanness, or in brutal and inexcusable tragedy. The moral gloom of his stories deepened as he approached the dissolution of his mental powers. These tales are full of wretchedness, crime, and horror, —so full, indeed, as to be repellant unless read coolly for their technique. In the calm, impersonal, objective handling of a story Maupassant was almost incredibly skillful. His touch was unerring, his method the consummation of vividness and directness. One searches in vain for any evidence of sympathy or emotion on the part of the writer. His work is almost flawless, but frigid. In the earlier Russian realists one sees the same courageous naturalism, with something more of sympathy and humanitarianism. In the stories of Maxim Gorki (A. M. Pyeshov), a later Russian writer, there is much of the same pitilessness, with less of the skill and more of the sordidness than there is in Maupassant. The dreadful best of Gorki's stories, *Twenty-six and One,* is a close parallel to some of Maupassant's better tales. In America, O. Henry (Sidney Porter) has somewhat hastily been dubbed the "Yankee Maupassant"; and undoubtedly Porter learned much from the French *raconteur*—what successful modern story-teller has not?

The Necklace, A Piece of String, Happiness, and *Mother Sauvage* (*La Mère Sauvage*) are some of

Maupassant's most perfect stories, all of them very well known. It is to be noted that the Italian writer, D'Annunzio, has frankly and rather feebly imitated *A Piece of String* in *The End of Candia;* and Tchekhov in Russia has used the same motif in *The Slanderer.* Henry James has, according to his own testimony, inverted *The Necklace* in his short-story, *Paste.*

Two Friends (Deux Amis), translated here, is a painful but incontestably good story which reveals all the technical virtues of which Maupassant was master.

The student should read many of Maupassant's stories, in French if possible. For translations, *The Odd Number* is a good collection.

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Miss Harriet.
The Confession.
The Wreck.
The Wolf.
A Family Affair.
Bellflower (Clochette).
Fear.
My Uncle Jules.

AGED FOLK*

By Alphonse Daudet

"A letter, Père Azan?"

"Yes, monsieur; and it comes from Paris."

He was quite proud, that worthy old Azan, that it came from Paris. I was not. Something told me that the Parisian missive from the Rue Jean-Jacques, dropping thus upon my table unexpectedly, and so early in the morning, would make me lose my whole day. I was not mistaken,—and you shall see why.

"You must do me a service, my friend," said the letter. "Close your mill for a day, and go to Eyguières. Eyguières is a large village three or four leagues from your mill,—a pleasant walk. When you get there, ask for the Orphans' Convent. Enter without knocking—the door is always open—and, as you enter, call out very loud: 'Good day, worthy people! I am a friend of Maurice!' On which you will see two little old persons—oh! but old, old, ever so old—stretching out their hands to you from their big armchairs; and you are to kiss them for me, with all your heart, as if they were yours, your own friends. Then you will talk. They will talk to you of me, and nothing

* Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Used by permission of Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

else; they will say a lot of foolish things, which you are to listen to without laughing. You won't laugh, will you? They are my grandparents; two beings whose very life I am, and who have not seen me these ten years. . . . Ten years—a long time! But how can I help it? Paris clutches me. And they, they are so old that if they came to see me they would break to bits on the way. . . . Happily, you are there, my dear miller, and, in kissing you, these poor old people will fancy they are kissing me. I have so often told them about you, and of the good friendship that. . . ."

The devil take good friendship! Just this very morning, when the weather is so beautiful! But not at all fit to tramp along the roads; too much mistral, too much sun—a regular Provence day. When that cursed letter came I had just picked out my shelter between two rocks, where I dreamed of staying all day like a lizard, drinking light and listening to the song of the pines. Well, I could not help myself. I shut up the mill, grumbling, and hid the key. My stick, my pipe, and off I went.

I reached Eyguières in about two hours. The village was deserted; everybody was in the fields. From the elms in the courtyards, white with dust, the grasshoppers were screaming. To be sure, in the square before the mayor's office, a donkey was sunning himself, and a flock of pigeons were dabbling in the fountain before the church, but no one able to show me the Orphans' Convent. Happily, an old witch suddenly appeared, crouching and knitting in the angle

of her doorway. I told her what I was looking for, and, as she was a witch of very great power, she had only to raise her distaff and behold! the Orphans' Convent rose up before me. It was a large, sullen, black house, proud of exhibiting above its arched portal an old cross of red freestone with Latin around it. Beside this house I saw another, very small; gray shutters, garden behind it. I knew it directly, and I entered without knocking.

All my life I shall remember that long, cool, quiet corridor, the walls rose-tinted, the little garden quivering at the other end, seen through a thin blind. It seemed to me that I was entering the house of some old bailiff of the olden time of Sedaine. At the end of the passage, on the left, through a half-opened door, I heard the tick-tack of a large clock and the voice of a child—a child in school—who was reading aloud, and pausing at each syllable: "Then—Saint—I-re-ne-us—cri-ed—out—I—am—the—wheat—of—the—Lord—I must—be—ground—by—the—teeth—of — these an-i-mals." I softly approached the door and looked in.

In the quiet half-light of a little room an old, old man with rosy cheeks, wrinkled to the tips of his fingers, sat sleeping in a chair, his mouth open, his hands on his knees. At his feet a little girl dressed in blue—with a great cape and a linen cap, the orphans' costume—was reading the life of Saint Irenæus in a book that was bigger than herself. The reading had operated miraculously on the entire household. The old man slept in his chair, the flies on the ceiling, the canaries in their cage at the window; and the great

clock snored: tick-tack, tick-tack. Nothing was awake in the room but a broad band of light which came, straight and white, between the closed shutters, full of lively sparkles and microscopic whirlings.

Amid this general somnolence, the child went gravely on with her reading:

"Im-me-di-ate-ly—two—li-ons—dart-ed — up-on — him—and—ate—him—up." At this moment I entered the room. The lions of Saint Irenæus, darting into the room, could not have produced greater stupefaction. A regular stage effect! The little one gave a cry, the big book fell, the flies and the canaries woke, the clock struck, the old man started up, quite frightened, and I myself, being rather troubled, stopped short on the sill of the door, and called out very loud: "Good day, worthy people! I am Maurice's friend."

Oh, then! if you had only seen him, that old man, if you had only seen how he came to me with outstretched arms, embracing me, pressing my hands, and wandering about the room, crying out:

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

All the wrinkles of his face were laughing. He was red; he stuttered:

"Ah! monsieur—ah! monsieur."

Then he went to the back of the room and called: "Mamette!"

A door opened, a trot of mice in the corridor—it was Mamette. Nothing prettier than that little old woman with her mob-cap, her brown gown, and the embroidered handkerchief which she held in her hand in the olden fashion. Most affecting thing! The two

were like each other. With a false front and yellow bows to his cap, he too might be called Mamette. Only, the real Mamette must have wept a great deal in her life, for she was even more wrinkled than he. Like him, she too had an orphan with her, a little nurse in a blue cape who never left her; and to see these old people protected by those orphans was indeed the most touching thing you can imagine.

On entering, Mamette began to make me a deep courtesy, but a word of the old man stopped her in the middle of it:

"A friend of Maurice."

Instantly she trembled, she wept, dropped her handkerchief, grew red, very red, redder than he. Those aged folk, who have hardly a drop of blood in their veins, how it flies to their faces at the least emotion!

"Quick, quick! a chair," said the old lady to her little girl.

"Open the shutters," said the old man to his.

Then, taking me each by a hand, they led me, trotting along, to the window, the better to see me. The armchairs were placed; I sat between the two on a stool, the little Blues behind us, and the questioning began:

"How is he? What is he doing? Why doesn't he come? Is he happy?"

Patati-patata! and so for two hours.

I answered as best I could all their questions, giving such details about my friend as I knew, and boldly inventing others that I did not know; being careful to avoid admitting that I had never noticed whether his

windows closed tightly, and what colored paper he had on his wall.

"The paper of his bedroom? Blue, madam, light blue, with garlands of flowers."

"Really!" said the old lady, much affected; then she added, turning to her husband, "He is such a dear lad!"

"Yes, yes, a dear lad," said the other with enthusiasm.

And all the time that I was speaking they kept up between them little nods and sly laughs and winks, and knowing looks; or else the old man came closer to say in my ear:

"Speak louder! She is a little hard of hearing."

And she on her side:

"A little louder if you please. He doesn't hear very well."

Then I raised my voice and both of them thanked me with a smile; and in those faded smiles,—bending toward me, seeking in the depths of my eyes the image of their Maurice,—I was, myself, quite moved to see that image vague, veiled, almost imperceptible, as if I beheld my friend smiling to me from afar through a mist.

Suddenly the old man sat upright in his chair.

"I have just thought, Mamette,—perhaps he has not breakfasted!"

And Mamette, distressed, throws up her arms.

"Not breakfasted! Oh, heavens!"

I thought they were still talking of Maurice, and I was about to say that that worthy lad never waited

later than noon for his breakfast. But no, it was of me they were thinking; and it was indeed a sight to see their commotion when I had to own that I was still fasting.

"Quick! set the table, little Blues! That table in the middle of the room—the Sunday cloth—the flowered plates. And no laughing, if you please. Make haste, make haste!"

And haste they made. Only time to break three plates and breakfast was served.

"A good little breakfast," said Mamette, leading me to the table. "Only, you must eat it alone. We have eaten already."

Poor old people! At whatever hour you took them they had "eaten already."

Mamette's good little breakfast was a cup of milk, dates, and a *barquette,* a kind of shortcake, no doubt enough to feed her canaries for a week; and to think that I, alone, I ate up all their provisions! I felt the indignation around the table. The little Blues whispered and nudged each other; and those canaries in their cage,—I knew they were saying: "Oh! that monsieur, he is eating up the whole of the *barquette!*"

I did eat it all, truly, almost without perceiving that I did so, preoccupied as I was by looking round that bright and placid room where floated, as it were, the fragrance of things ancient. Especially noticeable were two little beds from which I could not detach my eyes. Those beds, almost two cradles, I pictured them in the morning at dawn, still enclosed within their great

fringed curtains. Three o'clock strikes. That is the hour when old people wake.

"Are you asleep, Mamette?"

"No, my friend."

"Isn't Maurice a fine lad?"

"Yes, yes, a fine lad."

And from that I imagined a long conversation by merely looking at the little beds of the two old people, standing side by side.

During this time a terrible drama was going on at the other end of the room before a closet. It concerned reaching up to the top shelf for a certain bottle of brandied cherries which had awaited Maurice's return for the last ten years. The old people now proposed to open it for me. In spite of Mamette's supplications, the husband was determined to get the cherries himself, and, mounted on a chair, to the terror of his wife, he was striving to reach them. You can see the scene from here: The old man trembling on the tips of his toes, the little Blues clinging to his chair, Mamette behind him, breathless, her arms extended, and, pervading all, the slight perfume of bergamot exhaled from the open closet, and the great piles of unbleached linen therein contained. It was charming.

At last, after many efforts, they succeeded in getting it from the closet, that famous bottle, and with it an old silver cup, Maurice's cup when he was little. This they filled with cherries to the brim —Maurice was so fond of cherries! And while the old man served them he whispered in my ear as if his mouth watered,—

"You are very lucky, you, to be the one to eat them. My wife put them up. You'll taste something good."

Alas! his wife had put them up, but she had forgotten to sweeten them. They were atrocious, your cherries, my poor Mamette—but that did not prevent me from eating them all without blinking.

The meal over, I rose to take leave of my hosts. They would fain have kept me longer to talk of that dear lad, but the day was shortening, the mill was far, and I had to go.

The old man rose when I did.

"Mamette, my coat; I will accompany him as far as the square."

I felt very sure that in her heart Mamette thought it too cool for the old man to be out, but she did not show it. Only, as she helped him to put his arms into the sleeves of his coat, a handsome snuff-colored coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, I heard the dear creature say to him softly:

"You won't be late, will you?"

And he, with a roguish air,—

"Hey! hey! I don't know—perhaps not."

Thereupon they looked at each other, laughing, and the little Blues laughed to see them laugh, and the canaries laughed too, in their cage, after their fashion. Between ourselves, I think the smell of those cherries had made them all a little tipsy.

Daylight was fading as we left the house, grandpapa and I. A little Blue followed him at a distance to bring him back; but he did not see her, and seemed

quite proud to walk along, arm in arm with me, like a man. Mamette, beaming, watched us from the sill of her door with pretty little nods of her head, that seemed to say:

"See there! my poor man, he can still walk about!"

Alphonse Daudet

It was in the hands of Alphonse Daudet that the French short-story attained its greatest perfection of style and finish. Daudet was born at Nîmes, where he lived for the first nine years of his life. The family fortunes were at a low ebb, but the boy found sufficient solace in his plays and sports. It was during this period that he perpetrated the hoax which he has recorded in his amusing sketch, *The Pope Is Dead*. Daudet *père*, who was a silk manufacturer, found his business growing more and more insecure, until, after a removal to Lyons, he was forced to declare himself a bankrupt. "Fears and tears—that is of what my youth consisted," wrote Alphonse Daudet in his later life. The family, after the catastrophe, was entirely disrupted, each member trying to earn a living for himself. Alphonse became an usher in the College of Alais; what he suffered there is faithfully told in *Le Petit Chose*. Humiliated and desperate, he decided, at the end of some months, to follow his elder brother to Paris. The two young men lived in a sparsely furnished garret, enduring terrible hardships of cold and hunger; but they still clung tenaciously to their

ambition to write. Alphonse was able, after a time, to earn a meagre living by contributing to *Le Figaro*.

In 1858 his poems, *Les Amoureuses,* brought Daudet to the notice of the Empress Eugénie, who had him appointed to a secretaryship to which a good salary was attached. His mode of living now became greatly altered, and he gradually allied himself with some of the most brilliant members of the literary profession in Paris. He continued to contribute to *Le Figaro,* and wrote some one-act plays, several of which were received with high favor. On various occasions he was forced to go to the South for his health, and it was on these trips that he gathered the material for his *Tartarin* series of tales. In 1866 his *Lettres de mon Moulin* appeared in Paris newspapers. Daudet enlisted in the German War and witnessed the siege of Paris, afterward using in his stories many scenes of the "terrible year." The *Contes du Lundi (Monday Tales)*, a group of short-stories, came out in 1873. From 1874 to 1896 Daudet was engaged chiefly in writing novels, the best of which are *Kings in Exile (Les Rois in Exil)*, *Numa Roumestan, The Nabob,* and *Jack*. It is stated on good authority that for many years his annual income was not less than $20,000. He died in 1897.

All that Daudet wrote he dwelt upon with laborious care; he seldom permitted anything to leave his hand until it was polished to the last degree. Nevertheless, he had the secret of preserving simplicity in spite of a slavelike devotion to perfection. His "miniature masterpieces" are more impossible of translation than the

work of almost any other French author, so much do they depend for their excellence upon diction and turn of phrase. *Aged Folk* is from *Letters From My Mill.*

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The Siege of Berlin.
The Arlesian Woman.
The Three Low Masses.

TO BUILD A FIRE*

By Jack London

Day had broken cold and gray, exceedingly cold and gray, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon trail and climbed the high earth bank, where a dim and little-traveled trail led eastward through the fat spruce timberland. It was a steep bank, and he paused for breath at the top, excusing the act to himself by looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock. There was no sun nor hint of sun, though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an intangible pall over the face of things, a subtle gloom that made the day dark, and that was due to the absence of sun. This fact did not worry the man. He was used to the lack of sun. It had been days since he had seen the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before that cheerful orb, due south, would just peep above the skyline and dip immediately from view.

The man flung a look back along the way he had come. The Yukon lay a mile wide and hidden under three feet of ice. On top of this ice were as many feet of snow. It was all pure white, rolling in gentle

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undulations where the ice-jams of the freeze-up had formed. North and south, as far as his eye could see, it was unbroken white, save for a dark hair-line that curved and twisted from around the spruce-covered island to the south, and that curved and twisted away into the north, where it disappeared behind another spruce-covered island. This dark hair-line was the trail—the main trail—that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea, and salt water; and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato, and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more.

But all this—the mysterious, far-reaching hair-line trail, the absence of sun from the sky, the tremendous cold, and the strangeness and weirdness of it all—made no impression on the man. It was not because he was long used to it. He was a newcomer in the land, a *chechaquo*, and this was his first winter. The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, and not in the significances. Fifty degrees below zero meant eighty-odd degrees of frost. Such fact impressed him as being cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to meditate upon his frailty as a creature of temperature, and upon man's frailty in general, able only to live within certain narrow limits of heat and cold; and from there on it did not lead him to the conjectural field of immortality and man's place in the universe. Fifty degrees below zero stood for a bite of

frost that hurt and that must be guarded against by the use of mittens, earflaps, warm moccasins, and thick socks. Fifty degrees below zero was to him just precisely fifty degrees below zero. That there should be anything more to it than that was a thought that never entered his head.

As he turned to go on, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air, before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at fifty below spittle crackled on the snow, but this spittle had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than fifty below—how much colder he did not know. But the temperature did not matter. He was bound for the old claim on the left fork of Henderson Creek, where the boys were already. They had come over across the divide from the Indian Creek country, while he had come the roundabout way to take a look at the possibilities of getting out logs in the spring from the islands in the Yukon. He would be in to camp by six o'clock; a bit after dark, it was true, but the boys would be there, a fire would be going, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the protruding bundle under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the biscuits from freezing. He smiled agreeably to himself as he thought of those biscuits, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each enclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

He plunged in among the big spruce trees. The

trail was faint. A foot of snow had fallen since the last sled had passed over, and he was glad he was without a sled, traveling light. In fact, he carried nothing but the lunch wrapped in the handkerchief. He was surprised, however, at the cold. It certainly was cold, he concluded, as he rubbed his numb nose and cheek bones with his mittened hand. He was a warm-whiskered man, but the hair on his face did not protect the high cheek bones and the eager nose that thrust itself aggressively into the frosty air.

At the man's heels trotted a dog, a big native husky, the proper wolf-dog, gray-coated and without any visible or temperamental difference from its brother, the wild wolf. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for traveling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told to the man by the man's judgment. In reality, it was not merely colder than fifty below zero; it was colder than sixty below, than seventy below. It was seventy-five below zero. Since the freezing point is thirty-two above zero, it meant that one hundred and seven degrees of frost obtained. The dog did not know anything about thermometers. Possibly in its brain there was no sharp consciousness of a condition of very cold such as was in the man's brain. But the brute had its instinct. It experienced a vague but menacing apprehension that subdued it and made it slink along at the man's heels, and that made it question eagerly every unwonted movement of the man, as if expecting him to go into camp or to seek shelter somewhere and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire,

or else to burrow under the snow and cuddle its warmth away from the air.

The frozen moisture of its breathing had settled on its fur in a fine powder of frost, and especially were its jowls, muzzle, and eyelashes whitened by its crystalled breath. The man's red beard and mustache were likewise frosted, but more solidly, the deposit taking the form of ice and increasing with every warm, moist breath he exhaled. Also, the man was chewing tobacco, and the muzzle of ice held his lips so rigidly that he was unable to clear his chin when he expelled the juice. The result was that a crystal beard of the color and solidity of amber was increasing its length on his chin. If he fell down it would shatter itself, like glass, into brittle fragments. But he did not mind the appendage. It was the penalty all tobacco-chewers paid in that country, and he had been out before in two cold snaps. They had not been so cold as this, he knew, but by the spirit thermometer at Sixty Mile he knew they had been registered at fifty below and at fifty-five.

He held on through the level stretch of woods for several miles, crossed a wide flat of nigger-heads, and dropped down a bank to the frozen bed of a small stream. This was Henderson Creek, and he knew he was ten miles from the forks. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He was making four miles an hour, and he calculated that he would arrive at the forks at half-past twelve. He decided to celebrate that event by eating his lunch there.

The dog dropped in again at his heels, with a tail

drooping discouragement, as the man swung along the creek bed. The furrow of the old sled trail was plainly visible, but a dozen inches of snow covered the marks of the last runners. In a month no man had come up or down that silent creek. The man held steadily on. He was not much given to thinking, and just then particularly he had nothing to think about save that he would eat lunch at the forks and that at six o'clock he would be in camp with the boys. There was nobody to talk to; and, had there been, speech would have been impossible because of the ice muzzle on his mouth. So he continued monotonously to chew tobacco and to increase the length of his amber beard.

Once in a while the thought reiterated itself that it was very cold and that he had never experienced such cold. As he walked along he rubbed his cheek bones and nose with the back of his mittened hand. He did this automatically, now and again changing hands. But rub as he would, the instant he stopped his cheek bones went numb, and the following instant the end of his nose went numb. He was sure to frost his cheeks; he knew that, and experienced a pang of regret that he had not devised a nose strap of the sort Bud wore in cold snaps. Such a strap passed across the cheeks, as well, and saved them. But it didn't matter much, after all. What were frosted cheeks? A bit painful, that was all; they were never serious.

Empty as the man's mind was of thoughts, he was keenly observant, and he noticed the changes in the creek, the curves and bends and timber-jams, and al-

ways he sharply noted where he placed his feet. Once, coming around a bend, he shied abruptly, like a startled horse, curved away from the place where he had been walking, and retreated several paces back along the trail. The creek, he knew, was frozen clear to the bottom,—no creek could contain water in that arctic winter,—but he knew also that there were springs that bubbled out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow and on top of the ice of the creek. He knew that the coldest snaps never froze these springs, and he knew likewise their danger. They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow that might be three inches deep, or three feet. Sometimes a skin of ice half an inch thick covered them, and in turn was covered by the snow. Sometimes there were alternate layers of water and ice skin, so that when one broke through he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist.

That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice skin. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and moccasins. He stood and studied the creek bed and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right. He reflected a while, rubbing his nose and cheeks, then skirted to the left, stepping gingerly and testing the footing for each step. Once clear of the

danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco and swung along at his four-mile gait.

In the course of the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken, candied appearance that advertised the danger. Once again, however, he had a close call; and once, suspecting danger, he compelled the dog to go on in front. The dog did not want to go. It hung back until the man shoved it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it broke through, floundered to one side, and got away to firmer footing. It had wet its forefeet and legs, and almost immediately the water that clung to it turned to ice. It made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then dropped down in the snow and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. This was a matter of instinct. To permit the ice to remain would mean sore feet. It did not know this. It merely obeyed the mysterious prompting that arose from the deep crypts of its being. But the man knew, having achieved a judgment on the subject, and he removed the mitten from his right hand and helped tear out the ice particles. He did not expose his fingers more than a minute, and was astonished at the swift numbness that smote them. It certainly was cold. He pulled on the mitten hastily, and beat the hand savagely across his chest.

At twelve o'clock the day was at its brightest. Yet the sun was too far south on its winter journey to clear the horizon. The bulge of the earth intervened

between it and Henderson Creek, where the man walked under a clear sky at noon and cast no shadow. At half-past twelve, to the minute, he arrived at the forks of the creek. He was pleased at the speed he had made. If he kept it up, he would certainly be with the boys by six. He unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and drew forth his lunch. The action consumed no more than a quarter of a minute, yet in that brief moment the numbness laid hold of the exposed fingers. He did not put the mitten on, but, instead, struck the fingers a dozen sharp smashes against his leg. Then he sat down on a snow-covered log to eat. The sting that followed upon the striking of his fingers against his leg ceased so quickly that he was startled. He had had no chance to take a bite of biscuit. He struck the fingers repeatedly and returned them to the mitten, baring the other hand for the purpose of eating. He tried to take a mouthful, but the ice muzzle prevented. He had forgotten to build a fire and thaw out. He chuckled at his foolishness, and as he chuckled he noted the numbness creeping into the exposed fingers. Also he noted that the stinging which had first come to his toes when he sat down was already passing away. He wondered whether the toes were warm or numb. He moved them inside the moccasins and decided that they were numb.

He pulled the mitten on hurriedly and stood up. He was a bit frightened. He stamped up and down until the stinging returned into the feet. It certainly was cold, was his thought. That man from Sulphur Creek had spoken the truth when telling how cold it

sometimes got in the country. And he had laughed at him at the time! That showed one must not be too sure of things. There was no mistake about it, it *was* cold. He strode up and down, stamping his feet and threshing his arms, until reassured by the returning warmth. Then he got out matches and proceeded to make a fire. From the undergrowth, where high water of the previous spring had lodged a supply of seasoned twigs, he got his firewood. Working carefully from a small beginning, he soon had a roaring fire, over which he thawed the ice from his face and in the protection of which he ate his biscuits. For the moment the cold of space was outwitted. The dog took satisfaction in the fire, stretching out close enough for warmth and far enough away to escape being singed.

When the man had finished, he filled his pipe and took his comfortable time over a smoke. Then he pulled on his mittens, settled the ear-flaps of his cap firmly about his ears, and took the creek trail up the left fork. The dog was disappointed and yearned back toward the fire. This man did not know cold. Possibly all the generations of his ancestry had been ignorant of cold, of real cold, of cold one hundred and seven degrees below freezing point. But the dog knew; all its ancestry knew, and it had inherited the knowledge. And it knew that it was not good to walk abroad in such fearful cold. It was the time to lie snug in a hole in the snow and wait for a curtain of cloud to be drawn across the face of outer space whence this cold came. On the other hand, there was no keen

intimacy between the dog and the man. The one was the toil-slave of the other, and the only caresses it had ever received were the caresses of the whip-lash and of harsh and menacing throat sounds that threatened the whip-lash. So the dog made no effort to communicate its apprehension to the man. It was not concerned in the welfare of the man; it was for its own sake that it yearned back toward the fire. But the man whistled, and spoke to it with the sound of whip-lashes, and the dog swung in at the man's heels and followed after.

The man took a chew of tobacco and proceeded to start a new amber beard. Also, his moist breath quickly powdered with white his mustache, eyebrows, and lashes. There did not seem to be so many springs on the left fork of the Henderson, and for half an hour the man saw no signs of any. And then it happened. At a place where there were no signs, where the soft, unbroken snow seemed to advertise solidity beneath, the man broke through. It was not deep. He wet himself halfway to the knees before he floundered out to the firm crust.

He was angry, and cursed his luck aloud. He had hoped to get into camp with the boys at six o'clock, and this would delay him an hour, for he would have to build a fire and dry out his foot-gear. This was imperative at that low temperature—he knew that much; and he turned aside to the bank, which he climbed. On top, tangled in the underbrush about the trunks of several small spruce trees, was a high-water deposit of dry fire-wood—sticks and twigs, prin-

cipally, but also larger portions of seasoned branches and fine, dry, last year's grasses. He threw down several large pieces on top of the snow. This served for a foundation and prevented the young flame from drowning itself in the snow it otherwise would melt. The flame he got by touching a match to a small shred of birch-bark that he took from his pocket. This burned even more readily than paper. Placing it on the foundation, he fed the young flame with wisps of dry grass and with the tiniest dry twigs.

He worked slowly and carefully, keenly aware of his danger. Gradually, as the flame grew stronger, he increased the size of the twigs with which he fed it. He squatted in the snow, pulling the twigs out from their entanglement in the brush and feeding directly to the flame. He knew there must be no failure. When it is seventy-five below zero a man must not fail in his first attempt to build a fire—that is, if his feet are wet. If his feet are dry, and he fails, he can run along the trail for half a mile and restore his circulation. But the circulation of wet and freezing feet cannot be restored by running when it is seventy-five below. No matter how fast he runs, the wet feet will freeze the harder.

All this the man knew. The old-timer on Sulphur Creek had told him about it the previous fall, and now he was appreciating the advice. Already all sensation had gone out of his feet. To build the fire he had been forced to remove his mittens, and the fingers had quickly gone numb. His pace of four miles an hour had kept his heart pumping blood to the

surface of his body and to all the extremities. But the instant he stopped, the action of the pump eased down. The cold of space smote the unprotected tip of the planet, and he, being on that unprotected tip, received the full force of the blow. The blood of his body recoiled before it. The blood was alive, like the dog, and like the dog it wanted to hide away and cover itself up from the fearful cold. So long as he walked four miles an hour, he pumped that blood, willy-nilly, to the surface; but now it ebbed away and sank down into the recesses of his body. The extremities were the first to feel its absence. His wet feet froze the faster, and his exposed fingers numbed the faster, though they had not yet begun to freeze. Nose and cheeks were already freezing, while the skin of all his body chilled as it lost its blood.

But he was safe. Toes and nose and cheeks would be only touched by the frost, for the fire was beginning to burn with strength. He was feeding it with twigs the size of his finger. In another minute he would be able to feed it with branches the size of his wrist, and then he could remove his wet foot-gear, and, while it dried, he could keep his naked feet warm by the fire, rubbing them at first, of course, with snow. The fire was a success. He was safe. He remembered the advice of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek, and smiled. The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after fifty below. Well, here he was; he had had the accident; he was alone; and he had saved himself. Those old-timers were rather womanish,

some of them, he thought. All a man had to do was to keep his head, and he was all right. Any man who was a man could travel alone. But it was surprising the rapidity with which his cheeks and nose were freezing. And he had not thought his fingers could go lifeless in so short a time. Lifeless they were, for he could scarcely make them move together to grip a twig, and they seemed remote from his body and from him. When he touched a twig he had to look and see whether or not he had hold of it. The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger-ends.

All of which counted for little. There was the fire, snapping and crackling and promising life with every dancing flame. He started to untie his moccasins. They were coated with ice; the thick German socks were like sheaths of iron halfway to the knees; and the moccasin strings were like rods of steel all twisted and knotted as by some conflagration. For a moment he tugged with his numb fingers, then, realizing the folly of it, he drew his sheath-knife.

But before he could cut the strings, it happened. It was his own fault, or, rather, his mistake. He should not have built the fire under the spruce tree. He should have built it in the open. But it had been easier to pull the twigs from the brush and drop them directly on the fire. Now the tree under which he had done this carried a weight of snow on its boughs. No wind had blown for weeks, and each bough was fully freighted. Each time he had pulled a twig he had communicated a slight agitation to the tree—an imperceptible agitation, so far as he was concerned, but

an agitation sufficient to bring about the disaster. High up in the tree one bough capsized its load of snow. This fell on the boughs beneath, capsizing them. This process continued, spreading out and involving the whole tree. It grew like an avalanche, and it descended without warning upon the man and the fire, and the fire was blotted out! Where it had burned was a mantle of fresh and disordered snow.

The man was shocked. It was as though he had just heard his own sentence of death. For a moment he sat and stared at the spot where the fire had been. Then he grew very calm. Perhaps the old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right. If he had only had a trail-mate he would have been in no danger now. The trail-mate could have built the fire. Well, it was up to him to build the fire over again, and this second time there must be no failure. Even if he succeeded, he would most likely lose some toes. His feet must be badly frozen by now, and there would be some time before the second fire was ready.

Such were his thoughts, but he did not sit and think them. He was busy all the time they were passing through his mind. He made a new foundation for a fire, this time in the open, where no treacherous tree could blot it out. Next he gathered dry grasses and tiny twigs from the high-water flotsam. He could not bring his fingers together to pull them out, but he was able to gather them by the handful. In this way he got many rotten twigs and bits of green moss that were undesirable, but it was the best he could do. He worked methodically, even collecting an armful of the

larger branches to be used later when the fire gathered strength. And all the while the dog sat and watched him, a certain yearning wistfulness in its eyes, for it looked upon him as the fire-provider, and the fire was slow in coming.

When all was ready, the man reached in his pocket for a second piece of birch-bark. He knew the bark was there, and, though he could not feel it with his fingers, he could hear its crisp rustling as he fumbled for it. Try as he would, he could not clutch hold of it. And all the time, in his consciousness, was the knowledge that each instant his feet were freezing. This thought tended to put him in a panic, but he fought against it and kept calm. He pulled on his mittens with his teeth, and threshed his arms back and forth, beating his hands with all his might against his sides. He did this sitting down, and he stood up to do it; and all the while the dog sat in the snow, its wolf-brush of a tail curled around warmly over its forefeet, its sharp wolf ears pricked forward intently as it watched the man. And the man, as he beat and threshed with his arms and hands, felt a great surge of envy as he regarded the creature that was warm and secure in its natural covering.

After a time he was aware of the first far-away signals of sensation in his beaten fingers. The faint tingling grew stronger till it evolved into a stinging ache that was excruciating, but which the man hailed with satisfaction. He stripped the mitten from his right hand and fetched forth the birch-bark. The exposed fingers were quickly going numb again. Next

he brought out his bunch of sulphur matches. But the tremendous cold had already driven the life out of his fingers. In his effort to separate one match from the others, the whole bunch fell in the snow. He tried to pick it out of the snow, but failed. The dead fingers could neither touch nor clutch. He was very careful. He drove the thought of his freezing feet, and nose, and cheeks, out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches. He watched, using the sense of vision in place of that of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side the bunch, he closed them—that is, he willed to close them, for the wires were down, and the fingers did not obey. He pulled the mitten on the right hand, and beat it fiercely against his knee. Then, with both mittened hands, he scooped the bunch of matches, along with much snow, into his lap. Yet he was no better off.

After some manipulation he managed to get the bunch between the heels of his mittened hands. In this fashion he carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth. He drew the lower jaw in, curled the upper lip out of the way, and scraped the bunch with his upper teeth in order to separate a match. He succeeded in getting one, which he dropped on his lap. He was no better off. He could not pick it up. Then he devised a way. He picked it up in his teeth and scratched it on his leg. Twenty times he scratched before he succeeded in lighting it. As it flamed he held it with his teeth to the birch-bark. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils and into his lungs,

causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

The old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right, he thought in the moment of controlled despair that ensued: after fifty below, a man should travel with a partner. He beat his hands, but failed in exciting any sensation. Suddenly he bared both hands, removing the mittens with his teeth. He caught the whole bunch between the heels of his hands. His arm muscles, not being frozen, enabled him to press the hand heels tightly against the matches. Then he scratched the bunch along his leg. It flared into flame, seventy sulphur matches at once! There was no wind to blow them out. He kept his head to one side to escape the strangling fumes, and held the blazing bunch to the birch-bark. As he so held it, he became aware of sensation in his hand. His flesh was burning. He could smell it. Deep down below the surface he could feel it. The sensation developed into pain that grew acute. And still he endured it, holding the flame of the matches clumsily to the bark that would not light readily because his own burning hands were in the way, absorbing most of the flame.

At last, when he could endure no more, he jerked his hands apart. The blazing matches fell sizzling into the snow, but the birch-bark was alight. He began laying dry grasses and the tiniest twigs on the flame. He could not pick and choose, for he had to lift the fuel between the heels of his hands. Small pieces of rotten wood and green moss clung to the twigs, and he bit them off as well as he could with his teeth. He

cherished the flame carefully and awkwardly. It meant life, and it must not perish. The withdrawal of blood from the surface of his body now made him begin to shiver, and he grew more awkward. A large piece of green moss fell squarely on the little fire. He tried to poke it out with his fingers, but his shivering frame made him poke too far, and he disrupted the nucleus of the little fire, the burning grasses and tiny twigs separating and scattering. He tried to poke them together again, but, in spite of the tenseness of the effort, his shivering got away with him, and the twigs were hopelessly scattered. Each twig gushed a puff of smoke and went out. The fire-provider had failed. As he looked apathetically about him, his eyes chanced on the dog, sitting across the ruins of the fire from him, in the snow, making restless, hunching movements, slightly lifting one forefoot and then the other, shifting its weight back and forth on them with wistful eagerness.

The sight of the dog put a wild idea into his head. He remembered the tale of the man, caught in a blizzard, who killed a steer and crawled inside the carcass, and so was saved. He would kill the dog and bury his hands in the warm body until the numbness went out of them. Then he could build another fire. He spoke to the dog, calling it to him; but in his voice was a strange note of fear that frightened the animal, who had never known the man to speak in such way before. Something was the matter, and its suspicious nature sensed danger—it knew not what danger, but somewhere, somehow, in its brain arose an apprehen-

sion of the man. It flattened its ears down at the sound of the man's voice, and its restless, hunching movements and the liftings and shiftings of its forefeet became more pronounced; but it would not come to the man. He got on his hands and knees and crawled toward the dog. This unusual posture again excited suspicion, and the animal sidled mincingly away.

The man sat up in the snow for a moment and struggled for calmness. Then he pulled on his mittens, by means of his teeth, and got upon his feet. He glanced down at first in order to assure himself that he was really standing up, for the absence of sensation in his feet left him unrelated to the earth. His erect position in itself started to drive the webs of suspicion from the dog's mind; and when he spoke peremptorily, with the sound of whip-lashes in his voice, the dog rendered its customary allegiance and came to him. As it came within reaching distance, the man lost his control. His arms flashed out to the dog, and he experienced genuine surprise when he discovered that his hands could not clutch, that there was neither bend nor feeling in the fingers. He had forgotten for the moment that they were frozen and that they were freezing more and more. All this happened quickly, and before the animal could get away, he encircled its body with his arms. He sat down in the snow, and in this fashion held the dog, while it snarled and whined and struggled.

But it was all he could do, hold its body encircled in his arms and sit there. He realized that he could

not kill the dog. There was no way to do it. With his helpless hands he could neither draw nor hold his sheath-knife nor throttle the animal. He released it, and it plunged wildly away, with tail between its legs, and still snarling. It halted forty feet away and surveyed him curiously, with ears sharply pricked forward. The man looked down at his hands in order to locate them, and found them hanging on the ends of his arms. It struck him as curious that one should have to use his eyes in order to find out where his hands were. He began threshing his arms back and forth, beating the mittened hands against his sides. He did this for five minutes, violently, and his heart pumped enough blood up to the surface to put a stop to his shivering. But no sensation was aroused in the hands. He had an impression that they hung like weights on the ends of his arms, but when he tried to run the impression down, he could not find it.

A certain fear of death, dull and oppressive, came to him. This fear quickly became poignant as he realized that it was no longer a mere matter of freezing his fingers and toes, or of losing his hands and feet, but that it was a matter of life and death, with the chances against him. This threw him into a panic, and he turned and ran up the creek-bed along the old dim trail. The dog joined in behind and kept up with him. He ran blindly, without intention, in fear such as he had never known in his life. Slowly, as he plowed and floundered through the snow, he began to see things again,—the banks of the creek, the old timber-jams, the leafless aspens, and the sky. The

running made him feel better. He did not shiver. Maybe, if he ran on, his feet would thaw out; and, anyway, if he ran far enough, he would reach the camp and the boys. Without doubt he would lose some fingers and toes and some of his face; but the boys would take care of him, and save the rest of him when he got there. And at the same time there was another thought in his mind that said he would never get to the camp and the boys; that it was too many miles away, that the freezing had too great a start on him, and that he would soon be stiff and dead. This thought he kept in the background and refused to consider. Sometimes it pushed itself forward and demanded to be heard, but he thrust it back and strove to think of other things.

It struck him as curious that he could run at all on feet so frozen that he could not feel them when they struck the earth and took the weight of his body. He seemed to himself to skim along above the surface, and to have no connection with the earth. Somewhere he had once seen a winged Mercury, and he wondered if Mercury felt as he felt when skimming over the earth.

His theory of running until he reached camp and the boys had one flaw in it: he lacked the endurance. Several times he stumbled, and finally he tottered, crumpled up, and fell. When he tried to rise, he failed. He must sit and rest, he decided, and next time he would merely walk and keep on going. As he sat and regained his breath, he noted that he was feeling quite warm and comfortable. He was not shivering, and it

even seemed that a warm glow had come to his chest and trunk. And yet, when he touched his nose or cheeks, there was no sensation. Running would not thaw them out. Nor would it thaw out his hands and feet. Then the thought came to him that the frozen portions of his body must be extending. He tried to keep this thought down, to forget it, to think of something else; he was aware of the panicky feeling that it caused, and he was afraid of the panic. But the thought asserted itself, and persisted, until it produced a vision of his body totally frozen. This was too much, and he made another wild run along the trail. Once he slowed down to a walk, but the thought of the freezing extending itself made him run again.

And all the time the dog ran with him, at his heels. When he fell down a second time, it curled its tail over its forefeet and sat in front of him, facing him, curiously eager and intent. The warmth and security of the animal angered him, and he cursed it till it flattened down its ears appeasingly. This time the shivering came more quickly upon the man. He was losing in his battle with the frost. It was creeping into his body from all sides. The thought of it drove him on, but he ran no more than a hundred feet, when he staggered and pitched headlong. It was his last panic. When he had recovered his breath and control, he sat up and entertained in his mind the conception of meeting death with dignity. However, the conception did not come to him in such terms. His idea of it was that he had been making a fool of himself, running around

like a chicken with its head cut off—such was the simile that occurred to him. Well, he was bound to freeze anyway, and he might as well take it decently. With this new-found peace of mind came the first glimmerings of drowsiness. A good idea, he thought, to sleep off to death. It was like taking an anæsthetic. Freezing was not so bad as people thought. There were lots worse ways to die.

He pictured the boys finding his body next day. Suddenly he found himself with them, coming along the trail and looking for himself. And, still with them, he came around a turn in the trail and found himself lying in the snow. He did not belong with himself any more, for even then he was out of himself, standing with the boys and looking at himself in the snow. It certainly was cold, was his thought. When he got back to the States, he could tell the folks what real cold was. He drifted on from this to a vision of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek. He could see him quite clearly, warm and comfortable, and smoking a pipe.

"You were right, old hoss; you were right," the man mumbled to the old-timer of Sulphur Creek.

Then the man drowsed off into what seemed to him the most comfortable and satisfying sleep he had ever known. The dog sat facing him and waiting. The brief day drew to a close in a long, slow twilight. There were no signs of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire. As the twilight drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered

it, and with a great lifting and shifting of forefeet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden by the man. But the man remained silent. Later, the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the stars that leaped and danced and shone brightly in the cold sky. Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp it knew, where were the other food-providers and fire-providers.

Jack London.

Although still a young man, Jack London has had a life of varied adventure. From his earliest years he has made a practice of learning the lore of the world at first hand. He was born in California in 1876. He spent some time upon ranches and in mining camps, but chiefly he loved, even as a boy, to knock about the harbor of San Francisco, earning what money he could at odd tasks, and associating with the sailors and stevedores. When he was only fourteen, he was employed as a patrolman of the oyster beds; here he had a number of interesting experiences which, considerably later, he developed in his *Tales of the Fish Patrol.* In an effort to save him from what they deemed injurious influences, the family sent the boy to sea on a whaling vessel bound for northern waters. He saw something of Japan, and on his way home took part in a mutiny of the crew. When he returned, he found no steady

employment, but did such work as came to hand, shoveling coal and unloading freight from the steamers at the docks. On a sudden impulse he joined Coxey's Army of the unemployed in its march to Washington. In Buffalo, in company with a number of tramps, he was arrested and sent to jail for three months. After his release he visited many Eastern cities, wandering about as the fancy seized him; finally he returned to California, chiefly by way of the brake-beams on the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

London now began to make an attempt to write; but finding that he needed more education, he entered the Oakland High School, and later prepared for college, supporting himself by means of various occupations. He stayed but a short time in college. The Klondike excitement lured him to the North, where he made no money, but endured many hardships and took part in perilous adventures which he soon found to be a valuable stock-in-trade. Stimulated by his experiences, he again attempted writing. Some of his stories were accepted by the *Overland Monthly,* and gradually he gained access to other magazines as well. He made a journey to England, where he investigated the conditions in the London slums; he published the results of his observations in *People of the Abyss.* By this time he had become thoroughly socialistic in his views. He continued to write, and in a short time had won his way to the favor of the public with his rugged stories of hardship in the Klondike. *The Call of the Wild* gave him a tremendous vogue, and since its publication he has held an established place among Ameri-

can authors. Some of London's best novels and books of short-stories are *The Son of the Wolf, Children of the Frost, Lost Face, Love of Life, The Sea Wolf, The God of His Fathers,* and *The Faith of Men. To Build a Fire* is from the volume entitled *Lost Face.*

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RHYMER THE SECOND*

By Arthur Morrison

Bill Wragg, dealer in all creatures in size between that of a donkey and that of a mouse, but chiefly merchant of dogs, keeps a little shop on the right of a stable-entry in ——well, in London. He has taken me into his confidence, and there may be reasons why he would not like to see his precise address in print. Bill is a stoutish man of forty-five, with a brown, shaven face that looks very soft and puffy under the eyes and hard as rock everywhere else. He is a prosperous man nowadays, as prosperity goes in the dog and guinea-pig line, and he has a sort of semi-detached assistant, a slightly junior creature of his own kind, whose name is Sam. Sam's other name is sometimes Brown, sometimes Styles, and sometimes Walker; and sometimes Sam is Bill's accredited agent, and sometimes he doesn't even know him by sight.

Bill Wragg, as I have said, has now and again taken me into his confidence, in an odd, elliptic, noncommittal manner that is all his own. Thus I have learned how, in the beginning of things, he started business in the parrot line with no money and no par-

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rots; of how he set up, after this first transaction, with a capital of five shillings and an empty bird-cage; and other such professional matters. Among them was the story of a champion fox-terrier which he once possessed, from which he had made a very respectable profit and to which he looked back with much pride.

Bill sat on the edge of his rat-pit as he told the story, while I, preferring the society of Bill's best bull-pup before that of the few hundred squirming creatures that wriggled and fought a foot below Bill's coat-tails, used the upturned basket that was the seat of honor of the place.

"That little bit o' business," said Bill, "was one o' my neatest, an' yet it was simple an' plain enough for any chap as was properly up in the lor about dawgs; any other cove might ha' made his honest fifty quid or so just the same way if he'd ha' thought of it; might do it now a'most—anyway if there was a mad-dog scare on, like what there was when I done this. It was jist this way. Me an' Sam, we was a-lookin' through the Crystal Palace Show when we sees quite a little crowd in the middle o' the fox-terrier bench. 'Oh, what a love!' said one big gal. 'What a darlin'!' says another. 'He's a good dawg if you like,' says a swell. All a-puttin' on the mighty fly, ye know, 'cos they could see 'Fust Prize' stuck up over the dawg, so he was pretty sure to be a good 'un. ''E *is* a good pup, sure enough,' says Sam, when we got past the crowd; 'wait till them swells hooks it, an' see.' An' right enough, 'e was jist the best fox-terrier under the twelvemonth that ever I see, in a show or out. Sharp

and bright as a bantam; lovely 'ead; legs, back, chest, fust-rate everywhere; an' lor,' what a neck! Not a bad speck on 'im. Well—there, *you* know what 'e is! Rhymer the Second; fit to win anywhere now, though 'e's getting a bit old."

I knew the name very well as that of a dog that had been invincible in fox-terrier open classes a few years back. It was news to me that Bill Wragg had ever possessed such a dog as that.

"Rhymer the Second," Bill repeated, biting off a piece from the straw he was chewing and beginning at the other end. "Though I called 'im Twizzler when 'e was mine. Pure Bardlet strain, an' the best that ever come from it. An' 'ere 'e was, fust in puppy class, fust in novice class, fust in limit class, an' all at fust go."

" 'Eh?' says Sam, 'that's about yer sort, ain't it?' "

" 'Why, yus,' I says, ' 'e's a bit of *all* right. I could do very nice with 'im,' I says.

"Sam grins, artful like. 'Well, ye never know yer luck,' he says. An' I *was* a-beginnin' to think things over."

Mr. Wragg drew another straw from a sack by his side and resumed.

"So we went an' bought a catalogue, an' I went on a-thinkin' things over. I thought 'em over to that extent that I fell reg'lar in love with that little dawg, an' made up my mind I could pretty 'ardly live without 'im. I am that sentimental, ye see, over a nice dawg. We sees the owner's address in the catalogue, an' he was a rare toff—reg'lar nob, with a big 'ouse over

Sutton way, breedin' fox-terriers for amusement. Sam took a bit o' trouble an' found out all about the 'ouse, an' 'e found out that the swell kep' a boy that took out all the dawgs for exercise reg'lar every mornin'. 'I thought as 'ow you might like to 'ave jist one more fond look at 'im,' says Sam.

"'Well, I think I should,' says I; 'an' maybe take 'im a little present—a bit o' liver or what not.'

"So Sam borrowed a 'andy little pony-barrer, an' next mornin' me an' 'im went for a drive over Sutton way. We stops at a quiet, convenient sort o' corner by a garden wall, where the boy allus come by with the dawgs, an' Sam, what 'ad picked up a pore stray cat close by, 'e stood off a bit farther on, like as though 'e'd never seen me afore in all his nat'ral.

"Well, we didn't have to wait very long afore the boy comes along with a 'ole mob o' fox-terriers runnin' all over the shop, 'cept two or three young 'uns on leads, an' givin' the boy all he could do to keep 'em together, I can tell ye. There was very nigh a score in the crowd, but I picked out my little beauty at once, an' there 'e was, trottin' along nice and genelmanly jist where I wanted 'im, a bit behind most of 'em. Jist as the boy goes past me, I ketches my little beauty's eye an' whips out my little present—a nice bit o' liver with just a *touch* o' fakement on it, you understand—just enough to fetch 'im. At the same moment Sam, in front, 'e somehow lets go the pore stray cat, an' off goes the 'ole bloomin' pack o' terriers arter 'er, an' the boy arter *them*, hollerin' an' whippin' like fun

—all 'cept my little beauty, as was more took up with my little bit o' liver. See?"

I saw, and the old rascal's eyes twinkled with pride in the neatness of his larceny.

"Well, that cat made sich a fair run of it, an' the dawgs went arter 'er at sich a split, that in about 'arf a quarter of a minute my pore little beauty was a lost dawg with nobody in the world to take care of 'im but me an' Sam. An' in about 'arf a quarter of a minute more 'e was in a nice warm basket with plenty o' straw, a-havin' of a ride 'ome in the pony-barrer jist as fast as the pony could take 'im. *I* ain't the cove to leave a pore little dawg all alone in the world."

Here I laughed, and Bill Wragg's face assumed an expression of pained surprise. "Well, no more I ain't," he said. "Look what a risk I was a-takin' all along of a romantical attachment for that dawg. Why I might ha' bin 'ad up for *stealin'* 'im!"

I banished unseemly mirth and looked very serious. "So you might," I said. "Terrible. Go on. Did you bring him home?"

"'E *accompanied* us, sir, all the way. When we took 'im out 'e was just a bit shy-like at bein' in a strange place, but as well as ever. I says to the missis, I says, 'E're's a pore little lost dawg we've found. I think he's a pretty good 'un.'

"'Ah,' says she, 'that 'e is.' The missus 'as got a pretty good eye for a dawg—for a woman! 'That 'e is,' says she. 'Are ye a-goin' to keep 'im?'

"'Keep 'im?' says I. 'No,' I says, 'not altogether.

That wouldn't be honest. I'm a-goin' to buy 'im, legal an' honorable.'

"'Buy 'im?' says the missis, not tumblin' to the racket. 'Buy 'im? 'Ow?'

"'Buy 'im cheap,' says I, 'in about a month's time. 'E'd be too dear jist at present for a pore 'ard-workin' chap like me. But we'll keep 'im for a month in case we're able to find the owner. Pity we can't afford to feed 'im very well, I says, an' o' course 'e might get a touch o' mange or summat—but that's luck. All you've got to do is to keep 'im close when I'm out, an' take care 'e don't get lost again.'

"So we chained 'im up amongst the rest for that night, 'an we kep' 'im indoors for a month on the chain. O' course, bein' a pore man, I couldn't afford to feed 'im as well as the others—'im bein' another man's dawg as could well afford to keep 'im, an' ought never to ha' been so careless a-losin' of 'im. An' besides, a dawg kep' on the chain for a month don't want so much grub as one as gits exercise. Anybody knows that. An' what's more, as I was a-goin' to buy 'im reg'lar, the wuss condition 'e got in the cheaper 'e'd come, ye see. So if we did starve 'im a bit, more or less, it was all out of affection for 'im. An' we let 'is coat go any'ow, an we give it a touch of a little fakement I know about that makes it go patchy an' look like mange—though it's easy enough got rid of. An' so we kep' 'im for a month, an' 'e got seedier every day; an', o' course, we never 'eard anything from the swell at Sutton.

"Well, at the end o' the month the little dawg looks

pretty mis'rable an' taper. An', to say nothink o' the mangy coat an' bad condition, all 'is spirit an' carriage was gone, an' you know as 'ow spirit an' carriage is 'arf the pints in a fox-terrier. So I says to the missis, 'Come,' I says, 'I'm about tired o' keepin' another man's dawg for nothink. Jist you put a string on 'im an' take 'im round to the p'lice station.'

"'What?' says the missis. 'Why, I thought you was a-goin' to buy 'im!' For ye see she hadn't tumbled to the racket yet.

"'Never you mind,' says I; 'you git yer bonnet an' do what I tell you.'

"So the missis gets her bonnet an' puts a string on Rhymer the Second (which looked anythink but a winner by this time, you may bet) an' goes off to the p'lice station. She'd got her tale all right, o' course, from me, all about the stray dawg that 'ad bin follerin' 'er, an' seemed so 'ungry, pore thing, an' wouldn't go away, an' that she was 'arf afraid of. So they took 'im in, o' course, as dooty bound, an' put 'im along of the other strays, an' the missis she come 'ome without 'im.

"Well, Sam gives a sort o' casual eye to the p'lice station, an' next mornin' 'e sees a bobby go off with the strays what had been collected—about 'arf a dozen of 'em—with our little chap among 'em, to the Dawgs' 'Ome. Now in understandin' my little business speculation, you must remember that this was in the thick o' the muzzlin' rage, when the p'lice was very strict, an' the Dawgs' 'Ome was full enough to bust. I knowed the ropes o' the thing, an' I knowed pretty well

what 'ud happen. The little dawg 'ud be took in among the others in the big yard where they keep all the little 'uns, a place cram jam full o' other dawgs about 'is size an' condition, so as it ain't allus easy to tell t'other from which. There 'e'd stop for three days—no less an' no more, unless 'e was claimed or bought. If 'e wasn't either claimed or bought at the end o' three days, into the oven 'e went, an' there was an end of 'im. Mind you, in ordinary the good 'uns 'ud be picked out an' nussed up an' what not, an' sold better; but these busy days there was no time an' no conveniences for that, an' they 'ad to treat 'em all alike. So that I was pretty sure anyway that the Sutton swell 'ad made 'is visit long ago, an' o' course, found nothink. So next day I says to the missis, 'Missis, I've got another job for you. There's a pore little lost dawg at the Dawgs' 'Ome I want ye to buy. You'll git 'im for about five bob. 'E looks pretty much off color, I expect—'arf starved, with a touch o' mange; an 'e's a fox-terrier.'

"When the missis tumbled to it at last, I thought she'd ha' bust herself a-laughin'. 'Lor', Bill,' she says, 'you—well there—you *are!* I never guessed what you was a-drivin' at.'

" 'All right,' says I, 'you know now, anyway. Pitch your mug a bit more solemn than that an' sling out arter the dawg. An' *mind,* I says, mind an' git the proper receipt for the money in the orfice.'

" 'Cos why? That's lor. *I* knowed all that afore I begun the speculation. You go an' buy a dawg, fair an' honest, at the Dawgs' 'Ome, an' get a receipt for

yer money, an' that dawg's *yourn*—yourn straight an' legal, afore all the judges of England, no matter whose that dawg might ha' been once. That's been tried an' settled long ago. Now you see my arrangement plain enough, don't ye?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I do. A little rough on the original owner, though, wasn't it?"

"Business, nothink but business! Why, bless ye, I'd ha' been in the workus long enough ago if I 'adn't kep' a sharp eye to business. An', Lor,' honesty's the best policy, as this 'ere speculation shows ye plain. If I'd ha' bin dishonest an' *stole* that dawg an' kep' it, what good would it ha' been to me? None at all. I couldn't ha' showed it, I couldn't ha' sold it for more'n a song, an' if I 'ad, why, it 'ud ha' bin spotted an' I'd ha' bin 'ad up. Well, six months 'ard ain't what I keep shop for, an' it ain't business. But playin' the honest, legal, proper game I made a bit, as you'll see.

"The missis she goes off to the Dawgs' 'Ome. Mind you, *they* didn't know 'er. She only took the dawg to the p'lice, an' the p'lice took 'im to the 'ome. So the missis goes to the 'ome with 'er tale all ready, an' 'Please, I want a little dawg,' she says, 'a nice, cheap little dog for me an' my 'usband to make a pet of. I think I'd like one o' them little white 'uns,' she says; 'I dunno what they call 'em, but I mean them little white 'uns with black marks.' She can pitch it pretty innocent, can the missis, when she likes.

" 'Why,' says the man, 'I expect you mean a fox-terrier. Well, we've got plenty o' them. Come this way, mum, an' look at 'em.'

"So 'e takes 'er along to the yard where the little uns was, an' she looks through the bars an' pretty soon she spots our little dawg not far off, lookin' as bad as any of 'em. 'There,' says she, 'that's the sort o' little dawg I was a-thinkin' of, if 'e wouldn't come too dear—that one there that looks so 'ungry, pore thing. I'd keep 'im well fed, I would,' she says.

"Well, it was all right about the price, an' she got 'im for the five bob, an' got the receipt too, all reg'lar an' proper, in the orfice. 'You ain't chose none so bad, mum,' says the keeper, lookin' 'im over. 'E's a very good little dawg is that, only out o' condition. If we 'adn't bin so busy we'd ha' put 'im into better trim, an' then 'e'd ha' bin dearer.'

" 'Oh,' says the missis, 'then I couldn't 'ave afforded to buy 'im; so I'm glad you didn't.'

" 'Well,' says the man, 'there's no character with 'im, o' course, but I shouldn't be surprised if 'e was a pedigree dawg.' 'E knowed a thing or two, did that keeper.

"So ye see the little dawg was mine, proper an' legal. Bein' mine, I could afford to treat 'im well, an precious soon, what with a dose or two o' stuff, careful feeding, plenty o' exercise, an' proper care o' the coat, Rhymer the Second was as bright an' 'andsome as ever. Only we called 'im Twizzler for reasons o' business, as you'll understand. An' 'e comes on so prime that I registers 'im, an' next show round 'ere I enters 'im for every class 'e'd go in—open class, novice class, an' limit class. And blowed if 'e didn't take fust in all of 'em, an' a special, too. But, there—'e couldn't but win, sich a

beauty as 'e was; he ketches the judge's eye at once. After all the bad uns 'ad bin sent out o' the ring it was all done—the judges couldn't leave off lookin' at 'im. So there it was arter all—all the fusts for Mr. W. Wragg's Twizzler, pedigree unknown. *Not for Sale.*

"Well, that was pretty good, but there was more to come. Just afore the show closed I was a-lookin' around with Sam, when one o' the keepers comes up with a message from the sec't'ry. 'There's a gent carryin' on like one o'clock,' says the keeper, 'about your fox-terrier. Swears it's 'is as was stole from 'im a while back, an' the sec't'ry would like you to step over.'

"O' course, I was all ready, with the receipt snug an' 'andy in my pocket, an' I goes over as bold as brass. There was the sec't'ry with 'is rosette, an' another chap with 'is, an' a p'liceman an' a keeper, an' there was the toff with the gig-lamps an' a red face, a-shakin' of 'is fist an' rantin' an' goin' on awful. 'I tell you that's my dawg,' 'e says; 'the most valuable animal in my kennels, stole while 'e was bein' exercised! Some one shall go to gaol over this!' 'e says. 'Show me the man as entered it.'

"'All right, guv'nor,' says I, calm an' peaceful, 'that's me; I entered 'im. Little dawg o' mine called Twizzler. What was you a-sayin' about 'im?'

"'Why, the dog's mine, I tell you, you rascal! Stolen in February! And you've changed 'is name! What——'

"'Steady on, guv'nor,' I says, quiet an' dignified. 'You're excited an' rather insultin'. I ain't changed

any dawg's name. 'E 'adn't got no name when I bought 'im, an' I give 'im the one 'e's got now. An' as to 'is bein' your dawg—well, 'e ain't, 'cos 'e's mine.'

" 'Then 'ow did you come by him?' he says, madder than ever.

" 'Bought 'im, sir,' I says, 'reg'lar an' proper an' legal. Bought 'im for five shillin's.'

" 'Five shillings!' roars the toff. 'Why, that dog's worth a hundred and fifty pounds! Here, where's a policeman? I'll give him in charge! I'll see this thing through; I'll——'

" 'Five bob was the price, guv'nor,' says I, quiet and genelmanly. 'Though I've no doubt you understand 'is value better than what I do. An' 'ere's my receipt,' I says, 'that makes me 'is owner honest an' legal before any judge in England!' An' I pulls out the paper.

" 'Well, just look 'ere,' says the sec't'ry, 'don't let's have any wrangling. There's a misunderstanding somewhere. You two gentlemen come into my office and see if it can't be settled.' 'Cos, you see, a little crowd was a-gettin' round, an' the sec't'ry he sees well enough 'ow I stood. So we walks over to the office, me leadin' the dawg along o' me, an' the toff puffin' an' blusterin' an' goin' on like steam.

" 'Come,' says the sec't'ry, pleasant an' cordial, 'you two gentlemen have a cigar with me, and a whisky and soda,' 'e says; 'an' let's see if this little matter can't be settled in a friendly way,' 'e says.

" 'Well,' says I, 'I'm agreeable enough. Only what can I do, when this 'ere genelman comes a-kickin' up a

row an' claimin' my dawg, what I've bought legal an' above-board? I can only tell honest 'ow I bought 'im, an' show my legal receipt as proves what I say. I'm civil enough to the genelman,' I says, 'ain't I?'

" 'Oh, yes, o' course,' says the sec't'ry. 'D'ye mind lettin' me look at that receipt again? No doubt we'll come to an arrangement.'

" 'There's the receipt, sir,' I says; 'I'm quite willin' to trust it to you as an honorable genelman,' I says.

"So the sec't'ry 'as another look at the receipt, an' 'Just excuse us a moment, Mr. Wragg,' he says, an' 'e goes inside with the toff an' begins talkin' it over quiet, while I lit up an' 'ad my whisky an' soda. I should think it was a bob cigar. I could just 'ear a word 'ere an' there—'No help for it,' 'That's how it stands legally,' 'Think yourself lucky,' an' so on. An' at last they comes over an' the sec't'ry says, 'Well, Mr. Wragg,' he says, 'there's no doubt the dog's legally yours, as you say, but this gentleman's willing to buy him of you, and give you a good profit on your bargain. What do you say?'

" 'Why,' I says, ' 'e ain't for sale. You can see it plain enough on the catalogue.'

" 'Oh, yes, of course, I know that,' says the sec't'ry. 'But we're men of the world here, men of business—none more so than yourself, I'm sure—and we can make a deal, no doubt. What do you say to twenty pounds?'

" 'What?' says I. 'Twenty pounds? An' the genelman 'isself said the dawg was worth a hundred an'

fifty this very minute? Is it likely?' says I. I 'ad 'im there, I think. 'It ain't reasonable,' I says.

"'H'm,' says the sec't'ry. 'He certainly did say something about the dog being valuable. But just think. It can't be worth much to you with no pedigree.'

"'It's worth jist what it'll fetch to me,' I says, 'an' no less.'

"'Just so,' the sec't'ry says, 'but nobody'll give you much for it with no pedigree, except this gentleman. And remember, you got it cheap enough.'

"'Well, I dunno about cheap,' I says, 'E's bin a bit of trouble to bring on an' git in condition,' I says.

"'Come, then,' says the sec't'ry, 'put your own price on 'im. Now!'

"'I don't want to be 'ard on the gent,' I says, 'an' seeing 'e's took sich a fancy to the little dawg I'll do 'im a favor. I'll make a big reduction on the price 'e put on 'im 'isself. A hundred pound buys 'im.'

"When 'e 'eard that the toff bounces round an' grabs 'is 'at. 'I won't be robbed twice like that,' 'e says, 'if I lose five hundred dogs.' An' I begun to think I might ha' ventured a bit too 'igh. 'I won't submit to it,' says 'e.

"'Wait a moment,' says the sec't'ry, soothin' like. 'Mr. Wragg's open to reason, I'm sure. You see, Mr. Wragg, the gentleman won't go anything like as high. and if he won't, nobody will. You won't take twenty. Let's say thirty, an' finish the business.'

"Well, we goes on 'agglin', till at last we settles it at fifty.

"'All right,' I says, when I see it wouldn't run to no more. 'Ave it yer own way. I don't want to stand in the way of a genelman as is took sich a fancy to a little dawg—I'm so sentimental over a dawg myself,' I says.

"So the toff, he pulls out 'is cheque book an' writes out a cheque on the spot. 'There,' says the sec't'ry, 'that little misunderstanding's settled, an' I congratulate you two gentlemen. You've made a very smart bargain, Mr. Wragg, an' you've got a dog, sir, that I hope will repay you well!'

"An' so the toff went off with the little dawg, an' I went off with the fifty quid, both well pleased enough. An' the dawg *did* pay 'im well, as you can remember. 'E was a lucky chap, was that toff. *I* never see sich a good dawg bought so cheap before. I ought to ha' got more for' im, I think—but there, I *am* so sentimental about a dawg!"

Arthur Morrison.

Mr. Arthur Morrison is an English writer who has distinguished himself in the field of the short-story. He was born in 1863. Of his early life little has been given to the world, since Mr. Morrison prefers to maintain a degree of privacy in spite of the distinction which his writings have conferred upon him. He was for some years the secretary of a charity trust, in which capacity he saw much of slum life on the East Side, in London. Here he gained his wide knowledge of the types and individuals who figure in his stories—

vagabonds, criminals, and the mere downtrodden brutalized slum-dwellers who by inheritance and environment are predestined to penury and degradation. Mr. Morrison joined the staff of a London newspaper, but did not stay long in journalism. The life with which he had come into touch in the slums stirred him to expression in *Tales of Mean Streets*, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1891. These stories, with their sordid comedies and still more sordid tragedies, placed him at once among the promising writers of the day. This early work, however, was by some critics assailed as cynical and unnecessarily brutal. Mr. Morrison was accused also of being too close an imitator of Dickens. Nevertheless, his later work has refuted his adversaries and justified his admirers. His humorous tales have gone far to remove the impression of pessimism which his first stories were inclined to create, and his serious narratives are marked by a directness that places them among the best of modern English short-stories.

Mr. Morrison is a collector of Japanese *objets d'art*, especially of paintings, of which he is a connoisseur. His articles and books on Japanese art are recognized as authoritative. Besides the book named above, Mr. Morrison has written *A Child of the Jago, The Hole in the Wall, The Chronicles of Martin Hewett*—a series of detective stories—*The Green Eye of Goona, Green Ginger, The Red Triangle, Divers Vanities, To London Town*, and *Cunning Murrell*. With H. C. Sargent he has dramatized his famous little story, *That Brute Simmons*, and with Richard Pryce he has

written a play, *The Dumb Cake*. A list of his best short-stories is given below.

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A LIVING RELIC*

By Ivan Turgenev

O native land of long-suffering,
Land of the Russian people.

F. Tyutchev.

A French proverb says that "a dry fisherman and a wet hunter are a sorry sight." Never having had any taste for fishing, I cannot decide what are the fisherman's feelings in fine bright weather, and how far in bad weather the pleasure derived from the abundance of fish compensates for the unpleasantness of being wet. But for the sportsman rain is a real calamity. It was to just this calamity that Yermolaï and I were exposed on one of our expeditions after grouse in the Byelevsky district. The rain never ceased from early morning. What didn't we do to escape it? We put mackintosh capes almost right over our heads, and stood under the trees to avoid the raindrops. . . . The waterproof capes, to say nothing of their hindering our shooting, let the water through in the most shameless fashion; and under the trees, though at first, certainly, the rain did not reach us, afterward the water collected on the leaves suddenly rushed through, every branch

* Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Copyright by the Macmillan Company.

dripped on us like a waterspout, a chill stream made its way under our neckties, and trickled down our spines. . . . This was "quite unpleasant," as Yermolaï expressed it. "No, Piotr Petrovitch," he cried at last; "we can't go on like this. . . . There's no shooting to-day. The dogs' scent is drowned. The guns miss fire. . . . Pugh! What a mess!"

"What's to be done?" I queried.

"Well, let's go to Aleksyevka. You don't know it, perhaps—there's a settlement of that name belonging to your mother; it's seven miles from here. We'll stay the night there, and to-morrow. . . ."

"Come back here?"

"No, not here. . . . I know of some places beyond Aleksyevka . . . ever so much better than here for grouse!"

I did not proceed to question my faithful companion why he had not taken me to those parts before, and the same day we made our way to my mother's peasant settlement, the existence of which, I must confess, I had not even suspected up till then. At this settlement, it turned out, there was a little lodge. It was very old, but, as it had not been inhabited, it was clean; I passed a fairly tranquil night in it.

The next day I woke up very early. The sun had only just risen; there was not a single cloud in the sky; everything around shone with a double brilliance —the brightness of the fresh morning rays and of yesterday's downpour. While they were harnessing me a cart, I went for a stroll about a small orchard, now neglected and run wild, which inclosed the little lodge on

all sides with its fragrant, sappy growth. Ah, how sweet it was in the open air, under the bright sky, where the larks were trilling, whence their bell-like notes rained down like silvery beads! On their wings, doubtless, they had carried off drops of dew, and their songs seemed steeped in dew. I took my cap off my head and drew a glad deep breath. . . . On the slope of a shallow ravine, close to the hedge, could be seen a beehive; a narrow path led to it, winding like a snake between dense walls of high grass and nettles, above which struggled up, God knows whence brought, the pointed stalks of dark-green hemp.

I turned along this path; I reached the beehive. Beside it stood a little wattled shanty, where they put the beehives for the winter. I peeped into the half-open door; it was dark, still, dry within; there was a scent of mint and balm. In the corner were some trestles fitted together, and on them, covered with a quilt, a little figure of some sort. . . . I was walking away. . . .

"Master, master! Piotr Petrovitch!" I heard a voice, faint, slow, and hoarse, like the whispering of marsh rushes.

I stopped.

"Piotr Petrovitch! Come in, please!" the voice repeated. It came from the corner where were the trestles I had noticed.

I drew near, and was struck dumb with amazement. Before me lay a living human being; but what sort of a creature was it?

A head utterly withered, of a uniform coppery hue—like some very ancient holy picture, yellow with age; a

sharp nose like a keen-edged knife; the lips could barely be seen—only the teeth flashed white and the eyes; and from under the kerchief some thin wisps of yellow hair straggled on to the forehead. At the chin, where the quilt was folded, two tiny hands of the same coppery hue were moving, the fingers slowly twitching like little sticks. I looked more intently; the face, far from being ugly, was positively beautiful, but strange and dreadful; and the face seemed the more dreadful to me that on it—on its metallic cheeks—I saw, struggling . . . struggling, and unable to form itself—a smile.

"You don't recognize me, master?" whispered the voice again: it seemed to be breathed from the almost unmoving lips. "And, indeed, how should you? I'm Lukerya. . . . Do you remember, who used to lead the dance at your mother's, at Spasskoye? . . . Do you remember, I used to be leader of the choir, too?"

"Lukerya!" I cried. "Is it you? Can it be?"

"Yes, it's I, master—I, Lukerya."

I did not know what to say, and gazed in stupefaction at the dark, motionless face with the clear, death-like eyes fastened upon me. Was it possible? This mummy Lukerya—the greatest beauty in all our household—that tall, plump, pink-and-white, singing, laughing, dancing creature! Lukerya, our smart Lukerya, whom all our lads were courting, for whom I heaved some secret sighs—I, a boy of sixteen!

"Mercy, Lukerya!" I said at last; "what is it has happened to you?"

"Oh, such a misfortune befell me! But don't mind

me, sir; don't let my trouble revolt you; sit there on that little tub—a little nearer, or you won't be able to hear me. . . . I've not much of a voice nowadays! . . . Well, I am glad to see you! What brought you to Aleksyevka?"

Lukerya spoke very softly and feebly, but without pausing.

"Yermolaï, the huntsman, brought me here. But you tell me . . ."

"Tell you about my trouble? Certainly, sir. It happened to me a long while ago now—six or seven years. I had only just been betrothed then to Vassily Polyakov—do you remember, such a fine-looking fellow he was, with curly hair?—he waited at table at your mother's. But you weren't in the country then; you had gone away to Moscow to your studies. We were very much in love, Vassily and me; I could never get him out of my head; and it was in the spring it all happened. Well, one night . . . not long before sunrise, it was . . . I couldn't sleep; a nightingale in the garden was singing so wonderfully sweet! . . . I could not help getting up and going out on to the steps to listen. It trilled and trilled . . . and all at once I fancied some one called me; it seemed like Vassya's voice, so softly, 'Lusha!' . . . I looked round, and being half asleep, I suppose, I missed my footing and fell straight down from the top step, and flop onto the ground! And I thought I wasn't much hurt, for I got up directly and went back to my room. Only it seems something inside me—in my body—was broken. . . . Let me get my breath . . . half a minute . . . sir."

Lukerya ceased, and I looked at her with surprise. What surprised me particularly was that she told her story almost cheerfully, without sighs and groans, not complaining nor asking for sympathy.

"Ever since that happened," Lukerya went on, "I began to pine away and get thin; my skin got dark; walking was difficult with me; and then—I lost the use of my legs altogether; I couldn't stand or sit; I had to lie down all the time. And I didn't care to eat or drink; I got worse and worse. Your mamma, in the kindness of her heart, made me see doctors, and sent me to a hospital. But there was no curing me. And not one doctor could even say what my illness was. What didn't they do to me?—they burned my spine with hot irons, they put me in lumps of ice, and it was all no good. I got quite numb in the end. . . . So the gentlemen decided it was no use doctoring me any more, and there was no sense in keeping cripples up at the great house . . . well, and so they sent me here—because I've relations here. So here I live, as you see."

Lukerya was silent again, and again she tried to smile.

"But this is awful—your position!" I cried . . . and not knowing how to go on, I asked: "and what of Vassily Polyakov?" A most stupid question it was.

Lukerya turned her eyes a little away.

"What of Polyakov? He grieved—he grieved for a bit—and he is married to another, a girl from Glinnoe. Do you know Glinnoe? It's not far from us. Her name's Agrafena. He loved me dearly—but, you

see, he's a young man! he couldn't stay a bachelor. And what sort of a helpmeet could I be? The wife he found for himself is a good, sweet woman—and they have children. He lives here; he's clerk at a neighbor's; your mamma let him go off with a passport, and he's doing very well, praise God!"

"And so you go on lying here all the time?" I asked again.

"Yes, sir, I've been lying here seven years. In the summer time I lie here in this shanty, and when it gets cold they move me out into the bath house: I lie there."

"Who waits on you? Does anyone look after you?"

"Oh, there are kind folks here as everywhere; they don't desert me. Yes, they see to me a little. As to food, I eat nothing to speak of; but water is here, in the pitcher; it's always kept full of pure spring water. I can reach to the pitcher myself: I've one arm still of use. There's a little girl here, an orphan; now and then she comes to see me, the kind child. She was here just now. . . . You didn't meet her? Such a pretty, fair little thing. She brings me flowers. We've some in the garden—there were some—but they've all disappeared. But, you know, wild flowers, too, are nice; they smell even sweeter than garden flowers. Lilies of the valley, now . . . what could be sweeter?"

"And aren't you dull and miserable, my poor Lukerya?"

"Why, what is one to do? I wouldn't tell a lie about it. At first it was very wearisome; but later on I got used to it, I got more patient—it was nothing; there are others worse off still."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, some haven't a roof to shelter them, and there are some blind or deaf; while I, thank God, have splendid sight, and hear everything—everything. If a mole burrows in the ground—I hear even that. And I can smell every scent, even the faintest! When the buckwheat comes into flower in the meadow, or the lime-tree in the garden—I don't need to be told of it, even; I'm the first to know directly. Anyway, if there's the least bit of a wind blowing from that quarter. No, he who stirs God's wrath is far worse off than me. Look at this, again: anyone in health may easily fall into sin; but I'm cut off even from sin. The other day, Father Aleksy, the priest, came to give me the sacrament, and he says: 'There's no need,' says he, 'to confess you; you can't fall into sin in your condition, can you?' But I said to him: 'How about sinning in thought, father?' 'Ah, well,' says he, and he laughed himself, 'that's no great sin.'

"But I fancy I'm no great sinner even in that way, in thought," Lukerya went on, "for I've trained myself not to think, and above all, not to remember. The time goes faster."

I must own I was astonished. "You're always alone, Lukerya: how can you prevent the thoughts from coming into your head? or are you constantly asleep?"

"Oh, no, sir! I can't always sleep. Though I've no great pain, still I've an ache, there, right inside, and in my bones, too; it won't let me sleep as I ought. No . . . but there, I lie by myself; I lie here and lie here, and don't think: I feel that I'm alive, I breathe; and I

put myself all into that. I look and listen. The bees buzz and hum in the hive; a dove sits on the roof and coos; a hen comes along with her chickens to peck up crumbs; or a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly—that's a great treat for me. Last year some swallows even built a nest over there in the corner, and brought up their little ones. Oh, how interesting it was! One would fly to the nest, press close, feed a young one, and off again. Look again: the other would be in her place already. Sometimes it wouldn't fly in, but only fly past the open door; and the little ones would begin to squeak, and open their beaks directly. . . . I was hoping for them back again the next year, but they say a sportsman here shot them with his gun. And what could he gain by it? It's hardly bigger, the swallow, than a beetle. . . . What wicked men you are, you sportsmen!"

"I don't shoot swallows," I hastened to remark.

"And once," Lukerya began again, "it was comical, really. A hare ran in, it did really! The hounds, I suppose, were after it; anyway, it seemed to tumble straight in at the door! . . . It squatted quite near me, and sat so a long while; it kept sniffing with its nose, and twitching its whiskers—like a regular officer! and it looked at me. It understood, to be sure, that I was no danger to it. At last it got up, went hop-hop to the door, looked round in the doorway; and what did it look like? Such a funny fellow it was!"

Lukerya glanced at me, as much as to say, "Wasn't it funny?" To satisfy her, I laughed. She moistened her parched lips.

"Well, in the winter, of course, I'm worse off, because it's dark: to burn a candle would be a pity, and what would be the use? I can read, to be sure, and was always fond of reading, but what could I read? There are no books of any kind, and even if there were, how could I hold a book? Father Aleksy brought me a calendar to entertain me, but he saw it was no good, so he took and carried it away again. But even though it's dark, there's always something to listen to: a cricket chirps, or a mouse begins scratching somewhere. That's when it's a good thing—not to think!

"And I repeat the prayers, too," Lukerya went on, after taking breath a little; "only I don't know many of them—the prayers, I mean. And, besides, why should I weary the Lord God? What can I ask Him for? He knows better than I what I need. He has laid a cross upon me: that means that He loves me. So we are commanded to understand. I repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Hymn to the Virgin, the Supplication of all the Afflicted, and I lie still again, without any thought at all, and am all right!"

Two minutes passed by. I did not break the silence, and did not stir on the narrow tub which served me as a seat. The cruel stony stillness of the living, unlucky creature lying before me communicated itself to me; I, too, turned, as it were, numb.

"Listen, Lukerya," I began at last; "listen to the suggestion I'm going to make to you. Would you like me to arrange for them to take you to a hospital—a good hospital in the town? Who knows, perhaps you might yet be cured; anyway, you would not be alone. . . ."

Lukerya's eyebrows fluttered faintly. "Oh, no, sir," she answered in a troubled whisper: "don't move me into a hospital; don't touch me. I shall only have more agony to bear there! How could they cure me now? . . . Why, there was a doctor came here once; he wanted to examine me. I begged him, for Christ's sake, not to disturb me. It was no use. He began turning me over, pounding my hands and legs, and pulling me about. He said, 'I'm doing this for Science; I'm a servant of Science—a scientific man! And you,' he said, 'really oughtn't to oppose me, because I've a medal given me for my labors, and it's for you simpletons I'm toiling.' He mauled me about, told me the name of my disease—some wonderful long name—and with that he went away; and all my poor bones ached for a week after. You say 'I'm all alone; always alone.' Oh, no, I'm not always; they come to see me—I'm quiet—I don't bother them. The peasant girls come in and chat a bit; a pilgrim woman will wander in, and tell me tales of Jerusalem, of Kiev, of the holy towns. And I'm not afraid of being alone. Indeed, it's better—aye, aye! Master, don't touch me, don't take me to the hospital. . . . Thank you, you are kind; only don't touch me, there's a dear!"

"Well, as you like, as you like, Lukerya. You know, I only suggested it for your good."

"I know, master, that it was for my good. But, master dear, who can help another? Who can enter into his soul? Every man must help himself! You won't believe me, perhaps. I lie here sometimes so alone . . . and it's as though there were no one else

in the world but me. As if I alone were living! And it seems to me as though something were blessing me. . . . I'm carried away by dreams that are really marvelous!"

"What do you dream of, then, Lukerya?"

"That, too, master, I couldn't say; one can't explain. Besides, one forgets afterward. It's like a cloud coming over and bursting, then it grows so fresh and sweet; but just what it was, there's no knowing! Only my idea is, if folks were near me, I should have nothing of that, and should feel nothing except my misfortune."

Lukerya heaved a painful sigh. Her breathing, like her limbs, was not under her control.

"When I come to think, master, of you," she began again, "you are very sorry for me. But you mustn't be too sorry, really! I'll tell you one thing; for instance, I sometimes, even now. . . . Do you remember how merry I used to be in my time? A regular madcap! . . . So do you know what? I sing songs even now."

"Sing? . . . You?"

"Yes; I sing the old songs, songs for choruses, for feasts, Christmas songs, all sorts! I know such a lot of them, you see, and I've not forgotten them. Only dance songs I don't sing. In my state now it wouldn't suit me."

"How do you sing them? . . . to yourself?"

"To myself, yes; and aloud, too. I can't sing loud, but still one can understand it. I told you a little girl waits on me. A clever little orphan she is. So I have

taught her; four songs she has learned from me already. Don't you believe me? Wait a minute, I'll show you directly. . . ."

Lukerya took breath. . . . The thought that this half-dead creature was making ready to begin singing raised an involuntary feeling of dread in me. But before I could utter a word, a long-drawn-out, hardly audible, but pure and true note, was quivering in my ears. . . . it was followed by a second and a third. "In the meadows," sang Lukerya. She sang, the expression of her stony face unchanged, even her eyes riveted on one spot. But how touchingly tinkled out that poor struggling little voice, that wavered like a thread of smoke: how she longed to pour out all her soul in it! . . . I felt no dread now; my heart throbbed with unutterable pity.

"Ah, I can't!" she said suddenly. "I've not the strength. I'm so upset with joy at seeing you."

She closed her eyes.

I laid my hand on her tiny, chill fingers. . . . She glanced at me, and her dark lids, fringed with golden eyelashes, closed again, and were still as an ancient statue's. An instant later they glistened in the half-darkness. . . . They were moistened by a tear.

As before, I did not stir.

"How silly I am!" said Lukerya suddenly, with unexpected force, and opened her eyes wide: she tried to wink the tears out of them. "I ought to be ashamed! What am I doing? It's a long time since I have been like this . . . not since that day when Vassya Polyakov was here last spring. While he sat with me and

talked, I was all right; but when he had gone away, how I did cry in my loneliness! Where did I get the tears from? But, there; we girls get our tears for nothing. Master," added Lukerya, "perhaps you have a handkerchief. . . . If you won't mind, wipe my eyes."

I made haste to carry out her desire, and left her the handkerchief. She refused it at first. . . . "What good's such a gift to me?" she said. The handkerchief was plain enough, but clean and white. Afterward she clutched it in her weak fingers, and did not loosen them again. As I got used to the darkness in which we both were, I could clearly make out her features, could even perceive the delicate flush that peeped out under the coppery hue of her face, could discover in the face, so at least it seemed to me, traces of its former beauty.

"You asked me, master," Lukerya began again, "whether I sleep. I sleep very little, but every time I fall asleep I've dreams—such splendid dreams! I'm never ill in my dreams; I'm always so well, and young. . . . There's one thing's sad: I wake up and long for a good stretch, and I'm all as if I were in chains. I once had such an exquisite dream! Shall I tell it you? Well, listen. I dreamed I was standing in a meadow, and all round me was rye, so tall, and ripe as gold! . . . and I had a reddish dog with me—such a wicked dog; it kept trying to bite me. And I had a sickle in my hands; not a simple sickle; it seemed to be the moon itself—the moon as it is when it's the shape of a sickle. And with this same moon I had to cut the rye clean. Only I was very weary with the heat, and the moon

blinded me, and I felt lazy; and cornflowers were growing all about, and such big ones! And they all turned their heads to me. And I thought in my dream I would pick them; Vassya had promised to come, so I'd pick myself a wreath first; I'd still time to plait it. I began picking cornflowers, but they kept melting away from between my fingers, do what I would. And I couldn't make myself a wreath. And meanwhile I heard some one coming up to me, so close, and calling, 'Lush! Lusha!' . . . 'Ah,' I thought, 'what a pity I hadn't time!' No matter, I put that moon on my head instead of cornflowers. I put it on like a tiara, and I was all brightness directly; I made the whole field light around me. And, behold! over the very top of the ears there came gliding very quickly toward me, not Vassya, but Christ Himself! And how I knew it was Christ I can't say; they don't paint Him like that—only it was He! No beard, tall, young, all in white, only His belt was golden; and He held out His hand to me. 'Fear not,' said He; 'My bride adorned, follow Me; you shall lead the choral dance in the heavenly kingdom, and sing the songs of Paradise.' And how I clung to His hand! My dog at once followed at my heels. . . . but then we began to float upward! He in front. . . . His wings spread wide over all the sky, long like a seagull's—and I after Him! And my dog had to stay behind. Then only I understood that that dog was my illness, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was no place for it."

Lukerya paused a minute.

"And I had another dream, too," she began again;

"but maybe it was a vision. I really don't know. It seemed to me I was lying in this very shanty, and my dead parents, father and mother, come to me and bow low to me, but say nothing. And I asked them, 'Why do you bow down to me, father and mother?' 'Because,' they said, 'you suffer much in this world, so that you have not only set free your own soul, but have taken a great burden from off us, too. And for us in the other world it is much easier. You have made an end of your own sins; now you are expiating our sins.' And having said this, my parents bowed down to me again, and I could not see them; there was nothing but the walls to be seen. I was in great doubt afterward what had happened with me. I even told the priest of it in confession. Only he thinks it was not a vision, because visions come only to the clerical gentry.

"And I'll tell you another dream," Lukerya went on. "I dreamed I was sitting on the highroad, under a willow; I had a stick, had a wallet on my shoulders, and my head tied up in a kerchief, just like a pilgrim woman! And I had to go somewhere, a long, long way off, on a pilgrimage. And pilgrims kept coming past me; they came along slowly, all going one way; their faces were weary, and all very much like one another. And I dreamed that moving about among them was a woman, a head taller than the rest, and wearing a peculiar dress, not like ours—not Russian. And her face, too, was peculiar—a worn face and severe. And all the others moved away from her; but she suddenly turns, and comes straight to me. She stood still, and

looked at me; and her eyes were yellow, large, and clear as a falcon's. And I ask her, "Who are you?' And she says to me, 'I'm your death.' Instead of being frightened, it was quite the other way. I was as pleased as could be; I crossed myself! And the woman, my death, says to me: 'I'm sorry for you, Lukerya, but I can't take you with me. Farewell!' Good God! how sad I was then! . . . 'Take me,' said I, 'good mother, take me, darling!' And my death turned to me, and began speaking to me. . . . I knew that she was appointing me my hour, but indistinctly, incomprehensibly. 'After St. Peter's day,' said she. . . . With that I awoke. . . . Yes, I have such wonderful dreams!"

Lukerya turned her eyes upward . . . and sank into thought. . . .

"Only the sad thing is, sometimes a whole week will go by without my getting to sleep once. Last year a lady came to see me, and she gave me a little bottle of medicine against sleeplessness; she told me to take ten drops at a time. It did me so much good, and I used to sleep; only the bottle was all finished long ago. Do you know what medicine that was, and how to get it?"

The lady had obviously given Lukerya opium. I promised to get her another bottle like it, and could not refrain from again wondering aloud at her patience.

"Ah, master!" she answered, "why do you say so? What do you mean by patience? There, Simeon Stylites now had patience certainly, great patience; for thirty years he stood on a pillar! And another saint had himself buried in the earth, right up to his breast,

and the ants ate his face. . . . And I'll tell you what I was told by a good scholar: there was once a country, and the Ishmaelites made war on it, and they tortured and killed all the inhabitants; and do what they would, the people could not get rid of them. And there appeared among these people a holy virgin; she took a great sword, put on armor weighing eighty pounds, went out against the Ishmaelites and drove them all beyond the sea. Only when she had driven them out, she said to them: 'Now burn me, for that was my vow, that I would die a death by fire for my people.' And the Ishmaelites took her and burned her, and the people have been free ever since then! That was a noble deed, now! But what am I!"

I wondered to myself whence and in what shape the legend of Joan of Arc had reached her, and after a brief silence, I asked Lukerya how old she was.

"Twenty-eight . . . or nine. . . . It won't be thirty. But why count the years! I've something else to tell you. . . ."

Lukerya suddenly gave a sort of choked cough, and groaned. . . .

"You are talking a great deal," I observed to her; "it may be bad for you."

"It's true," she whispered, hardly audibly; "it's time to end our talk; but what does it matter! Now, when you leave me, I can be silent as long as I like. Anyway, I've opened my heart. . . ."

I began bidding her good-by. I repeated my promise to send her the medicine, and asked her once more

to think well and tell me—if there wasn't anything she wanted?

"I want nothing; I am content with all, thank God!" she articulated with very great effort, but with emotion; "God give good health to all! But there, master, you might speak a word to your mamma—the peasants here are poor—if she could take the least bit off their rent! They've not land enough, and no advantages. . . . They would pray to God for you. . . . But I want nothing; I'm quite contented with all."

I gave Lukerya my word that I would carry out her request, and had already walked to the door. . . . She called me back again.

"Do you remember, master," she said, and there was a gleam of something wonderful in her eyes and on her lips, "what hair I used to have? Do you remember, right down to my knees! It was long before I could make up my mind to it. . . . Such hair as it was! But how could it be kept combed? In my state! . . . So I had it cut off. . . . Yes. . . . Well, good-by, master! I can't talk any more. . . ."

That day, before setting off to shoot, I had a conversation with the village constable about Lukerya. I learned from him that in the village they called Lukerya the "Living Relic"; that she gave them no trouble, however; they never heard complaint or repining from her. "She asks nothing, but, on the contrary, she's grateful for everything; a gentle soul, one must say, if any there be. Stricken of God," so the constable concluded, "for her sins, one must suppose; but we do

not go into that. And as for judging her, no—no, we do not judge her. Let her be!"

* * * * * * *

A few weeks later I heard that Lukerya was dead. So her death had come for her . . . and "after St. Peter's day." They told me that on the day of her death she kept hearing the sound of bells, though it was reckoned over five miles from Aleksyevka to the church, and it was a week-day. Lukerya, however, had said that the sounds came not from the church, but from above! Probably she did not dare to say—from heaven.

[NOTE.—This story may be compared with *The Life of Nancy,* by Sarah Orne Jewett.]

IVAN TURGENEV.

Anyone who has read the novels of Ivan Turgenev, and noted the perfect art by means of which condensation and unity are attained, would expect him to be a writer of short-stories as admirable in their way as the novels themselves. We include here *A Living Relic,* from *A Sportsman's Sketches,* as an illustration of the poetic prose narrative in which the great Russian writer was often at his best. Turgenev was born at Orel, in south-central Russia, in 1818. His family was old and noble, long established on generous estates. His boyhood was made unhappy because of violent family dissensions. Madame Turgenev, who was notoriously ill-tempered and heartless, is pictured with more or less fidelity in the autobiographi-

cal portions of the novelist's works. The boy Ivan was given excellent instruction by French tutors, but the Russian language, which he afterward made the medium of his art, he picked up from servants, since it was spoken by no one else in his hearing.

When he could no longer endure the tyranny of his home, he traveled abroad, and studied in the universities of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. Seldom has a novelist been more thoroughly educated and cultured than Turgenev. To his solid attainments in scholarship he added a cultivated taste for music, which became for him little less than a passion. His first published work was the *Annals of a Sportsman* (or *A Sportsman's Sketches*), thus vaguely named, it is said, in order to cover its attack upon the landowners who ill-treated their serfs. It undoubtedly helped to effect the emancipation of the serfs at a somewhat later date. About the time that the book was published (1852), Gogol died; a fervent eulogy of the older Russian author brought down upon Turgenev the wrath of the government. He was ordered to retire to his estate, and was virtually a prisoner on his own land. When freedom was granted, he left Russia never to return except for brief visits at long intervals. He spent most of his life in Paris, where he wrote the greater number of his novels, and where he was much beloved by the members of the literary and musical circles in which he moved. He never married. His association with the family of Madame Viardot (Pauline Garcia, a noted singer) was of the closest and most cordial, although its exact nature has never been pre-

cisely understood. It is reported that he gave to Madame Viardot the manuscript of a novel (or a book of some sort) the theme of which was his relations with herself and her family; this volume was to be published ten years after her death. Madame Viardot died at a great age in 1910, her friend Turgenev having died nearly thirty years before. In 1920, then, we may expect another volume from the hand that contributed so much to the literature of an unappreciative country.

Turgenev's novels are *Virgin Soil, Torrents of Spring, Smoke, Fathers and Sons, A House of Gentlefolk (A Nest of Noblemen), Rudin, On the Eve,* and *The Diary of a Superfluous Man.* The student should read a number of his short-stories and sketches to discover why his technique has been regarded as admirable, and why he deserves the title of "poetic realist."

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The Song of Love Triumphant.

THE MONKEY'S PAW*

By W. W. Jacobs

I.

Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlor of Lakesnam Villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess, the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire.

"Hark at the wind," said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

"I'm listening," said the latter, grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand. "Check."

"I should hardly think that he'd come to-night," said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

"Mate," replied the son.

"That's the worst of living so far out," bawled Mr. White, with sudden and unlooked-for violence; "of all the beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way places to live in, this

*Used by permission of Dodd, Mead and Company, from *The Lady of the Barge*, by W. W. Jacobs.

is the worst. Pathway's a bog, and the road's a torrent. I don't know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses on the road are let, they think it doesn't matter."

"Never mind, dear," said his wife soothingly; "perhaps you'll win the next one."

Mr. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. The words died away on his lips, and he hid a guilty grin in his thin gray beard.

"There he is," said Herbert White, as the gate banged to loudly and heavy footsteps came toward the door.

The old man rose with hospitable haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling with the new arrival. The new arrival also condoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, "Tut, tut!" and coughed gently as her husband entered the room, followed by a tall burly man, beady of eye and rubicund of visage.

"Sergeant-Major Morris," he said, introducing him.

The sergeant-major shook hands, and taking the proffered seat by the fire, watched contentedly while his host got out whisky and tumblers and stood a small copper kettle on the fire.

At the third glass his eyes got brighter, and he began to talk, the little family circle regarding with eager interest this visitor from distant parts, as he squared his broad shoulders in the chair and spoke of strange scenes and doughty deeds, of wars and plagues and strange peoples.

"Twenty-one years of it," said Mr. White, nodding

at his wife and son. "When he went away he was a slip of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at him."

"He don't look to have taken much harm," said Mrs. White politely.

"I'd like to go to India myself," said the old man, "just to look round a bit, you know."

"Better where you are," said the sergeant-major, shaking his head. He put down the empty glass, and sighing softly, shook it again.

"I should like to see those old temples and fakirs and jugglers," said the old man. "What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey's paw or something, Morris?"

"Nothing," said the soldier hastily. "Leastways, nothing worth hearing."

"Monkey's paw?" said Mrs. White curiously.

"Well, it's just a bit of what you might call magic, perhaps," said the sergeant-major off-handedly.

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him.

"To look at," said the sergeant-major, fumbling in his pocket, "it's just an ordinary little paw, dried to a mummy."

He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

"And what is there special about it?" inquired Mr. White, as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table.

"It had a spell put on it by an old fakir," said the

sergeant-major, "a very holy man. He wanted to show that fate ruled people's lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it."

His manner was so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter jarred somewhat.

"Well, why don't you have three, sir?" said Herbert White cleverly.

The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. "I have," he said quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

"And did you really have the three wishes granted?" asked Mrs. White.

"I did," said the sergeant-major, and his glass tapped against his strong teeth.

"And has anybody else wished?" inquired the old lady.

"The first man had his three wishes, yes," was the reply. "I don't know what the first two were, but the third was for death. That's how I got the paw."

His tones were so grave that a hush fell upon the group.

"If you've had your three wishes, it's no good to you now, then, Morris," said the old man at last. "What do you keep it for?"

The soldier shook his head. "Fancy, I suppose," he said slowly. "I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It has caused enough mischief already. Besides, people won't buy. They think it's a fairy tale, some of them, and those who do think

anything of it want to try it first and pay me afterward."

"If you could have another three wishes," said the old man, eyeing him keenly, "would you have them?"

"I don't know," said the other. "I don't know."

He took the paw, and dangling it between his front finger and thumb, suddenly threw it upon the fire. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off.

"Better let it burn," said the soldier solemnly.

"If you don't want it, Morris," said the old man, "give it to me."

"I won't," said his friend doggedly. "I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me for what happens. Pitch it on the fire again, like a sensible man."

The other shook his head and examined his new possession closely. "How do you do it?" he inquired.

"Hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud," said the sergeant-major, "but I warn you of the consequences."

"Sounds like the *Arabian Nights,*" said Mrs. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. "Don't you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me?"

Her husband drew the talisman from his pocket, and then all three burst into laughter as the sergeant-major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

"If you must wish," he said gruffly, "wish for something sensible."

Mr. White dropped it back into his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. In the

business of supper the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterward the three sat listening in an enthralled fashion to a second installment of the soldier's adventures in India.

"If the tale about the monkey paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling us," said Herbert, as the door closed behind their guest, just in time for him to catch the last train, "we shan't make much out of it."

"Did you give him anything for it, father?" inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

"A trifle," said he, coloring slightly. "He didn't want it, but I made him take it. And he pressed me again to throw it away."

"Likely," said Herbert, with pretended horror. "Why, we're going to be rich, and famous, and happy. Wish to be an emperor, father, to begin with; then you can't be henpecked."

He darted round the table, pursued by the maligned Mrs. White armed with an antimacassar.

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. "I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact," he said slowly. "It seems to me I've got all I want."

"If you only cleared the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you?" said Herbert, with his hand on his shoulder. "Well, wish for two hundred pounds, then; that'll just do it."

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity, held up the talisman, as his son, with a solemn

face somewhat marred by a wink at his mother, sat down at the piano and struck a few impressive chords.

"I wish for two hundred pounds," said the old man distinctly.

A fine crash from the piano greeted the words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the old man. His wife and son ran toward him.

"It moved," he cried, with a glance of disgust at the object as it lay on the floor. "As I wished it twisted in my hands like a snake."

"Well, I don't see the money," said his son, as he picked it up and placed it on the table, "and I bet I never shall."

"It must have been your fancy, father," said his wife, regarding him anxiously.

He shook his head. "Never mind, though; there's no harm done, but it gave me a shock all the same."

They sat down by the fire again while the two men finished their pipes. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled upon all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the night.

"I expect you'll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed," said Herbert, as he bade them good night, "and something horrible squatting up on top of the wardrobe watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains."

II.

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table Herbert laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shriveled little paw was pitched on the sideboard with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues.

"I suppose all old soldiers are the same," said Mrs. White. "The idea of our listening to such nonsense! How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, father?"

"Might drop on his head from the sky," said the frivolous Herbert.

"Morris said the things happened so naturally," said his father, "that you might if you so wished attribute it to coincidence."

"Well, don't break into the money before I come back," said Herbert, as he rose from the table. "I'm afraid it'll turn you into a mean, avaricious man, and we shall have to disown you."

His mother laughed, and following him to the door, watched him down the road, and returning to the breakfast table, was very happy at the expense of her husband's credulity. All of which did not prevent her from scurrying to the door at the postman's knock, nor prevent her from referring somewhat shortly to retired sergeant-majors of bibulous habits when she found that the post brought a tailor's bill.

"Herbert will have some more of his funny remarks, I expect, when he comes home," she said, as they sat at dinner.

"I dare say," said Mr. White, pouring himself out some beer; "but for all that, the thing moved in my hand; that I'll swear to."

"You thought it did," said the old lady soothingly.

"I say it did," replied the other. "There was no thought about it; I had just—— What's the matter?"

His wife made no reply. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside, who, peering in an undecided fashion at the house, appeared to be trying to make up his mind to enter. In mental connection with the two hundred pounds, she noticed that the stranger was well dressed and wore a silk hat of glossy newness. Three times he paused at the gate, and then walked on again. The fourth time he stood with his hand upon it, and then with sudden resolution flung it open and walked up the path. Mrs. White at the same moment placed her hands behind her, and hurriedly unfastening the strings of her apron, put that useful article of apparel beneath the cushion of her chair.

She brought the stranger, who seemed ill at ease, into the room. He gazed furtively at Mrs. White, and listened in a preoccupied fashion as the old lady apologized for the appearance of the room, and her husband's coat, a garment which he usually reserved for the garden. She then waited as patiently as her sex would permit for him to broach his business, but he was at first strangely silent.

"I—was asked to call," he said at last, and stooped and picked a piece of cotton from his trousers. "I come from Maw and Meggins."

The old lady started. "Is anything the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?"

Her husband interposed. "There, there, mother," he said hastily. "Sit down, and don't jump to conclusions. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, sir," and he eyed the other wistfully.

"I'm sorry——" began the visitor.

"Is he hurt?" demanded the mother.

The visitor bowed in assent. "Badly hurt," he said quietly, "but he is not in any pain."

"Oh, thank God!" said the old woman, clasping her hands. "Thank God for that! Thank——"

She broke off suddenly as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned upon her and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the other's averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling old hand upon his. There was a long silence.

"He was caught in the machinery," said the visitor at length, in a low voice.

"Caught in the machinery," repeated Mr. White, in a dazed fashion, "yes."

He sat staring blankly out at the window, and taking his wife's hand between his own, pressed it as he had been wont to do in their old courting days nearly forty years before.

"He was the only one left to us," he said, turning gently to the visitor. "It is hard."

The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window. "The firm wished me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss," he said, without looking round. "I beg that you will understand I am only their servant and merely obeying orders."

There was no reply; the old woman's face was white, her eyes staring, and her breath inaudible; on the husband's face was a look such as his friend the sergeant might have carried into his first action.

"I was to say that Maw and Meggins disclaim all responsibility," continued the other. "They admit no liability at all, but in consideration of your son's services they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation."

Mr. White dropped his wife's hand, and rising to his feet, gazed with a look of horror at his visitor. His dry lips shaped the words, "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds," was the answer.

Unconscious of his wife's shriek, the old man smiled faintly, put out his hands like a sightless man, and dropped, a senseless heap, to the floor.

III.

In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to a house steeped in shadow and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and

remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen—something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear.

But the days passed, and expectation gave place to resignation—the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes miscalled apathy. Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word, for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness.

It was about a week after that that the old man, waking suddenly in the night, stretched out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of subdued weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened.

"Come back," he said tenderly. "You will be cold."

"It is colder for my son," said the old woman, and wept afresh.

The sound of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start.

"The monkey's paw!" she cried wildly. "The monkey's paw!"

He started up in alarm. "Where? Where is it? What's the matter?"

She came stumbling across the room toward him. "I want it," she said quietly. "You've not destroyed it?"

"It's in the parlor, on the bracket," he replied, marveling. "Why?"

She cried and laughed together, and bending over, kissed his cheek.

"I only just thought of it," she said hysterically. "Why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't you think of it?"

"Think of what?" he questioned.

"The other two wishes," she replied rapidly. "We've only had one."

"Was not that enough?" he demanded fiercely.

"No," she cried triumphantly; "we'll have one more. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again."

The man sat up in bed and flung the bedclothes from his quaking limbs. "Good God, you are mad!" he cried, aghast.

"Get it," she panted; "get it quickly, and wish—— Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. "Get back to bed," he said unsteadily. "You don't know what you are saying."

"We had the first wish granted," said the old woman feverishly; "why not the second?"

"A coincidence," stammered the old man.

"Go and get it and wish," cried the old woman, and dragged him toward the door.

He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlor, and then to the mantelpiece. The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the room seized upon him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall

until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand.

Even his wife's face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her.

"Wish!" she cried, in a strong voice.

"It is foolish and wicked," he faltered.

"Wish!" repeated his wife.

He raised his hand. "I wish my son alive again."

The talisman fell to the floor, and he regarded it shudderingly. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind.

He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle end, which had burnt below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until, with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute or two afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him.

Neither spoke, but both lay silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, the husband took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he

paused to strike another, and at the same moment a knock, so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door.

The matches fell from his hand. He stood motionless, his breath suspended until the knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

"*What's that?*" cried the old woman, starting up.

"A rat," said the old man, in shaking tones—"a rat. It passed me on the stairs."

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house.

"It's Herbert!" she screamed. "It's Herbert!"

She ran to the door, but her husband was before her, and catching her by the arm, held her tightly.

"What are you going to do?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It's my boy; it's Herbert!" she cried, struggling mechanically. "I forgot it was two miles away. What are you holding me for? Let go. I must open the door."

"For God's sake don't let it in," cried the old man, trembling.

"You're afraid of your own son," she cried, struggling. "Let me go. I'm coming, Herbert; I'm coming."

There was another knock, and another. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bottom bolt

drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. Then the old woman's voice, strained and panting.

"The bolt," she cried loudly. "Come down. I can't reach it."

But her husband was on his hands and knees groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If he could only find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it came slowly back, and at the same moment he found the monkey's paw, and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house. He heard the chair drawn back and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

William Wymark Jacobs.

One of the best known writers of short-stories at the present day is the English author, Mr. William Wymark Jacobs. Biographical facts concerning Mr. Jacobs are meager, but we are informed that he was born in London in 1863, and that from 1883 to 1899 he was employed in the English civil service. He

found time, in the intervals of his labors, to practice writing the short-story, and sold his tales for whatever small sums they would bring. His ability and perseverance were at last rewarded by the success of his book of diverting stories, *Many Cargoes*, published in 1896. *Light Freights* and *Odd Craft* were the titles of the volumes which followed, containing a group of humorous stories that set the public to laughing and wishing for more.

From that time there has been no cessation of the demand for Mr. Jacobs' admirable tales. They deal chiefly with sailors, longshoremen, or masters of barges, and exhibit these quaint characters in the light of original and entertaining personages, whose odd dialect gives savor to their merry adventures. The titles of the stories afford a hint of their contents: *Sailors' Knots; Short Cruises; Ship's Company; Captains All;* and—perhaps the most widely read—*The Lady of the Barge*. Several plays have helped to establish Mr. Jacobs' reputation, his *In the Library* having been especially well received. *The Monkey's Paw*, here given, though differing somewhat from the author's usual type of story, has been highly praised by both English and American critics.

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A CHRISTMAS GUEST*

By Selma Lagerlöf

One of those who had lived the life of a pensioner at Ekeby was little Ruster, who could transpose music and play the flute. He was of low origin and poor, without home and without relations. Hard times came to him when the company of pensioners were dispersed.

He then had no horse nor carriole, no fur coat nor red-painted luncheon-basket. He had to go on foot from house to house and carry his belongings tied in a blue striped cotton handkerchief. He buttoned his coat all the way up to his chin, so that no one should need to know in what condition his shirt and waistcoat were, and in its deep pockets he kept his most precious possessions: his flute taken to pieces, his flat brandy bottle, and his music-pen.

His profession was to copy music, and if it had been as in the old days, there would have been no lack of work for him. But with every passing year music was less practiced in Värmland. The guitar, with its mouldy, silken ribbon and its worn screws, and the dented horn, with faded tassels and cord, were put

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away in the lumber-room in the attic, and the dust settled inches deep on the long, iron-bound violin boxes. Yet the less little Ruster had to do with flute and music-pen, so much the more must he turn to the brandy flask, and at last he became quite a drunkard. It was a great pity.

He was still received at the manor houses as an old friend, but there were complaints when he came and joy when he went. There was an odor of dirt and brandy about him, and if he had only a couple of glasses of wine or one toddy, he grew confused and told unpleasant stories. He was the torment of the hospitable houses.

One Christmas he came to Löfdala, where Liljekrona, the great violinist, had his home. Liljekrona had also been one of the pensioners of Ekeby, but after the death of the major's wife, he returned to his quiet farm and remained there. Ruster came to him a few days before Christmas, in the midst of all the preparations, and asked for work. Liljekrona gave him a little copying to keep him busy.

"You ought to have let him go immediately," said his wife; "now he will certainly take so long with that that we will be obliged to keep him over Christmas."

"He must be somewhere," answered Liljekrona.

And he offered Ruster toddy and brandy, sat with him, and lived over again with him the whole Ekeby time. But he was out of spirits and disgusted by him, like everyone else, although he would not let it be seen, for old friendship and hospitality were sacred to him.

In Liljekrona's house for three weeks now they had

been preparing to receive Christmas. They had been living in discomfort and bustle, had sat up with dip-lights and torches till their eyes grew red, had been frozen in the outhouse with the salting of meat and in the brewhouse with the brewing of beer. But both the mistress and the servants gave themselves up to it all without grumbling.

When all the preparations were done and the holy evening come, a sweet enchantment would sink down over them. Christmas would loosen all tongues, so that jokes and jests, rhymes and merriment would flow of themselves without effort. Everyone's feet would wish to twirl in the dance, and from memory's dark corners words and melodies would rise, although no one could believe that they were there. And then everyone was so good, so good!

Now when Ruster came, the whole household at Löfdala thought that Christmas was spoiled. The mistress and the older children and the old servants were all of the same opinion. Ruster caused them a suffocating disgust. They were moreover afraid that when he and Liljekrona began to rake up the old memories, the artist's blood would flame up in the great violinist and his home would lose him. Formerly he had not been able to remain long at home.

No one can describe how they loved their master on the farm, since they had had him with them a couple of years. And what he had to give! How much he was to his home, especially at Christmas! He did not take his place on any sofa or rocking-stool, but on a high, narrow wooden bench in the corner of the fire-

place. When he was settled there he started off on adventures. He traveled about the earth, climbed up to the stars, and even higher. He played and talked by turns, and the whole household gathered about him and listened. Life grew proud and beautiful when the richness of that one soul shone on it.

Therefore they loved him as they loved Christmas time, pleasure, the spring sun. And when little Ruster came, their Christmas peace was destroyed. They had worked in vain if he was coming to tempt away their master. It was unjust that the drunkard should sit at the Christmas table in a happy house and spoil the Christmas pleasure.

On the forenoon of Christmas Eve little Ruster had his music written out, and he said something about going, although of course he meant to stay.

Liljekrona had been influenced by the general feeling, and therefore said quite lukewarmly and indifferently that Ruster had better stay where he was over Christmas.

Little Ruster was inflammable and proud. He twirled his mustache and shook back the black artist's hair that stood like a dark cloud over his head. What did Liljekrona mean? Should he stay because he had nowhere else to go? Oh, only think how they stood and waited for him in the big iron works in the parish of Bro! The guest-room was in order, the glass of welcome filled. He was in great haste. He only did not know to which he ought to go first.

"Very well," answered Liljekrona, "you may go if you will."

After dinner little Ruster borrowed horse and sleigh, coat and furs. The stable boy from Löfdala was to take him to some place in Bro and drive quickly back, for it threatened snow.

No one believed that he was expected, or that there was a single place in the neighborhood where he was welcome. But they were so anxious to be rid of him that they put the thought aside and let him depart. "He wished it himself," they said; and then they thought that now they would be glad.

But when they gathered in the dining-room at five o'clock to drink tea and to dance round the Christmas tree, Liljekrona was silent and out of spirits. He did not seat himself on the bench; he touched neither tea nor punch; he could not remember any polka; the violin was out of order. Those who could play and dance had to do it without him.

Then his wife grew uneasy; the children were discontented, everything in the house went wrong. It was the most lamentable Christmas Eve.

The porridge turned sour; the candles sputtered; the wood smoked; the wind stirred up the snow and blew bitter cold into the rooms. The stable boy who had driven Ruster did not come home. The cook wept; the maids scolded.

Finally Liljekrona remembered that no sheaves had been put out for the sparrows, and he complained aloud of all the women about him who abandoned old custom and were newfangled and heartless. They understood well enough that what tormented him was re-

morse that he had let little Ruster go away from his home on Christmas Eve.

After a while he went to his room, shut the door, and began to play as he had not played since he had ceased roaming. It was full of hate and scorn, full of longing and revolt. You thought to bind me, but you must forge new fetters. You thought to make me as small-minded as yourselves, but I turn to larger things, to the open. Commonplace people, slaves of the home, hold me prisoner if it is in your power!

When his wife heard the music, she said: "To-morrow he is gone, if God does not work a miracle in the night. Our inhospitableness has brought on just what we thought we could avoid."

In the meantime little Ruster drove about in the snow-storm. He went from one house to the other and asked if there was any work for him to do, but he was not received anywhere. They did not even ask him to get out of the sledge. Some had their houses full of guests, others were going away on Christmas Day. "Drive to the next neighbor," they all said.

He could come and spoil the pleasure of an ordinary day, but not of Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve came but once a year, and the children had been rejoicing in the thought of it all the autumn. They could not put that man at a table where there were children. Formerly they had been glad to see him, but not since he had become a drunkard. Where should they put the fellow, moreover? The servants' room was too plain and the guest-room too fine.

So little Ruster had to drive from house to house in

the blinding snow. His wet mustache hung limply down over his mouth; his eyes were bloodshot and blurred, but the brandy was blown out of his brain. He began to wonder and to be amazed. Was it possible, was it possible that no one wished to receive him?

Then all at once he saw himself. He saw how miserable and degraded he was, and he understood that he was odious to people. "It is the end of me," he thought. "No more copying of music, no more flute-playing. No one on earth needs me; no one has compassion on me."

The storm whirled and played, tore apart the drifts and piled them up again, took a pillar of snow in its arms and danced out into the plain, lifted one flake up to the clouds and chased another down into a ditch. "It is so, it is so," said little Ruster; "while one dances and whirls it is play, but when one must be buried in the drift and forgotten, it is sorrow and grief." But down they all have to go, and now it was his turn. To think that he had now come to the end!

He no longer asked where the man was driving him; he thought that he was driving in the land of death.

Little Ruster made no offerings to the gods that night. He did not curse flute-playing or the life of a pensioner; he did not think that it had been better for him if he had plowed the earth or sewn shoes. But he mourned that he was now a worn-out instrument, which pleasure could no longer use. He complained of no one, for he knew that when the horn is cracked and the guitar will not stay in tune, they must go. He be-

came all at once a very humble man. He understood that it was the end of him, on this Christmas Eve. Hunger and cold would destroy him, for he understood nothing, was good for nothing, and had no friends.

The sledge stops, and suddenly it is light about him, and he hears friendly voices, and there is some one who is helping him into a warm room, and some one who is pouring warm tea into him. His coat is pulled off him, and several people cry that he is welcome, and warm hands rub life into his benumbed fingers.

He was so confused by it all that he did not come to his senses for nearly a quarter of an hour. He could not possibly comprehend that he had come back to Löfdala. He had not been at all conscious that the stable boy had grown tired of driving about in the storm and had turned home.

Nor did he understand why he was now so well received in Liljekrona's house. He could not know that Liljekrona's wife understood what a weary journey he had made that Christmas Eve, when he had been turned away from every door where he had knocked. She felt such compassion on him that she forgot her own troubles.

Liljekrona went on with the wild playing up in his room; he did not know that Ruster had come. The latter sat meanwhile in the dining-room with the wife and the children. The servants, who used also to be there on Christmas Eve, had moved out into the kitchen away from their mistress's trouble.

The mistress of the house lost no time in setting

Ruster to work. "You hear, I suppose," she said, "that Liljekrona does nothing but play all the evening, and I must attend to setting the table and the food. The children are quite forsaken. You must look after these two smallest."

Children were the kind of people with whom little Ruster had had least intercourse. He had met them neither in the bachelor's wing nor in the campaign tent, neither in wayside inns nor on the highways. He was almost shy of them, and did not know what he ought to say that was fine enough for them.

He took out his flute and taught them how to finger the stops and holes. There was one of four years and one of six. They had a lesson on the flute and were deeply interested in it. "This is A," he said, "and this is C," and then he blew the notes. Then the young people wished to know what kind of an A and C it was that was to be played.

Ruster took out his score and made a few notes.

"No," they said, "that is not right." And they ran away for an A B C book.

Little Ruster began to hear their alphabet. They knew it and they did not know it. What they knew was not very much. Ruster grew eager; he lifted the little boys up, each on one of his knees, and began to teach them. Liljekrona's wife went out and in and listened quite in amazement. It sounded like a game, and the children were laughing the whole time, but they learned.

Ruster kept on for awhile, but he was absent from what he was doing. He was turning over the old

thoughts from out in the storm. It was good and pleasant, but nevertheless it was the end of him. He was worn out. He ought to be thrown away. And all of a sudden he put his hands before his face and began to weep.

Liljekrona's wife came quickly up to him.

"Ruster," she said, "I can understand that you think that all is over for you. You cannot make a living with your music, and you are destroying yourself with brandy. But it is not the end, Ruster."

"Yes," sobbed the little flute-player.

"Do you see that to sit as to-night with the children, that would be something for you? If you would teach children to read and write, you would be welcomed everywhere. That is no less important an instrument on which to play, Ruster, than flute and violin. Look at them, Ruster!"

She placed the two children in front of him, and he looked up, blinking as if he had looked at the sun. It seemed as if his little, blurred eyes could not meet those of the children, which were big, clear, and innocent.

"Look at them, Ruster!" repeated Liljekrona's wife.

"I dare not," said Ruster, for it was like a purgatory to look through the beautiful child eyes to the unspotted beauty of their souls.

Liljekrona's wife laughed loud and joyously. "Then you must accustom yourself to them, Ruster. You can stay in my house as schoolmaster this year."

Liljekrona heard his wife laugh and came out of his room.

"What is it?" he said. "What is it?"

"Nothing," she answered, "but that Ruster has come again, and that I have engaged him as schoolmaster for our little boys."

Liljekrona was quite amazed. "Do you dare?" he said, "do you dare? Has he promised to give up——"

"No," said the wife; "Ruster has promised nothing. But there is much about which he must be careful when he has to look little children in the eyes every day. If it had not been Christmas, perhaps I would not have ventured; but when our Lord dared to place a little child who was His own son among us sinners, so can I also dare to let my little children try to save a human soul."

Liljekrona could not speak, but every feature and wrinkle in his face twitched and twisted as always when he heard anything noble.

Then he kissed his wife's hand as gently as a child who asks for forgiveness and cried aloud: "All the children must come and kiss their mother's hand."

They did so, and then they had a happy Christmas in Liljekrona's house.

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Since winning the Nobel prize in 1909, Miss Selma Lagerlöf has been much talked of outside her own country, though for years before she had been regarded with intense admiration by the Swedish people.

She was born in Värmland, in 1858. When she was a child, she stored up in her memory a great number of old Scandinavian legends, which fascinated her with their romantic impossibilities. Later she went to school, where she was, as a young girl, fitted for teaching in the elementary grades. Until she was over thirty she continued in this work, but all the time she was adding to her collection of legends, and planning stories which were to be written when leisure came.

Financial straits forcing the sale of her home necessitated the securing of money in a considerable sum and without delay. At this time (1891) the *Idun,* a Swedish magazine, offered a prize of $1,300 for the best novel of a specified length, to be submitted early in July. Eight days before the closing of the contest, Miss Lagerlöf selected five chapters from a "Saga" that she had been slowly writing for years, expanded and rewrote these, and added forty pages, which she finished in the early morning of the last day. In November it was announced that she had won the prize. The fortunate novel she afterward reconstructed into *The Saga of Gösta Berling.* She now gave up her teaching and began to write in earnest. The stories which followed—*Jerusalem, Miracles of Anti-Christ,* and several volumes of short-stories—became exceedingly popular. She was asked to write a book to be used as a text in the Swedish schools; the result was *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils,* a fairy-tale geography of a delightful nature, which was later supplemented by a second book of the same sort.

In May, 1907, at the Linnæan Jubilee, the Uni-

versity of Upsala conferred upon Miss Lagerlöf the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy. A year later her fiftieth birthday was celebrated with multiplied and flattering honors. In 1909 the Nobel prize was awarded her "for distinguished literary achievement." The news came as something of a surprise to those outside of Norway and Sweden, especially the American people, to whom her simplicity has made her seem trivial and unimpassioned. She represents, indeed, a return to idealism, after the realism that has all but prevailed in Europe for the last thirty years. Many of her stories are not devoid of realistic detail, but most of them are idealistic in spirit, if not actually allegorical and symbolic. The student should read several stories from the two volumes entitled *The Girl from the Marsh Croft*, and *Invisible Links*. *A Christmas Guest* is from *Invisible Links*.

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The Girl from the Marsh Croft.

The Silver Mine.
The Legend of the Christmas Rose.
Why the Pope Lived to Be so Old.
The Fallen King.
The King's Grave.
The Air Ship.
The Musician.
The Spirit of Fasting and Petter Nord.
The Romance of a Fisherman's Wife.
The Wedding March.
A Story from Jerusalem.

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The Phoenix.....August Strindberg.
Love and Bread.....August Strindberg.
The Rector of Veilbye.....Steen Steensen Blicher.
Railroad and Churchyard....Björnstjerne Björnson.
The Father.....Björnstjerne Björnson.

THE LONG EXILE*

GOD SEES THE TRUTH BUT WAITS

By Leo Tolstoi

In the town of Vladímir lived a young merchant named Iván Dmítritch Aksyónof. He had two shops and a house of his own.

Aksyónof was a handsome, fair-haired, curly-headed fellow, full of fun, and very fond of singing. When quite a young man he had been given to drink, and was riotous when he had had too much; but after he married he gave up drinking, except now and then.

One summer Aksyónof was going to the Nízhny Fair, and as he bade good-by to his family his wife said to him, "Iván Dmítritch, do not start to-day; I have had a bad dream about you."

Aksyónof laughed, and said, "You are afraid that when I get to the fair I shall go on the spree."

His wife replied: "I do not know what I am afraid of; all I know is that I had a bad dream. I dreamt you returned from the town, and when you took off your cap I saw that your hair was quite gray."

Aksyónof laughed. "That's a lucky sign," said he.

* From *Twenty-three Tales*, by Leo Tolstoi. By arrangement with the publishers, Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York.

"See if I don't sell out all my goods, and bring you some presents from the fair."

So he said good-by to his family, and drove away.

When he had traveled halfway, he met a merchant whom he knew, and they put up at the same inn for the night. They had some tea together, and then went to bed in adjoining rooms.

It was not Aksyónof's habit to sleep late, and, wishing to travel while it was still cool, he aroused his driver before dawn, and told him to put in the horses.

Then he made his way across to the landlord of the inn (who lived in a cottage at the back), paid his bill, and continued his journey.

When he had gone about twenty-five miles, he stopped for the horses to be fed. Aksyónof rested awhile in the passage of the inn, then he stepped out into the porch, and, ordering a *samovár** to be heated, got out his guitar and began to play.

Suddenly a *tróyka*† drove up with tinkling bells, and an official alighted, followed by two soldiers. He came to Aksyónof and began to question him, asking him who he was and whence he came. Aksyónof answered him fully, and said, "Won't you have some tea with me?" But the official went on cross-questioning him and asking him, "Where did you spend last night? Were you alone, or with a fellow-merchant? Did you see the other merchant this morning? Why did you leave the inn before dawn?"

* The *samovár* ("self-boiler") is an urn in which water can be heated and kept on the boil.

† A three-horse conveyance.

Aksyónof wondered why he was asked all these questions, but he described all that had happened, and then added, "Why do you cross-question me as if I were a thief or a robber? I am traveling on business of my own, and there is no need to question me."

Then the official, calling the soldiers, said, "I am the police-officer of this district, and I question you because the merchant with whom you spent last night has been found with his throat cut. We must search your things."

They entered the house. The soldiers and the police-officer unstrapped Aksyónof's luggage and searched it. Suddenly the officer drew a knife out of a bag, crying, "Whose knife is this?"

Aksyónof looked, and seeing a blood-stained knife taken from his bag, he was frightened.

"How is it there is blood on this knife?"

Aksyónof tried to answer, but could hardly utter a word, and only stammered: "I—I don't know—not mine."

Then the police-officer said, "This morning the merchant was found in bed with his throat cut. You are the only person who could have done it. The house was locked from inside, and no one else was there. Here is this blood-stained knife in your bag, and your face and manner betray you! Tell me how you killed him, and how much money you stole?"

Aksyónof swore he had not done it; that he had not seen the merchant after they had tea together; that

he had no money except eight thousand roubles* of his own, and that the knife was not his. But his voice was broken, his face pale, and he trembled with fear as though he were guilty.

The police-officer ordered the soldiers to bind Aksyónof and to put him in the cart. As they tied his feet together and flung him into the cart, Aksyónof crossed himself and wept. His money and goods were taken from him, and he was sent to the nearest town and imprisoned there. Inquiries as to his character were made in Vladímir. The merchants and other inhabitants of that town said that in former days he used to drink and waste his time, but that he was a good man. Then the trial came on: he was charged with murdering a merchant from Ryazán, and robbing him of twenty thousand roubles.

His wife was in despair, and did not know what to believe. Her children were all quite small; one was a baby at her breast. Taking them all with her, she went to the town where her husband was in jail. At first she was not allowed to see him; but, after much begging, she obtained permission from the officials, and was taken to him. When she saw her husband in prison dress and in chains, shut up with thieves and criminals, she fell down, and did not come to her senses for a long time. Then she drew her children to her, and sat down near him. She told him of things at home, and asked about what had happened to him.

* The value of the rouble has varied at different times from more than three shillings to less than two shillings. For purposes of ready calculation it may be taken as two shillings.

He told her all, and she asked, "What can we do now?"

"We must petition the Czar not to let an innocent man perish."

His wife told him that she had sent a petition to the Czar, but that it had not been accepted.

Aksyónof did not reply, but only looked downcast.

Then his wife said, "It was not for nothing I dreamt your hair had turned gray. You remember? You should not have started that day." And passing her fingers through his hair, she said: "Ványa dearest, tell your wife the truth; was it not you who did it?"

"So you, too, suspect me!" said Aksyónof, and, hiding his face in his hands, he began to weep. Then a soldier came to say that the wife and children must go away; and Aksyónof said good-by to his family for the last time.

When they were gone, Aksyónof recalled what had been said, and when he remembered that his wife also had suspected him, he said to himself, "It seems that only God can know the truth; it is to Him alone we must appeal, and from Him alone expect mercy."

And Aksyónof wrote no more petitions; gave up all hope, and only prayed to God.

Aksyónof was condemned to be flogged and sent to the mines. So he was flogged with a knout, and when the wounds made by the knout were healed, he was driven to Siberia with other convicts.

For twenty-six years Aksyónof lived as a convict in Siberia. His hair turned white as snow, and his beard grew long, thin and gray. All his mirth went; he

stooped; he walked slowly, spoke little, and never laughed, but he often prayed.

In prison Aksyónof learnt to make boots, and earned a little money, with which he bought *The Lives of the Saints*. He read this book when there was light enough in the prison; and on Sundays in the prison-church he read the lessons and sang in the choir; for his voice was still good.

The prison authorities liked Aksyónof for his meekness, and his fellow-prisoners respected him: they called him "Grandfather," and "The Saint." When they wanted to petition the prison authorities about anything, they always made Aksyónof their spokesman, and when there were quarrels among the prisoners they came to him to put things right, and to judge the matter.

No news reached Aksyónof from his home, and he did not even know if his wife and children were still alive.

One day a fresh gang of convicts came to the prison. In the evening the old prisoners collected round the new ones and asked them what towns or villages they came from, and what they were sentenced for. Among the rest Aksyónof sat down near the newcomers, and listened with downcast air to what was said.

One of the new convicts, a tall, strong man of sixty, with a closely-cropped gray beard, was telling the others what he had been arrested for.

"Well, friends," he said, "I only took a horse that was tied to a sledge, and I was arrested and accused of stealing. I said I had only taken it to get home

quicker, and had then let it go; besides, the driver was a personal friend of mine. So I said, 'It's all right.' 'No,' said they, 'you stole it.' But how or where I stole it they could not say. I once really did something wrong, and ought by rights to have come here long ago, but that time I was not found out. Now I have been sent here for nothing at all. . . . Eh, but it's lies I'm telling you; I've been to Siberia before, but I did not stay long."

"Where are you from?" asked some one.

"From Vladímir. My family are of that town. My name is Makár, and they also call me Semyónitch."

Aksyónof raised his head and said: "Tell me, Semyónitch, do you know anything of the merchants Aksyónof, of Vladímir? Are they still alive?"

"Know them! Of course I do. The Aksyónofs are rich, though their father is in Siberia: a sinner like ourselves, it seems! As for you, Gran'dad, how did you come here?"

Aksyónof did not like to speak of his misfortune. He only sighed, and said, "For my sins I have been in prison these twenty-six years."

"What sins?" asked Makár Semyónitch.

But Aksyónof only said, "Well, well—I must have deserved it!" He would have said no more, but his companions told the newcomer how Aksyónof came to be in Siberia: how some one had killed a merchant, and had put a knife among Aksyónof's things, and Aksyónof had been unjustly condemned.

When Makár Semyónitch heard this, he looked at Akysónof, slapped his own knee, and exclaimed,

"Well, this is wonderful! Really wonderful! But how old you've grown, Gran'dad!"

The others asked him why he was so surprised, and where he had seen Aksyónof before; but Makár Semyónitch did not reply. He only said: "It's wonderful that we should meet here, lads!"

These words made Aksyónof wonder whether this man knew who had killed the merchant; so he said, "Perhaps, Semyónitch, you have heard of that affair, or maybe you've seen me before?"

"How could I help hearing? The world's full of rumors. But it's long ago, and I've forgotten what I heard."

"Perhaps you heard who killed the merchant?" asked Aksyónof.

Makár Semyónitch laughed, and replied, "It must have been him in whose bag the knife was found! If some one else hid the knife there, 'He's not a thief till he's caught,' as the saying is. How could anyone put a knife into your bag while it was under your head? It would surely have woke you up?"

When Aksyónof heard these words, he felt sure this was the man who had killed the merchant. He rose and went away. All that night Aksyónof lay awake. He felt terribly unhappy, and all sorts of images rose in his mind. There was the image of his wife as she was when he parted from her to go to the fair. He saw her as if she were present; her face and her eyes rose before him; he heard her speak and laugh. Then he saw his children, quite little, as they were at that time: one with a little cloak on, another at his mother's

breast. And then he remembered himself as he used to be—young and merry. He remembered how he sat playing the guitar in the porch of the inn where he was arrested, and how free from care he had been. He saw, in his mind, the place where he was flogged, the executioner, and the people standing around; the chains, the convicts, all the twenty-six years of his prison life, and his premature old age. The thought of it all made him so wretched that he was ready to kill himself.

"And it's all that villain's doing!" thought Aksyónof. And his anger was so great against Makár Semyónitch that he longed for vengeance, even if he himself should perish for it. He kept repeating prayers all night, but could get no peace. During the day he did not go near Makár Semyónitch, nor even look at him.

A fortnight passed in this way. Aksyónof could not sleep at nights, and was so miserable that he did not know what to do.

One night as he was walking about the prison he noticed some earth that came rolling out from under one of the shelves on which the prisoners slept. He stopped to see what it was. Suddenly Makár Semyónitch crept out from under the shelf, and looked up at Aksyónof with frightened face. Aksyónof tried to pass without looking at him, but Makár seized his hand and told him that he had dug a hole under the wall, getting rid of the earth by putting it into his high-boots, and emptying it out every day on the road when the prisoners were driven to their work.

"Just you keep quiet, old man, and you shall get

out too. If you blab they'll flog the life out of me, but I will kill you first."

Aksyónof trembled with anger as he looked at his enemy. He drew his hand away, saying, "I have no wish to escape, and you have no need to kill me; you killed me long ago! As to telling of you—I may do so or not, as God shall direct."

Next day, when the convicts were led out to work, the convoy soldiers noticed that one or other of the prisoners emptied some earth out of his boots. The prison was searched, and the tunnel found. The Governor came and questioned all the prisoners to find out who had dug the hole. They all denied any knowledge of it. Those who knew would not betray Makár Semyónitch, knowing he would be flogged almost to death. At last the Governor turned to Aksyónof, whom he knew to be a just man, and said:

"You are a truthful old man; tell me, before God, who dug the hole?"

Makár Semyónitch stood as if he were quite unconcerned, looking at the Governor and not so much as glancing at Aksyónof. Aksyónof's lips and hands trembled, and for a long time he could not utter a word. He thought, "Why should I screen him who ruined my life? Let him pay for what I have suffered. But if I tell, they will probably flog the life out of him, and maybe I suspect him wrongly. And, after all, what good would it be to me?"

"Well, old man," repeated the Governor, "tell us the truth: who has been digging under the wall?"

Aksyónof glanced at Makár Semyónitch, and said,

"I cannot say, your honor. It is not God's will that I should tell! Do what you like with me; I am in your hands."

However much the Governor tried, Aksyónof would say no more, and so the matter had to be left.

That night, when Aksyónof was lying on his bed and just beginning to doze, some one came quietly and sat down on his bed. He peered through the darkness and recognized Makár.

"What more do you want of me?" asked Aksyónof. "Why have you come here?"

Makár Semyónitch was silent. So Aksyónof sat up and said, "What do you want? Go away, or I will call the guard!"

Makár Semyónitch bent close over Aksyónof, and whispered, "Iván Dmítritch, forgive me!"

"What for?" asked Aksyónof.

"It was I who killed the merchant and hid the knife among your things. I meant to kill you too, but I heard a noise outside; so I hid the knife in your bag and escaped out of the window."

Aksyónof was silent, and did not know what to say. Makár Semyónitch slid off the bed-shelf and knelt upon the ground. "Iván Dmítritch," said he, "forgive me! For the love of God, forgive me! I will confess that it was I who killed the merchant, and you will be released and can go to your home."

"It is easy for you to talk," said Aksyónof, "but I have suffered for you these twenty-six years. Where could I go to now? . . . My wife is dead, and my children have forgotten me. I have nowhere to go. . . ."

Makár Semyónitch did not rise, but beat his head on the floor. "Iván Dmítritch, forgive me!" he cried. "When they flogged me with the knout it was not so hard to bear as it is to see you now . . . yet you had pity on me, and did not tell. For Christ's sake forgive me, wretch that I am!" And he began to sob.

When Aksyónof heard him sobbing he, too, began to weep.

"God will forgive you!" said he. "Maybe I am a hundred times worse than you." And at these words his heart grew light, and the longing for home left him. He no longer had any desire to leave the prison, but only hoped for his last hour to come.

In spite of what Aksyónof had said, Makár Semyónitch confessed his guilt. But when the order for his release came, Aksyónof was already dead.

Leo Tolstoi

For many years Tolstoi kept the rank of the greatest living writer in the world. There was no one who could be mentioned seriously as a rival. Since his death the estimate in which he was previously held has not declined. Leo Tolstoi was born in 1828, at Yasnaya Polyana, in Southeast Russia, but while he was a boy his family moved to Moscow. He studied at the University of Kazan, leaving the school in 1847. During his school life he read a vast amount of fiction, familiarizing himself with the works of Gogol, Poushkin, Dickens, Rousseau, Cooper, and other Russian, English, and French writers. He studied law in St.

Petersburg, and later enlisted in the army. Encouraged by his aunt, who had brought him up, he began to make plans for devoting himself to literature, particularly fiction. While still a young man, he wrote the novel *Childhood*, which was accepted and printed at once; Dostoievski was much moved by it, but on the whole it did not attract much attention.

Tolstoi served as an officer in the Crimean War, where he gathered the material for the powerful *Sevastopol* series which finally made him famous. Turgenev prophesied wonderful things for him, and everywhere in Russia he was hailed as the coming literary conqueror. For a time he traveled in Europe. In 1861 he returned to Yasnaya Polyana and gave himself up to the religious and democratic theories upon which he had been brooding for several years. He formulated schemes of education, and built schools in which to train and teach the peasants. Here he wrote his magnificent *War and Peace*, and in 1873 his best known work, the novel, *Anna Karénina*. It was chiefly through the popularity of this story that Tolstoi became known abroad. The tremendous vigor and sincerity of the book gave it a hold on the public mind that it has never lost. Almost all the people in the book are modeled upon real persons, Lavin being, of course, Tolstoi himself.

As time went on, the great Russian yielded more and more to his extreme social and political views. *My Religion* is a product of this later period. Attempting to live in the manner of the peasants, he went barefoot, renounced all luxuries, and made it his prac-

tice to perform every sort of crude manual labor upon the farm. His conduct of life gained him great notoriety, and not a little ridicule from those who thought it absurd for an intellectual giant to waste himself in cutting timber, sewing boots for the peasants, and brewing cabbage soup. The writings of his later years are mostly didactic, polemical, and autobiographical. He died in 1910.

Tolstoi's terrible seriousness and his intense fidelity to realism have placed his fiction with the greatest in the world. It has, indeed, much of the Russian gloom; its prevailing grimness gives it national distinction, but does not prevent its being welcomed by races less melancholy than the Russians. *Master and Man* is the best of Tolstoi's short-stories, based on actual experiences upon the snowy steppes. *The Long Exile* is a good example of the shorter type of tale which Tolstoi was fond of writing for the instruction of the Russian people. Though didactic in tone, as the writer intended, it does not fail in literary excellence.

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Holland, Romain: Tolstoi.
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A Prisoner in the Caucasus.
Master and Man.
A Russian Proprietor.
The Death of Ivan Ilyitch.
Where Love Is, There God Is Also.
Two Old Men.
Neglect a Fire and It Spreads.
What Men Live by.
Three Deaths.
Children Wiser Than Their Elders.
Skazka.
Lost on the Steppes: or, The Snowstorm.
The Raid.
The Godson.
Recollections of a Billiard Marker.

APPENDIX

A LIST OF REFERENCE BOOKS AND SHORT-STORIES

A List of Books Relating to the Art of Fiction

Besant, Walter: The Art of Fiction. London.
Cody, Sherwin S.: How to Write Fiction ..... London.
Dye, Charity: The Story-teller's Art ..... Ginn.
Hamilton, Clayton: Materials and Methods of Fiction ..... Baker and Taylor.
Horne, C. H.: The Technique of the Novel ..... Harper.
James, Henry: The Art of Fiction. Macmillan.
Maxcey, Carroll L.: The Rhetorical Principles of Narrative Composition ..... Houghton Mifflin.
Matthews, Brander: Aspects of Fiction ..... Scribner.
Perry, Bliss: The Study of Prose Fiction ..... Houghton Mifflin.

A List of Books Relating to the Short-story

Albright, E. M.: The Short-story . . . Macmillan.
Barrett, C. R.: Short-story Writing. Baker and Taylor.

Canby, H. S.: A Study of the Short-story ..... Holt.
Canby, H. S.: The Short-story in English ..... Holt.
Chester, G. R.: The Art of Short-story Writing ..... Publisher's Syndicate, Cincinnati.
Davies, F.: Practical Story Writing ..... Walden Press.
Esenwein, J. B.: Writing the Short-story ..... Hinds Noble.
Esenwein, J. B.: The Art of Story Writing ..... Home Study Company, Springfield, Mass.
Gerwig, G. W.: The Art of the Short-story ..... Werner.
Matthews, Brander: The Philosophy of the Short-story ..... Longmans.
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Pitkin, W. B.: The Art and the Business of Short-story Writing. Macmillan.
Quirk, L. W.: How to Write a Short-story ..... Editor.
Salisbury and Beckwith: Index to Short-stories ..... Row Peterson.
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BY WALTER B. PITKIN

Associate Professor of Philosophy in the School of Journalism of Columbia University

Cloth, 12mo, xviii, 255 pages, $1.25

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